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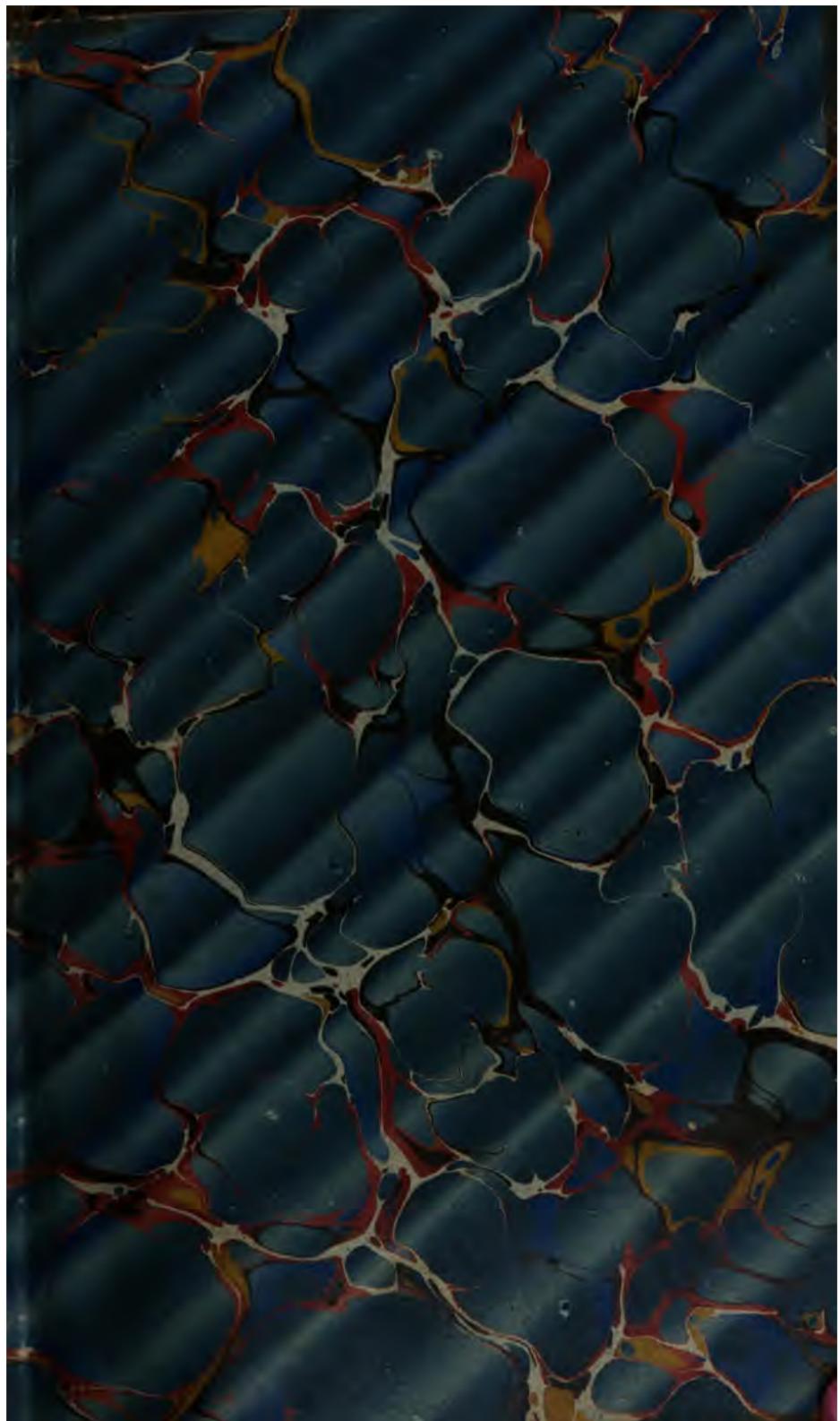
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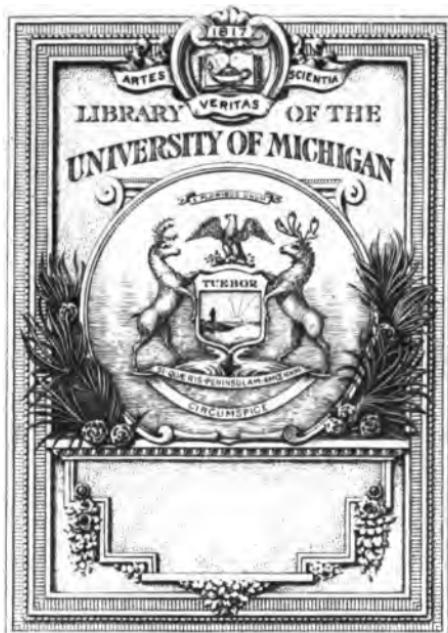
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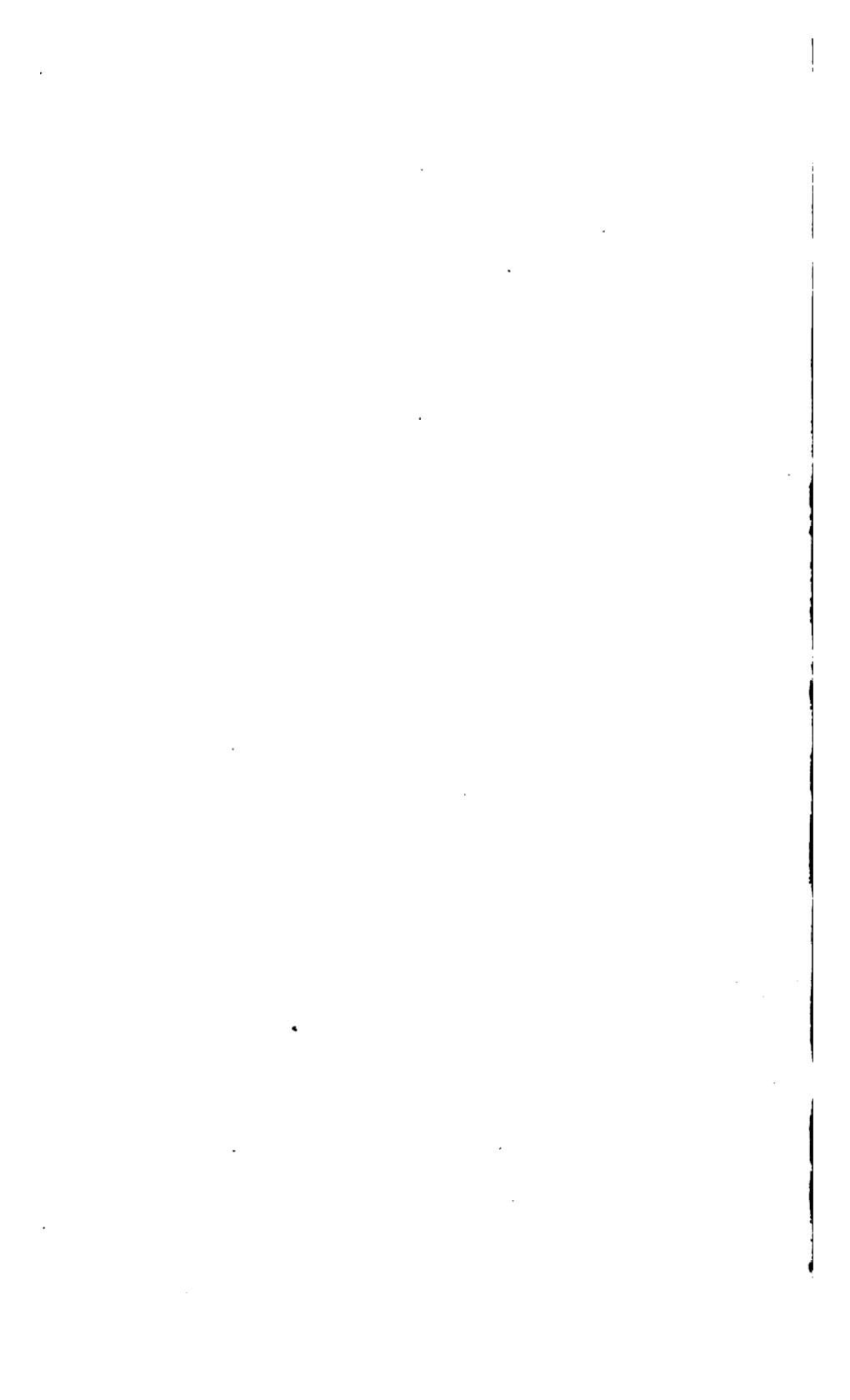
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# **IMPARTIAL STRICTURES**

**ON THE FORM CALLED**

**"THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE,"**

**&c.**



# **IMPARTIAL STRICTURES**

**ON THE POEM CALLED**

**"THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE:"**

**AND PARTICULARLY A**

## **VINDICATION**

**OF**

**THE ROMANCE OF "THE MONK."**

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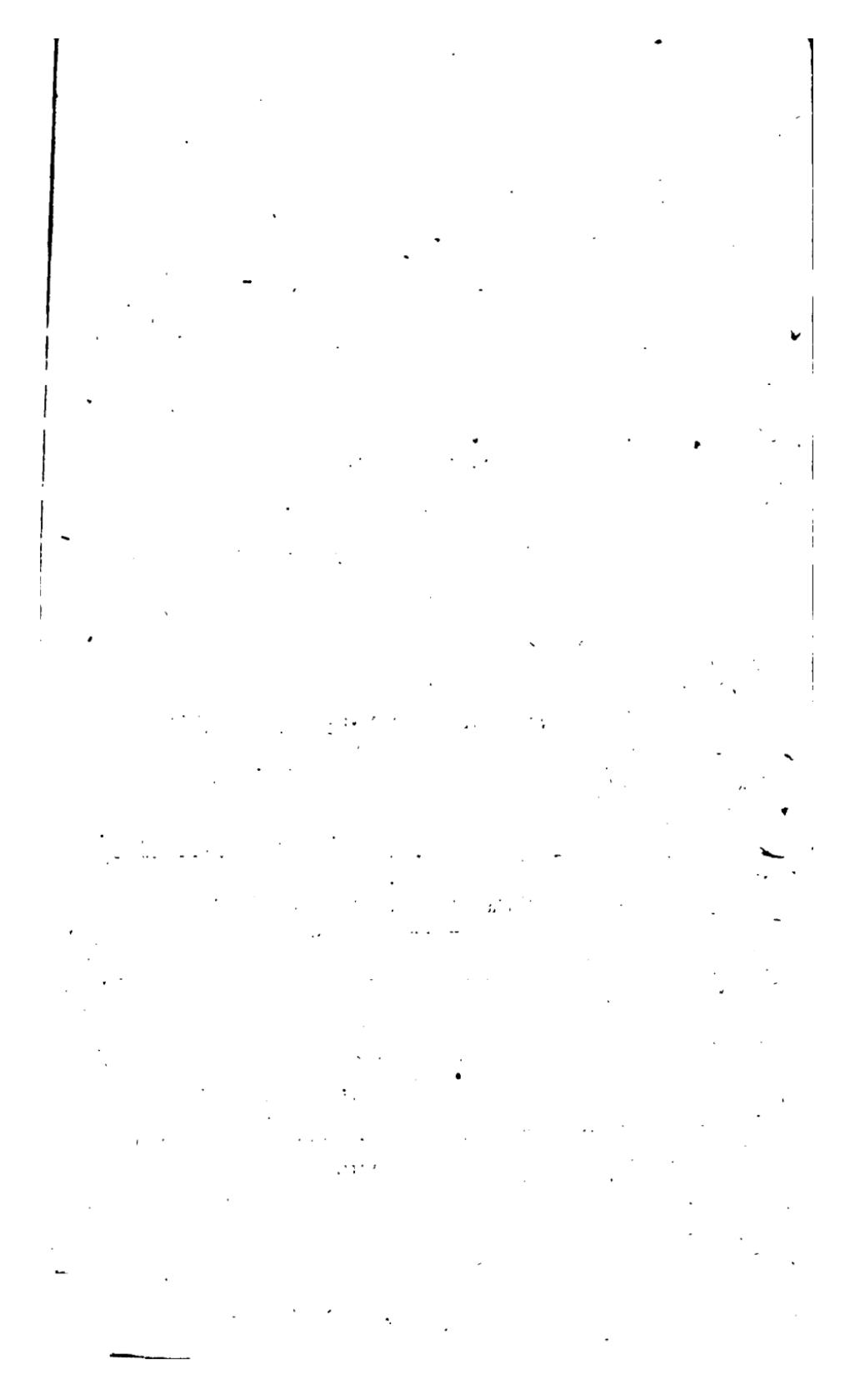
**"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
"Offendar maculis———"** Hor.

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## IMPARTIAL STRICTURES

ON THE POEM CALLED

*THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.*

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THE advice which Sir Isaac Newton gave Dr. Bentley, that “*he might start a variety of game in every bush, if he would but take the trouble to beat for it,*” is the hint, it appears, from which the Author of “*The Pursuits of Literature,*” who has proved himself a mere cockney sportsman in a pursuit of this nature, has modelled his conduct in the field : for, under the impression of this advice, he immediately sets out with his gun upon his shoulder, determined to beat every bush that he can find ; and conceiving *all* birds equally to come under the denomination of game, indiscriminately fires at every thing which crosses him. But though we cannot compliment him on his knowledge as a sportsman, yet the slaughter that he has made excites no small degree of astonishment ; for he returns from his pursuit with his game-bag loaded with such a mixture of partridges and sparrows, of pheasants and geese, as plainly shews his determination to compensate for his ignorance as to their *quality*, by the *quantity* of birds that he has killed.

It would not be more impracticable, than it is far from my intention, to attempt a full and minute answer to each individual

dual topic deserving censure which the Pursuits of Literature contains. My design is merely to give some general Strictures on the style and manner of the Work, with Observations on a few of the most striking passages, in order to shew that the effect and avowed object of it are completely at variance with each other; as well as to expose a few instances of the illiberal abuse, the personal invective, and the gross misrepresentation in which it abounds.

So much has been said upon this publication, that I should be deterred from adding any observations of my own, did it not appear that those already given have in general been either too much actuated by resentment, or influenced by a prejudice in its favour; and hence, whilst by some it is not allowed to possess any merit, by others again it is denied to have any faults.

The intentions with which the Author tells us that his book was written, are, admitting those intentions to be sincere, not only just and justifiable, but laudable. I would not even object to the vanity by which they are actuated. A Poet, like a General, ought to believe himself competent to succeed in any undertaking. What I complain of is, that the Author of the Pursuits of Literature abandons his intentions, and acts in a manner totally repugnant to them. He comes forth, as he tells us, (and boldly too he confesses,) in behalf of his country, her literature, her laws, her religion, and her government; and publishes his Poem from a full conviction of its tendency to promote the public welfare, and that neither the civil nor the religious state of England shall be disturbed nor overthrown, if any observations of his can avail. This intention, it must be acknowledged, is patriotic and praise-worthy. In whatever manner a man endeavours to promote the interest of his country, (and patriotism exhibits itself in various shapes,) be it through the medium of a poem, or by extracting sun-beams from cucumbers, he deserves credit for it. But I much fear, in this instance, the

means

means are inadequate to the design. I speak this with regret. I wish the intentions of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature were realized, and that his poem would turn out to be the great national sylvptic. The measures intended for our preservation, and those for our destruction, often prove equally abortive. It is not long since that we were told, that the laws, the religion, and the government of the country were to have been overturned by means of a *miraculous float*; when, lo! we have the consolation of seeing miracle opposed to miracle, and a *miraculous poem*, strengthened with a rampart of prose, starts up like a friendly genius to our assistance, and tells us to behold our preserver. In this instance at least the cause of our hope and our apprehension is equally balanced. I am at a loss to which to give the preference, whether to the ingenious invader, or the patriotic prote&tor, of our country; whether to admire most the miraculous raft, or the wonderful poem. Of this I am certain, that the authors of both are deserving of a place in the academy with the national projectors of Laputa.

Yet let me not give to any one more than is justly his due. The Author of the Pursuits of Literature cannot lay claim to the merit of being the first inventor of this *πολιφαρμακον*, this state nostrum, as it may be called. The idea is neither novel, nor confined to him. I have read somewhere or other of an author long before his time, who, instigated by motives equally patriotic, and a like vanity of his own talents, proposed either to disengage his country from war, or to obtain some other important national advantage, by means of a literary work which he was to publish for that express purpose.

In the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and other books of that description, we frequently see that the repetition of certain cabalistical words works great miracles. And I mention this as a hint to the Author of the Pursuits of Literature to study those words with attention, and endeavour to compose a poem upon the same principle; for if a few words

have produced such astonishing effects, what might we not expect from a whole book written in a similar manner? It must certainly act as a State preservative.

We have likewise an example of these wonder-working words in the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, where, when young Martin had broken his leg, his father Cornelius, slitting a reed and tying the two parts of it to the disjointed place, pronounced these words—"Daries, daries, astataries, diffuna—  
" piter, huat, hanat, huat, ista, pisto, fisto, domi, abo, dam—  
" naustra." Without meaning to invalidate the efficacy of this mode of treatment, I am compelled to add, that Cornelius was disappointed in his expectations, and found that his charm had no effect. But I would not have the Author of the Pursuits of Literature disheartened at the bad success of Cornelius's experiment, which might possibly arise from a sufficient want of attention to the manner of pronouncing the fanative words, or from the non-observance of some other ceremony that was required.

Some magical books it is requisite to read backwards in order to work the desired effect. Perhaps this may be the case with the Pursuits of Literature. Whether it is so or not I will not undertake to say; I leave it to others to make the experiment.

With regard to the general composition of this Work, it is characterised by that novelty of system, which in other instances the Author so loudly deprecates. He has observed himself, of the Notes, that they are of a structure peculiar to themselves: and it certainly differs not more from the general plan of composition in any thing than it does in this, that the Poetry is read on account of the Notes, whereas in general Notes are only referred to on account of the Poem to which they are annexed. By most authors they are introduced for the sake of explanation; but here they are often given without the least reference or relation to the subject.

In the Poem, considered abstractedly by itself, and independent

pendent of the Notes, there is no great room for commendation. Indeed it is a misapplication of terms to call it a Poem. There is a total want of plan, and an insufficiency both of object and design, necessary to entitle it to that appellation. It is an unconnected rhapsody in rhyme, accompanied with an heterogeneous mass of prose : the disgorgement of a head labouring with much reading, giving very little proof of poetical genius, and no great example of taste.

The Author is certainly a man of abilities and extensive erudition, but he has displayed more learning than natural invention: "Studium sine divite vena." His poetical talents are rather acquired than original. There is a harshness in his versification incompatible with the suavity of genuine poetry. His style in many places resembles that of the late Dr. Johnson, though greatly inferior to it—for the most part correct, and sometimes energetic—but stiff, laboured, and inharmonious. I am not certain that the following lines are entitled to originality of idea, neither are they models of harmonious versification, but they are not devoid of all poetical beauty:

" The bards who once the wreaths of glory wore,  
 " Cloth'd in translucent veil their wond'rous lore ;  
 " The tales they sung a willing age believ'd,  
 " Charm'd into truth, and without guile deceiv'd :  
 " Where'er they rov'd, young fancy and the muse  
 " Wav'd high their mirror of a thousand hues ;  
 " They gaz'd ; and as in varying guise pourtray'd,  
 " Aërial phantoms hov'ring round them play'd,  
 " Gave to each fleeting form that shot along  
 " Existence everlasting as their song ;  
 " And as by Nature's strength the tablet grew,  
 " Rapture the pencil guided as they drew."

The lines too on Catcot in the first part, on Roscoe in the second, the description of his Muse, and his character of a Poet,

Poet, in the fourth, are above mediocrity. I would also instance, as though last not least, the six concluding lines of the fourth part :

“ Go warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,  
 “ The slumb’ring Minister, and factious Chief ;  
 “ Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,  
 “ Tiaras, fanes and pontiffs, crown and bust ;  
 “ And last, as through the smould’ring flames you turn,  
 “ Snatch the palladium though the temple burn.”

These lines, with some few others which I could select, are in a style of composition by no means contemptible ; but the generality of his poetry is stiff and inelegant, and many passages extremely low and poor. It would be too great a compliment to apply to him what Mitchell said on perusing Pope’s beautiful Essay :

“ Beauties and faults so thick lie scatter’d here ;  
 “ Those I could read, if these were not so near.”

With more justice we may add—“ Nil fuit unquam sic immensum par sibi,”—for his style is by no means equal or regular ; and when he does soar for a time, it is only to make the rapidity of his descent again the more astonishing :

“ Tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore cadant.”

What can be poorer than these lines for example :

“ Hold ; now is it well  
 “ In strains like these of manuscripts to tell ?  
 “ Of notes, bonds, deeds, receipts, fac-similies,  
 “ And all that lawyers feign for proper fees ?”

Or these,

“ Enough for me great Shakespear’s word to hear,  
 “ Though but in common with the vulgar ear,  
 “ Without

“ Without one note, or horn-book in my head,  
 “ Ritson’s coarse trash, or lumber of the dead ;  
 “ When flippant wit, and book-learn’d confidence  
 “ Alone give right to science, taste, and sense ;  
 “ When modest worth by idle boasting’s shewn,  
 “ Then, nor till then, will I approve Malone.”

Again,

“ Ask where Rome’s church is founded ? On a steep  
 “ Which Heresy’s wild winds in vain may sweep ;  
 “ Alone where sinners may have rest secure,  
 “ One only undefil’d, one only pure.  
 “ Blame you her cumbrous pomp, her iron rod,  
 “ Or trumpery relicks of her faints half shod ?  
 “ Lo confessors, in every hamlet found,  
 “ With sacred sisters walk their cloister’d round !  
 “ There read the list ; and calm the fate expect,  
 “ When crafty, meddling, thankless priests direct.  
 “ Think you their hate unquench’d can e’er expire ?  
 “ The torch not tipt with sleeping sulphurous fire ?”

These verses would be struck out of the weekly theme of a common school-boy.

And again,

“ Sooner the peoples’ right shall Horsley teach,  
 “ In judgment delicate, with prudence preach,  
 “ And o’er his bosom broad forget to spread  
 “ Bath’s dangling pride, and ribband rosy red.”

This too,

“ Will Pitt with honest Harry lov’d his port.”

If this poetry is only offered to those who are conversant in the strength, simplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, I apprehend the offering will not be received as *Maccus impensis.*

desire. They will be inclined to refuse it in the same words that Horace makes Telemachus reply to Menelaus :

“ —Magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam \*.”

Nor can any thing be poorer than the affectation at wit and alliteration in these lines, not to mention that they mean just nothing :

“ ‘Tis Grey and grumbling, Curwen all and clatter ;  
“ And Dent and dogs ; and pewter, pot, and platter.”

They are evidently a bad imitation of the following lines in the Dunciad :

“ ‘Twas chatt’ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb’ring all,  
“ And noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,  
“ Dennis and dissonance,” &c. †

He has likewise displayed a share of vanity, of egotism, of pedantry, and self-conceited importance, almost without a parallel. It was not impolitic in him to attempt to vindicate the “fume superbiam” of a Poet, when he had assumed so large a portion to his own share. He regards the works of other authors in the same manner as Cestius did the eloquence of Cicero, which he accounted as nothing in comparison of his own. According to his account his work appears to be the universal Panacea, containing, as he tells us, “principles of government, polity, religion, morality, education, criticism, poetry, and literature.” This puts me in mind of those quacks who puff their own medicines as an infallible remedy against all diseases, whether gout, dropsy, rheumatism, scurvy, cholic, sickness, p---x, quinzy, indigestion, tumors, weakness, eruptions, &c.

The intimate connection which he tells us there is between literature and government, he instances by attempting

\* Hor. ep. 7, l. 1.

† Dunciad, l. 2. v. 237.

to prove that this country is upheld both in her civil and religious state by the influence of his Poem. And I doubt not it is, in his opinion; a proper subject to meet the liberality of Mr. Pitt, whom he so severely censures for not taking literary men under his protection; as if every rhyming songster and scribbling pamphleteer should immediately be requited with a pension or a place. Wherever the Author of the Pursuits of Literature shall work the salvation of the country by his miraculous Poem, there can be but one opinion as to his deserving an ample remuneration! Englishmen are generous, and love to see their benefactors rewarded; but they would not look upon it as any proof that Mr. Pitt had profited much by the exhortation to economy given him by the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, were he to establish a public office for the purpose of giving salaries to every applicant who should produce his own tract, and claim a reward for it; nor would they agree with him in thinking it necessary that a Minister should become the paymaster-general to Authors and Poets; but, on the contrary, believe him much better employed in attending to the affairs of the State.

I must acknowledge, moreover, that in this instance, amongst others; I do not perceive "that uniformity of thought and design," which the Author of the Pursuits of Literature tells us we shall find in his Poem. In one part he laments the little encouragement which Literature, and particularly Poetry, often meets with, and gives many instances of men of genius and talents who have been passed by and neglected; but afterwards he makes Octavius observe, "that the proper, constant, and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents, *must ultimately* resist the malignity of criticism, and rise superior to every temporary neglect, in any department of Literature, of Government, or of Society." There is certainly a palpable contradiction between these passages; for if it be true that "the proper, constant, and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents," in Literature,

" must rise superior to every temporary neglect," the want of patronage and encouragement which authors so often experience would cease to be a circumstance to be lamented. Neither does this assertion receive any confirmation from the lines wherein he asks,

" Have you not seen *neglected Penrose bloom,*  
" Then sink *unhonoured in a village tomb?*"

or when he tells us,

" To worth *untitled* would your fancy turn ?  
" The Muse *all friendless weeps o'er Mickle's urn.*"

And again, when he represents the Rev. Thomas Maurice, author of " Indian Antiquities," and of the " History of India, its arts and its sciences, as connected with the history of the other great empires of Asia, during the most ancient periods ;" declaring in his dedication, that " this history, commenced under the patronage of the Court of East India Directors, is dedicated to them, in humble hopes of their continued support of a work, which must sink without that support ;" this certainly cannot be admitted as any proof " that the proper, constant, and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents," in Literature, " must rise superior to every temporary neglect." It is true, that we sometimes see the works of genius experience from posterity that justice which the authors of them in vain sought to obtain ; but I wish that a little more justice was done to the man when living, as well as to his productions when he is no more. It is an object of much and serious regret to behold the neglect which men of letters have experienced from the world. The patronage of Literature is more peculiarly the province of the Great, who have no other occupation to attend to ; and yet there is scarcely an instance where a man has been able to acquire an independence by means of the patronage which his literary talents have procured him. There may be several who have

benefited themselves, and risen by their own exertions to great eminence ; but I cannot recollect one, who was in *absolute want*, that could ever find sufficient patronage to *ensure a decent subsistence*. Pope, for example, met with great patronage, and made a fortune ; but then his fortune arose from the sale of his works, and not from the liberality of his patrons. Neither was he *in want* ; for though he could not be said to be rich, yet he was originally possessed of an independence. Addison seems to afford an instance to the contrary of my assertion ; but I believe, that although his patrimony was very limited, yet he also possessed wherewith to maintain himself. His family too was good, and his interest not without some weight ; and add to this a number of fortuitous circumstances, which all conspired to promote him in life. But of those who absolutely wanted bread, how few could ever obtain it ? Butler, Otway, Chatterton, Gay, Savage, and Burns, with many others, could not live on their patronage. The three first are even said to have perished for want of food ; and the others died extremely distressed in their circumstances. And though there might not be in them all the same “ proper, constant, “ and undeviating application of time, learning, and talents,” nor might all have been equally unfortunate, yet there was not one that could “ rise superior to the temporary neglect,” which each of them more or less experienced, or that was able, as Rousseau somewhere says, “ to revenge the cause of injured merit “ on the cruelty of fortune.” Dryden himself, with all his patronage, continued poor to the time of his death ; and whenever a *necessitous* author has acquired a decent subsistence, it has generally been from the sale of his works, and not through the liberality of the Great, whose sole patronage too frequently consists in a common and unprofitable acquaintance with the very men whom they profess to hold in the highest degree of admiration, and whose company they seek out of an ostentatious vanity, but to whose necessities they will not afford the smallest relief.

Had it not been for the Notes, the *Bursts of Literature*\* would soon have died away and sunk into oblivion. To them it owes the circulation which it has experienced; and that not so much on account of the information which they convey, as the scandal and abuse which they contain. Scandal is a never palling food to the public taste; we attend but too eagerly to the abuse of our neighbour; and though sensible at the time of its falsehood, we cannot help listening to the report.

If it be not to this, to what can we attribute the success of the Work? There are some few of the Notes wherein we meet with an acuteness of observation and a depth of learning. In others, again, there is such a happy vein of irony, and such a keenness of satire, as cannot fail of delighting the reader. The zeal and ability which he has displayed in the cause of his religion, and the ingenuity of his criticisms on the works of sceptical writers, can receive no additional weight from any praise that I can bestow upon them; and I shall therefore only add, that I wish every part of his Work was equally well entitled to applause. There is a peculiar ingenuity and admirable ridicule in his remarks on Godwin's Works; and I cannot but acquiesce with him in the force and propriety of the greatest part of his observations upon the \* Roman Catholic Priests,

\* It is not that I am an advocate any more for national than private humanity; for I would neither have the distinction of religion, of politics, or of country, made the pretence for withholding our assistance from those who were in distress. But humanity should not be destitute of prudence. We have received among us a number of persons compelled to seek refuge from a bitter and sanguinary persecution which awaited them in their native country, and who, without suspecting them of any peculiar prejudice against this country, cannot but be supposed strongly attached to the religion they have been bred in, and the land which gave them birth. It is known that no oppression is able to obliterate the love of our native soil: it survives alike every change of time and situation.

'Nescio quā natale solum dulcedine cunētos

'Dicit et immemores haud finit esse sui.'

OVID.

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Priests. The panegyrics too which he has bestowed upon Messrs. Bryant, Roscoe, Melmoth, Cowper and Sulivan, with some few others, are dictated by judgment, and expressed with elegance. But these constitute a very small portion of the Work. There are many other parts either bombastic and pedantic, or dull, uninteresting, and prolix. His attempts at witticism too frequently end in low buffoonery and ridiculous conceits. Some anecdote is interspersed here and there; but the majority is composed of personal abuse, or school-boy declamation. In his ideas of satire he appears to be totally mistaken. Scandal and satire are widely distinct in their natures; yet he often supplies the want of the one by the aid of the other. There is no satire, for example, in the abuse which

We have seen this particularly exemplified in the case of the French Emigrants. Independent therefore of any danger to be apprehended from their disseminating principles of religion inimical to the established system among us, I will state this question, in addition to the arguments used by the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, for the consideration of the Legislative body, Whether, in the supposed event of an invasion, it is not likely that many of them, forgetting the principles of gratitude by which they are, or rather ought to be, actuated, and in the hopes of effecting terms of reconciliation for themselves, added to that invincible attachment to the *natale solum*, would not take up arms against us, and fling the bosom in which they have been fostered? It may be said that Government had this in view when they directed some late measures, but I contend they have not pursued their precautions with sufficient energy. General national prejudices are often illiberal, and it must be confessed that there are many worthy individuals in the body alluded to: but the suspicion I have stated is certainly grounded on motives stronger than mere simple conjecture. The behaviour of many of them warrants this belief. Among the number of circumstances that have come to my knowledge, of the improper, or, I may with more justice add, infamous conduct of some of them, I will only adduce the following:—A short time back an Emigrant went to look at some lodgings at the West end of the Town, where, after stating that it was for a French family, he was informed by the Lady of the house that she had particular reasons for declining the letting her lodgings to Foreigners: to which he answered, she might do as she pleased, but that before long she would be glad to take them herself of the French.

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he has lavished on Mr. Erskine or Dr. Warton ; nor, whatever opinion we may entertain of the man, does the epithet *detestable*, when coming from the pen of a scholar and a poet, convey any satire though attached to such a name as Thomas Paine, nor detract from the merits of such a writer as Peter Pindar. In common with others, though he can see the faults of his neighbours, yet he appears not less blind to his own. He has criticised with asperity on what he calls a vulgarity of style in Dr. Warton's Life of Pope, and at the same time furnished many instances of a greater vulgarity in his own. What otherwise shall we call this—“ Mr. Barrister Erskine is “ famous for taking opium in large quantities.” And again, “ *My poor pockets cannot keep up with these using demands upon them.*” “ I cry your mercy, good Master Steevens,” Nor can, “ Is it not so, Mr. Professor ?” nor, “ my dear little “ Daniel”—nor, “ my learned Master Richard Porson”—nor, “ My dear Adam”—be considered as examples either of satire or elegance of style. It is not a little remarkable, too, that the very expression which in Dr. Warton he censures as vulgar and defective, he has in various places adopted himself. “ *One* “ would think that this dog was of Canidia's breed.”—“ To “ hear Mr. Fox as I perpetually do in the House, *one* would “ really think he was a rival to Vestris or Diderot.”—“ I have “ no doubt of Lord S.'s friendship for Mr. Gibbon, but why “ hang up *one's friend in effigy?* ” &c.

His quotations also, of which those from the Greek are in general selected with the greatest aptness, are poured upon us in torrents, but frequently without enlivening the style or elucidating the subject ; many of them with very little, and some with no application at all ; merely to shew the extent of the writer's classical researches, and his acquaintance with the authors of antiquity \*. For instance—after telling us that

\* And yet I have remarked, that more ability is often conceded to an author, by many of his readers, on account of the number and variety of his

that Mr. Steevens is not quite original in the expression; *that his verses are only a peg to hang his Notes upon*—as a confirmation of that assertion, he adds, that Pindar said long before Mr. Steevens, Ἀπὸ πασσάλος φορμηγα λαμβάνε—the English of which is, *Take the harp from the peg*. How this applies to Mr. Steevens's observation, I am at a loss to discover. He might with equal propriety have attempted to prove plagiarism on Mr. Steevens, because Varro has said, “*Novum cibrum novo paxillo pendeat* \*.”

With regard likewise to his exposition of the passage from St. Paul's Epistle to Timothy, I cannot give him credit for that ingenuity which is generally attributed to him. His remark, though professedly a matter of mere conjecture, is not even a conjectural probability. For, allowing the *penula* to have been so specifically a Roman garment, and worn only by Romans, it is not likely that St. Paul would have thought that the sending for a garment which he had not with him when he was apprehended, would be admitted as any proof of his citizenship. If proof was necessary, such slight evidence as this, he must have been sensible, would not have been re-

his quotations, than from any other supposed excellence of his work. Quotations, however, are certainly no indications of genius, nor even always a proof of learning; for it is possible for a man to quote a great deal, who has read very little: the merit consists not in the quantity, but in the just application of what he quotes. I do not wish to be understood as insinuating any doubt of the learning of the Author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, from the want of such application in many of the quotations which he has given, though whenever we find one made use of by an author that is impertinent, or irrelevant to the subject matter, it leads us to conclude he did not understand it himself; but I must say I shrewdly suspect this to be the case with some of those who are the loudest in their commendation.

\* Or he might have told us that Homer said before Pindar,

Ἀπὸ πασσάλος σύκηλα τόξα  
Μητέ τῷ ἰλομην—

Hom. Il. l. 5. v. 209.

ceived.

ceived. And then as to his books and parchments:—What documents or diploma could he have with him to elucidate this subject? St. Paul was a *freeman born*, as he tells us himself in his answer to the chief captain, owing, as it is supposed by some, to the city of Tarsus, a native of which he was, having the right of Roman citizens; though it is doubted by many whether it possessed that privilege in the time of St. Paul: and, as some confirmation of that doubt, I will suggest, that when St. Paul tells the chief captain, that he is “*a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city,*” it does not gain him any attention or respect, insomuch that the chief captain commands him to be scourged notwithstanding this assertion; and it is not till he declares that he is a “*Roman,*” to the centurion, that the chief captain orders him to be released. Either therefore the chief captain must have been totally ignorant of the privilege granted to the city of Tarsus, if such was the case, which I cannot think very probable; or St. Paul must have acquired his freedom in some other manner; or rather his father before him, for he says he was born free.

The only documents therefore that it appears likely St. Paul could produce would have been an authentication of his birth; or his father's citizenship, which if, through any apprehension of his having occasion for it, he had been at the pains to have obtained, it is not rational to suppose he would have left behind him. Besides, his letter does not seem to express that he was in any material haste for them as being necessary evidence; for though in one part he says “use thy diligence to come shortly,” yet he afterwards adds “use thy diligence to come before winter.” So vague and indefinite a mode of expression as *come before winter*, does not certainly imply that anxiety which the necessity of producing his cloak and papers, as evidence for him, could not have failed to occasion.

I must also observe, that there is a difference of opinion both as to the derivation and meaning of the word φελόνι, or

**φανόν**, which signifies the cloak : some considering it, with the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, as a corruption for **φανόλη**, which is said to be derived from **φάλω**, quia **φανέται οὐλος**, though by others it is derived from **φελλος**, cortex. By many it is held to be an original Greek word ; others again look upon it (i. e. **φανόλη**) as a word *grecised*, from the Latin **pænula**. Then as to its signification—though by most it is understood to signify a cloak or coat, yet there are some who think it means a chest, or little box, which might contain things of importance ; and others who interpret it by a roll, or parchment. But this latter interpretation does not seem very probable ; for as St. Paul afterwards mentions the parchments, **μεμέραντι**, if by **φελόνη** we are also to understand parchments, it would only be a repetition of the same thing.

It may not be perhaps totally unacceptable to the reader, if I lay before him, as a mere matter of curiosity, one or two of the various conjectures upon the word **pænula** :

“ A Lacedæmoniis est petita cuius inventores primos dixit Tertullianus. Theatra enim, quia tectis carebant, ut non sine molestiâ ludis intetesse spectatores possent, tempore præsertim hyberno, Lacedæmoniis, ut et voluptatibus indulgerent, et arcendo frigori pates essent, pænulam invenere primi. Hotum postea motem Romani sunt imitati.” This passage occurs in the “ Lexicon Antiquitatum Romanorum, auctore Samuele Pitisco ;” and is there stated as a quotation from Suetonius.

But the most curious reading is to be found in the Lexicon Matthœi Martini, as a quotation from Haymo \* :

“ Pænula vestis erat consularis, quâ induebantur consules Romani, quum ingrediebantur in curiam. Sed forte querit aliquis, quomodo vel unde acciderit hoc genus vestimenti

\* Haymo, or as he is otherwise called Haimo or Heimo, a German monk, and afterwards bishop of Halberstadt, who flourished in the ninth century, and wrote, besides other things, some Commentaries on the Books of the Old and New Testament.

“ B. Apostolo? Cui respondendum est, Romanos ante ad-  
 “ ventum Domini hunc habuisse morem, sive consuetudinem,  
 “ quum monarchiam totius orbis sibi acquirebant, ut quæcun-  
 “ que gens eis cum pace et coronis occurrisset, darent ei li-  
 “ bertatem, in tantum, ut eorum fratres dicerentur, civesque  
 “ Romani appellarentur. Dabantque eis potestatem ædifi-  
 “ candi curiam, et habere consules, sicut et illi habebant. Pa-  
 “ ter igitur Pauli de Giscali oppido terræ repromotionis fuit,  
 “ ubi natus, translatus est in Tarsum Cilicizæ. Quodam tem-  
 “ pore venientibus Romanis per Ciliciam occurrit eis ipse cum  
 “ aliis Tarsensibus; utsique, qui nobilis inter illos habebatur,  
 “ accepitque eos cum pace. Tunc dederunt ipsis libertatem  
 “ supra dictam, et potestatem ædificandi curiam, vestesque  
 “ induere consulares, ut pænulati intrarent in curiam, more  
 “ Romanorum, ibique pater B. Pauli pænulam accipere meruit  
 “ causâ dignitatis. Post cujus mortem apostolus ob memoriam  
 “ ejus recordationis hanc vestem sibi retinuit.”

With this latter also corresponds in part, that is, as to its being a consular garment, a passage to be found in Primasii Episcopi Africani Divi Augustini quondam discipuli, in Divi Pauli ad Timot. Commentar.\* where he saith, “ Pænula vestis  
 “ erat consularis antiquorum Romanorum; quam pænulam  
 “ non dixit fuisse suam: potuit. n. ad eam pedes apostoli inter  
 “ cætera aliquis conversus à fidem Christi posuisse vendendā.”

All these conjectures, however, as well as that of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, savour more of a speculative and needless supposition †, than any reasonable opinion. The

\* Magna Bibliotheca Patrum. Edit. Paris. 1654.

I have given the words of this passage as I found them; but there appears to be some error in the latter part.

† The prevailing passion of one sort of scholars is to discover *new meanings* in the author, whom they will cause to appear mysterious, purely for the vanity of being thought to unravel him.

Pope's Notes on the Iliad, b. r.

meaning

meaning or force of the passage in question is sufficiently intelligible in the literal acceptation of the sense of it, without attempting to distort from it a meaning unwarranted by reason or probable conjecture.

But the criticisms of the Author of the Pursuits of Literature (if such they are to be called) are not more tinctured with vanity than actuated by illiberality, as well as too often made use of as the vehicles for unmerited slander and ungenerous observations. It may be said of him, what Homer relates of Thersites :

"Ος δὲ ἔπεια φρεσὶν ἡσιγγάκοσμά τε πολλὰ τε γέδη,  
Μαψ ατὰρ εἰ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζίμεναι——\*.

What can be further removed from candour and decency than his treatment of Dr. Warton? What more devoid of delicacy and truth than his remarks on Lady Charlotte Campbell? How unjust his behaviour to Mr. Steevens? How illiberal his observations on Mr. Coxe? How offensive is the abusive language in which he conveys his attack on Mr. Erskine?—"What think you, Mr. Barrister Erskine?" "How say you, Mr. Barrister?" might do very well as the language of an orange-girl, or a Covent-garden chairman; but it is beneath the conduct of a Scholar and a Gentleman to stoop to such low abuse. He did not learn this either from Demosthenes or Cicero, whom he admires so much. He will neither find it in the Philippics of the one, nor the celebrated Oration *pro Milone* of the other. The whole of his Note upon Mr. Erskine is in the same style, *Νεικεῖτιν ἐθελησι χολωτοῖσιν ἐπίεστιν*. Besides, the charges which he prefers against that Gentleman are singular enough, namely, that he is *famous* for taking opium in large quantities; that, in his opinion, he has too large a portion of the leprosy of eloquence; and, in addition to all this, has written what the Author of the Pursuits

\* Hom. Il. 2. v. 213.

of Literature styles "a flimsy and puerile view" of the causes and consequences of the present French War. For all this he has thought fit to abuse him most liberally. But his arrows are shot from too *weak* a bow to inflict any wound :

'Ο δὲ ἀλιον βέλος οὐκεν.—

—παλίν δὲ ἀπὸ χαλκὸς ὄρυσε  
Βλημένος, οὐδὲ επερίσσε—\*

However indignant we may feel at the malice with which they are pointed, yet we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are neither unerring, and like those of Pandarus μελανῶν ἔρμη ὁδονάων, nor fatal, like the "lethalis arundo" of Virgil's Shepherd, but impotent as the "telum imbelli sine ictu" of the aged Priam. Mr. Erskine stands too high in the public estimation to receive any prejudice from the puny though abusive attacks of an anonymous writer. His faults or his foibles, whatever they may be, (and what man is there without some?) will not cast a viel over those great talents which are so deservedly acknowledged and so universally admired.

Mr. Canning also is made the object of an invidious attack ; because, though a young man, his abilities have promoted him to a conspicuous situation ; an honour that becomes the greater in proportion to the youth of the person who fills it, if his talents are competent to the execution of the office. But here again, as in many other instances, he forgets himself ; and what is the subject of an invidious reflection in one, is made in another the grounds of the most excessive commendation. In a former part he takes the opportunity of lavishing the utmost encomiums on Mr. Pitt, because "he passed at once into the innermost of the Temple, without treading the vestibule, in the bloom and vigor of his faculties, *and in the prime of life* :"—and yet Mr. Canning is abused because at as early a period he is made an Under Secretary of State.

\* Il. l. 15. v. 575. l. 21. v. 593.

Neither

Neither is Dr. Darwin treated with the candour which he merits. In so voluminous and extensive a Work as the *Zoonomia* and the *Botanick Garden*, notwithstanding the many poetical beauties which it contains, and the specimen of taste and science which it exhibits, there cannot fail to be some (if not many) faults. His style may be sometimes inflated, and his imagery not always correct; and when the exuberance of a bold and vigorous imagination, warm with an enthusiastic ardour in philosophical researches, has tempted him to soar beyond the customary height in the expansive region of physics, and leave the astonished reader gazing at him from below, we are induced to wish he would curb the impetuosity of his ideas—

“ *Fortius utere loris.*” —

But I respect the daring mind, that, undaunted at the difficulty, courts with alacrity every opportunity of speculative enquiry; nor will I laugh because the boldness of his ideas outstrips the narrow limits of my comprehension. What I do understand, I am not more instructed than pleased with; and I understand enough to admire the genius, and the learning, and the uncommon knowledge, of which he has given so convincing a proof.

Dr. Warton is also made the subject of the most unmerited slander and illiberal abuse, for having gratified the literary world with a new and complete edition of Pope's Works; wherein, to the Notes of former Editors and Commentators, he has added most of his own remarks, which appeared before in the form of an *Essay*, and now reduced into the shape of Notes, together with many additional ingenious criticisms and observations.

“ Better to disappoint the public hope,  
 “ Like Warton driveling on the page of Pope;  
 “ While o'er the ground that Warburton once trode,  
 “ The Winton pedant shakes his little rod,

“ Content

“ Content his own stale scraps to steal or glean,  
 “ Hash'd up and season'd with an old man's spleen.”

I should have thought that the *spleen* with which these lines are *bashed* up would have been sufficient without the *seasoning* of the Notes which are added to them.

It is no detraction, however, from the real merit of any of his Notes, that they have appeared, though in a different shape, before. If they are good in one form, they will not be less so in another.

Dr. Warton never held out to the world any thing to raise in them very high expectations of his Work. What expectations therefore the world might have formed, from their knowledge of so learned and able an Editor, I know not; but I will venture to assert, that the Work is fully answerable to the highest that could have been reasonably entertained about it.—To the abuse heaped on him by the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, Dr. Warton may reply in the words of Pope, who, in one of his letters, thus speaks of some railing papers against the *Odyssey*: “ If the book has merit, it “ will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the sun puts an “ end to stinks, merely by coming out.”

Much of the accusation preferred against him is of too contemptible a nature to merit any serious notice. The charge of indecency, and boldness, and assurance, will not find much credit with those who know any thing of Dr. Warton: and those who are unacquainted with him will require better proof before they accede to it; for they cannot but discern how weakly the charge is supported by the evidence that is adduced. In the imitation of the Second Satire of the First Book of Horace, Pope has not more closely followed the severity of the style, than the boldness of the language of the Roman Satyrist: but it is a sufficient answer to an accusation of this nature to say, that what Pope thought fit to write, Dr. Warton might very safely publish. I will only add, that,

in

in my opinion, the Satire in question is in strictness much chaster than the story of January and May, or the first of the imitations from Chaucer, which have always been printed with the rest of Pope's Works.

Objections have been made against some of the editions of this Poet, for *not* containing all his Works. Now one is given that is complete, it is cavilled at because it is so. How is an Editor to suit every different taste ?

He may say,

“ Quid dem ? quid non dem ?”

But he will find after all that he has not pleased every one—

“ Non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.”

I have derived much pleasure and information, I acknowledge, from the perusal of Dr. Warton's Work. His Life of Pope is written in a plain, easy, and not unanimated style, uniting, in a short compass, the observations of the man of learning to the accuracy and impartiality of the historian. The Notes are learned, judicious, and instructive ; the obvious result of much close attention, and laborious investigation. At the same time, might I be permitted to venture an opinion, I think some of his allusions appear to be overstrained, and he is too minute in some of his remarks. But these partial blemishes are insufficient to detract from the real merits of the Work, which are certainly very great.

The chief objection of the Author of the “ Pursuits of Literature” to Dr. Warton, seems to be grounded on the circumstance of his being a schoolmaster, and then as if by a natural conclusion incompetent to the Work he had taken in hand ; but it really appears to be not a more singular than ridiculous argument, to allege, as an instance of the incapacity of a man for a literary undertaking, that of his having presided at the head of one of the most learned seminaries of the kingdom. The frequent repetition too of the word schoolmaster, of which he makes use, is excessively low and poor ; and

and his very years, so far from commanding the respect to which they are entitled, are not exempt from the shafts of ridicule, but his age is treated with insolent contempt.

The commendation even which he has bestowed upon Voltaire, affords another subject for animadversion to the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," who is too illiberal himself to allow to the genius and abilities of the man, the merit which, notwithstanding his principles, he is certainly entitled to. But his insinuation against Dr. Warton, wherein he pretends to *discern the under-murmurings of a spurious, bastard, half republicanism*, because the Doctor commends the passage in which Virgil had the courage to represent his hero assisting the Etruscans in punishing their tyrannical king, is one of the most scandalous though pitiful insinuations that the malicious efforts of the pen of detraction ever produced. It is a masterpiece of refinement in the arts of calumny and slander.

Quo dente obnitens spinosa calumnia pugnet—”

This passage militates against the very sentiments which he has himself laid down on the subject. It is censure, without discrimination. It is a depreciating declamation against learning, wit and talents, and high station. It is such as “a gentleman would refuse to write, or a man of virtue to “admit into his thoughts : it violates the high, and discrimi-“nating, and honourable, and directing principles of human “conduct.” It is neither just, nor justifiable. It is scandalous in the extreme ; I will not undertake to say that it is not libellous. It is sufficient for me to have pointed it out ; and it only remains for him to erase it as he has declared he will do.

Not that Dr. Warton need to shrink from such scurrilous and illiberal remarks as these are :

Quum tu recte vivas, ne cures verba malorum :  
Arbitrii non est nostri quid quisque loquatur \*.

\* Dion. Caton. Distich.

Neither his moral, nor his political, nor his literary character stand in any danger. Through the many years of his well-spent life the two former have never yet been questioned ; and as to the latter, this last production would be alone sufficient to remove any doubt on the subject, and place him, where he so eminently deserves to be, in the foremost rank of learned and judicious Commentators. I am sensible that this defence of Dr. Warton, if such it is worthy to be called, is by no means necessary. His Work itself is the best refutation of any thing that can be said against it ; but I cannot refrain from contributing my small mite towards the general applause which it has obtained \*.

I cannot conclude this without noticing, that in my opinion the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" is much more appositely rewarded for his observations on this subject with the "grey goose plume" nodding on his head, as he tells us, than he would be if crowned with the "delphicā lauro." His choice in this respect is well suited to his desert—"Sint "hic etiam sua præmia."

Another idle objection is founded on the engravings of the figures of Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Pope, which Lord Sheffield and Dr. Warton have affixed to the respective editions of the Works of those two Authors. The revenge, however, which he has adopted is whimsical enough ; for he lampoons the men, on account of their portraits being given to the world by their Editors, because nature had made them ugly and deformed. His lines are these—

" Of beauteous Gibbon's fair proportion'd shape,  
" An old baboon, or foetus of an ape,"—

And again of Pope—

" Nor e'en the bard's deformity can 'scape,  
" His pictur'd person and his libell'd shape."

\* See the very spirited and able defence of Dr. Warton, by the Author of the Progress of Satire.

There is neither wit nor satire in these lines in the manner they are introduced, nor in his notes upon them. It requires no great sagacity to discern that the value of a portrait depends upon its resemblance to the person for whom it was intended ; and it certainly would be highly ridiculous to publish as the likeness of a man, what bears no likeness to him at all. How far the portraits of Mr. Gibbon or of Mr. Pope are correct as to their resemblance, I cannot pretend to determine ; but it does not strike me as being any thing ridiculous in endeavouring to give to posterity the picture of a man whose works must necessarily introduce him to their acquaintance. There is a natural curiosity which disposes us even to be pleased with the artificial personification of great men. The Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" is a scholar and an historian. As such, does he not, I would ask him, derive satisfaction from contemplating the bust of a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius ? And whence does that satisfaction arise ? Certainly not from the age of the marble solely, nor can I suppose merely from the beauty or deformity of a sculptured face, but, by presenting to him the semblance of a great man, whose every action is an object of curiosity, the various transactions and events which accompanied his time rush upon the mind, and create a train of busy ideas and conjectural reflections. Why then may not others derive an equal pleasure from any attempt to lay before them the portraits of great men of their own time, more interesting often because their history and their merits are better understood ?

How does all this accord, I would ask, with the following declaration, which in one part of his Work he has thought fit to make, " Far pleasanter to me is the language of commendation than of censure ?" Is the public welfare promoted by an indiscriminate abuse levelled against genius and abilities of every description ? Do the literature, the laws, the religion, the government, and the good manners of the country derive any support from an endeavour to depreciate the abilities,

lities, the learning, and the morals of the best, the wisest, and the greatest of her sons?

After witnessing attacks of this description, and the severity with which he has censured the style of others, we should expect at least to find this *censor morum* peculiarly attentive to the chastity and delicacy of his own. What then shall we say of the following passage?

“ On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,  
 “ On beds of yielding vegetable down,  
 “ Raise lust in pinks, and with unhallow’d fire  
 “ Bid the soft virgin violet expire.”

I will not absolutely say that these lines are indecent; but I will ask, Whether they are in due consonance with that extreme love for delicacy, and chastity of expression, which he professes. But it is the licensed language of Satire, we shall be told. Ah! is it so? How then came Dr. Warton to be so severely reprehended for only *publishing* the Satires of Pope? Surely Pope was at least entitled to an equal latitude of expression with the Author of the “Pursuits of Literature.”

To the above passage he has, by way of illustration I suppose, added the following Note: “I would just hint that it is a matter of some curiosity to me to conceive how young La-  
 “ dies are instructed in the terms of Botany, *which are very significant.*” He was under the influence of the “grey goose plume,” I doubt not, when he was writing this Note; but I would advise him in future, when he can suggest no better hints than these, to keep them to himself. The suppression of this Note too would have concealed his ignorance in this respect, which he has been at some pains to render conspicuous. For the terms of Botany (of which it is plain he knows nothing) have no impropriety in themselves, and may with the most perfect safety be taught to the most delicate female ear. It is unnecessary to ask him, Whether he has ever read Rousseau’s elegant Letters to a Lady on the Elements of Botany?

The above passage sufficiently shews he has not. The works and operations of nature, if expressed with some little attention to the terms, convey nothing offensive or indelicate to an innocent mind. There is an old proverb, which says, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*” Does the Author of the “*Pur-suits of Literature*” understand this?

In his observations again on Mr. Knight’s Essay on the Worship of Priapus, his professions and his writing are widely at variance with each other, and, in the Note which accompanies these two lines, not the most chaste in themselves:

“ In verse half-veil’d raise titillating lust,  
“ Like girls that deck with flow’rs Priapus’ bust.”

He is guilty of a gross indelicacy and indecency, if what he says of Mr. Knight be true. Mr. Knight’s Treatise he reprehends as being both unbecoming and indecent, but at the same time acknowledges it *has not been published*; and therefore, fearful lest the public should be ignorant of the contents, he immediately gives a long description of it in suitable terms. What are the real merits and faults, and whether or not there is in fact such indecency in this learned Treatise, I do not pretend to determine, as I have never seen it; but I confess it is not a little extraordinary to see a man professing himself the champion of literary delicacy, and scrutinizing with severity the least ambiguity of expression in others, enter into a general exposition of what he calls an indecent Treatise, and which he commences with telling us we cannot be acquainted with because it has not been published. It can only be therefore through apprehension that it should remain unnoticed by the public, that his observations upon it were written, as a sort of “*in perpetuam rei memoriam*,” as it were, and, as he elsewhere observes, “*though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know that we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream.*”

Again,

Again,

“ Some plain position lay, as simply thus—  
“ Marriage consists in actu-coitus.”

For this and other places, “ where he has been obliged to use expressions rather strong,” as he terms it, on account of the impossibility of giving an effectual exposure of the unwar-rantable and scandalous licence of some writers without it, he has made a sort of an apology, by introducing the follow-ing quotation from Hume : “ The ancient Satirists often used great liberty in their expressions ; but their freedom no more resembles this licentiousness, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute.” This attempt to defend the latitude of expression in his own style comes for-ward with a very bad grace after his animadversions on Mr. Pope. It is a partial vindication in himself, of what he cen-sures in another. Though I am ready to admit the truth of the original proposition in the above quotation, yet in the inference which he derives from it I differ from him entirely, independent of the dislike I have to this partial manner of arguing against another about the propriety of a licence which he is defending in himself. That liberty of style which we discern in the ancient Satirists is not allowable to the same extent in the Satirists of the present day. The laws of Satire have, ever since Pope and Swift wrote, adopted a chafter lan-guage and a purer style. It is no argument therefore for the Satirist to say that he has only given the expressions of another ; for, if they are licentious, he ought not to admit them at all. It is equally as indefensible as if a modest woman were to imitate the indecent gesture of a prostitute, though merely for the sake of describing what the other had done.

I pass over his Dissertation on the *Gibbe Cat*, with which he seems peculiarly pleased, as it affords him an opportunity of venting his jokes on the occasion ; nor does he omit to add his own opinion, after he has found fault with all other com-mentators

mentators for so doing. Neither shall I dwell on his Observations on stewed Prunes and Potatoes; wherein he endeavours to equal (and with no small degree of envy it should appear) the length of Mr. Collins's Note, which he blames so severely, on the same subject. But there are two lines which I think it necessary to take some notice of; they are these :

“ For, ah ! presumptuous Acis wrests the prize,  
“ And ravishes the nymph before his eyes !”

This, together with the whole of the Notes upon it, I cannot but consider, judging according to his own system, as an allegorical indecency. It is not enough to say it is a mere allegory; so was Mr. Pope's story of “ The Double Mistress,” which he reprobates so much. It is incompatible with that strict chastity of expression which he requires in others. There is no one excuse to be offered for it: it is not even an imitation by way of stricture on the style of another, but a wanton and wilful indelicacy, without any reason, and to answer no end.

All this is the less allowable in an Author who comes forth, as he professes to do, in behalf of the Literature and the good manners of the country, with a full conviction of the tendency of his Poem to promote the public welfare. Does he mean to say that his Work is the model from which we are to learn perfection in both these instances? With regard to the first, he has not merely confined himself to a criticism on the faults—he has endeavoured to depreciate the abilities, as well as to undervalue the merits, of almost every other writer: but has he, at the same time, written better himself? Even the chastity of Pope's Works are questioned; but has he avoided, in his own, that licence of expression which he will not allow to another? And in point of good manners he sets but a bad example, if we are to imitate the gross abuse, the indecent invective, and the wilful misrepresentation, in the use of which he

he is so very liberal. Neither am I disposed to give him credit for that independence and impartiality to which he would fain lay claim. In many places, notwithstanding his repeated boastings to the contrary, he displays all the little narrowness and prejudice of party-influence ; and when he least thinks it, he betrays himself most. At times, when this is not the case, he is both pleasing and instructive in his remarks. There is one passage, in particular, to whose truth and propriety I cannot omit this opportunity of expressing my most cordial assent. It is upon the needless and cruel experiments that are made upon living animals. The observations are just, sensible, and humane. What can display a more striking instance of savage barbarity than to behold men, without the least commiseration for the acuteness of its sufferings, brooding with infatiable perseverance over a tortured and mutilated animal, and directing experiments with the most ingenuous cruelty, wherein every possible refinement of invention is adopted that may heighten or prolong the agonies of the miserable victim, without any other end to be answered than the gratification of a useless though sanguinary curiosity ? Such experiments are a disgrace to a civilized people.

From this I turn to another subject—his attack upon Mr. Lewis, the Author of the Romance called the “ Monk ;” and if I dwell on this a little longer than usual, it is because the Author of the “ Pursuits of Literature ” has not been more copious in his observations than profuse in the invective and misrepresentation with which he has overwhelmed that Gentleman.

There is no book perhaps of modern production that has excited a greater share of curiosity, or been more the subject of public opinion, and public conversation, than the Romance of the “ Monk.”

The Author of the “ Pursuits of Literature ” in particular has branded this work with the charge of obscenity and impiety, and accused Mr. Lewis of neither scrupling nor blushing

ing to depict and publish to the world the arts of lewd and systematic seduction, and to thrust upon the nation the most open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. In the accusation of indecency the public opinion, under which the author of the Pursuits of Literature has artfully endeavoured to shelter and support his own, does certainly in a great measure coincide with him; but it must be recollect<sup>d</sup>, that *assertion*, although founded on the *popular opinion*, does not always amount to incontrovertible proof.

Here then it should seem the combat grows unequal, for I have two antagonists opposed to me, of which the latter is by no means the least powerful; and a man ought to possess no small share of courage and resolution, who ventures into the field to tilt his lance against so formidable an opponent as the *popular opinion*. In all probability his fate may bear too close a resemblance to the effect of the attack which the renowned Champion de la Mancha made against his enemies the windmills.

Yet this terrific monster loses a vast deal of its consequence when we come to consider it with attention, and analize its respective parts. Of the people composing the public opinion there are two sorts; those who think for themselves ("et quota pars hæc fuit"), and those who suffer others to think for them. The former of these may again be divided into two classes; the first and by far least numerous of which consists of persons *able* to form an opinion of their own, and the latter of such as *without the ability* will assume to themselves the *power*. From this it appears then how small a share real judgment and discrimination have in constituting the popular opinion; which, nevertheless, it must be confessed, is too important an antagonist to be trifled with, and it is most prudent not to run counter to it if it can be avoided.

But as I wish not to dispute its power, though I question its propriety, and as I know its tenacity too well to entertain  
the

the least supposition that any arguments will induce it to recede from its opinion when once formed ; I do not intend this by way of confuting it, but maintaining my own. I act upon the defensive, and not upon the offensive plan. I have not the vanity to suppose, whatever effect they might produce upon individuals, that my arguments could ever influence the public opinion ; but still I will not suffer my own to be trodden under foot. It is no argument to tell me the world is of a different opinion from myself. The world may be mistaken as well as I may. Not that I mean to divest *all* credit from the popular opinion ; which is very frequently infallible. But the opinion of the world, merely as an opinion, carries no more conviction to my mind than the opinion of an individual. They both may be right, for aught I know, or they both may be wrong. Of this, however, I am certain, that if I cannot make a convert of the public opinion, when I conceive it to be wrong, so neither shall it have any influence over me when I believe myself right. I will always pay it a due respect ; but a blind and unlimited submission is more than it has any right to expect from me.

I must confess, I never perused a book with so much surprise and astonishment as I did that of the "Monk". Led to expect, from general report, a compound of licentious indecency, when I took it up to read, which was not till very lately, it was with all the prejudice that it was possible for my mind to entertain against it. How much was I astonished then to find the impressions it made on me so widely different from those I was taught to look for : I was ashamed to perceive that I had so long been the dupe to a prejudice which appeared to me to be without foundation ; and that, without any reason to authorise my forming an opinion at all, which I certainly could have no right to do till I had read the book, I had imperceptibly given way to the popular stream.

I am well aware of the difficulties I shall have now to encounter, I hear an immediate outcry raised against me—

What! defend a bad book—a work of licentiousness and blasphemy?—Have patience a little, gentle critics, and I will answer you. I do not pretend to defend a bad book—I join issue with you in your opinion. I do not believe this to be such—I do not view it as a licentious or blasphemous work—I do not think it will either contaminate your morals, or bring your religion into contempt.

With regard to the charge of licentiousness, the “Monk” exhibits, it is true, a picture of vice unequalled hitherto by the pen of description. But I would ask this short and simple question—*Is the picture of vice, held up in its own native deformity, a dangerous sight?* I will add another—*Is it not attended with good effects, by acting as a beacon to mankind?* Vice in itself is even disgusting to its most zealous votaries, when it entirely abandons the semblance of virtue. Would you allure mankind to the path of vice, you must not terrify them with a prospect of the rocks and precipices which intersect the way; you must strew the path over with the flowers of virtue—you must make the surface smooth, to conceal the pits below. Vice must always wear a mask, or she will never gain converts to her principles; it is only when she arrays herself in the specious garb of virtue that she is to be feared.

There are prefixed to several of the editions of Roderick Random, some introductory observations, intitled, “Remarks on Roderick Random, in a Letter from a Gentleman at Twickenham to his friend in London.” This letter has been attributed to Mr. Pope; and I shall give a short extract from it here, as it is so extremely apposite to the present subject.

“ We further learn from this author, that *characters of vice may be made the most conducive to the promotion of virtue.* For though virtue is in herself absolutely amiable and attractive, when placed in a proper light, and remarked with due attention; yet vice can assume her graces with so cunning a mimickry, that the detection must come from eyes of uncommon discernment.

" It is in this material distinction that our author is happy.  
 " *He strips vice of all that served to adorn or disguise her. He lifts her to the light. He exposes her native deformity. He gives her affectations to ridicule, and her allurements to detestation.* He places her in opposition to her adversary; " and, by a contrast so evident, demonstrates that nothing is " beneficent, that nothing is desirable, but virtue."

A book which boldly traces the progress of vice, accompanying her in her first deviation from the path of virtue, through all her subsequent transitions to the different stages of guilt, and at length exhibits her suffering the punishment due to her crimes, cannot be justly styled a bad book. I consider the Romance of the " Monk " as a work of this nature—I see a good and useful moral to be drawn from it. I see that the first abandonment to vice leads on imperceptibly to an accumulation of wickedness. But I also see that such a conduct infallibly brings on the wretched victim the punishment due to his crimes. I view it as a beautiful allegory, wherein is depicted the snares and delusions by which vice accomplishes her triumph over virtue. The character of Matilda, for example, I consider as so palpably allegorical, that when I am reading it, it is with difficulty I can bring my mind to favour the deceit sufficiently enough to look upon her as a woman.

From the language made use of in the " Pursuits of Literature," a person unacquainted with the " Monk " would be induced to suppose that it was a character recommended as a model for imitation, rather than designed as an object of abhorrence. He would be surprised to find that his example was intended to inculcate the necessity of a proper distrust of ourselves, and the danger of placing too great a confidence in our own virtues, and above all to teach us that the suppression of our passions from their right and natural course, is too frequently the means of diverting them into a much more dangerous channel.

But, granting all this to be true, still it will be objected, why the necessity to introduce such licentiousness and obscenity, according to the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," into the work? Might not the indecent passages, it will be said, have been as well omitted? In the first place then I must declare, that I do not see these *licentious*, these *obscenity*, or these *indecent* passages, as they are called, in the same point of view that the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" represents them in. I cannot deny that the description of some of the scenes between Matilda and Ambrosio are painted in very strong colours. But, in my opinion, there was no remedy for it. Without these descriptions, the work, it is true, would have been chaster; but then it would have been incomplete as a work. It is to be considered that the Monk was *no common man*; therefore the common temptations of the world would have been lost upon him.—Not only from his habits of life were his religious principles tinctured with a shade of a deeper cast than those of other men, but also from keeping his passions under command he had acquired a self-denial unknown to men in general. With such a man, therefore, whatever ideas the attractions of the other sex might excite, they would make a much slighter impression on him than on the rest of mankind. No common blandishments would prevail over him. Had his temptations been of an inferior nature, they never would have had effect. The usual artifices of women would have been exerted in vain. He was not to be prevailed on in the first instance to debauch others, but it is necessary he should be debauched himself. This Matilda effects by a conduct adapted to such an intent—She practises every refinement in the art of seduction, and allures his passions by temptations too strong for mortality to resist. If he had fallen a victim to less subtle snares, or yielded to less tempting allurements, his character had been at once ill drawn and incomplete.

Whence then the danger to be apprehended from the perusal

useful of this work?—The horror excited in the breast of the reader at the incantations and preternatural interferences by the aid of which the Monk is enabled to execute his infernal plans, is of itself a sufficient antidote to any emotions which the luscious description of some of the scenes could occasion, though I will not admit that they can produce any such. With weak minds, in particular, this cannot fail of having a very strong effect. Is it possible for any one to regard Matilda, after he has been a witness to her mysterious and unaccountable behaviour, without a suspicion bordering on disgust? Even the beauty of her person, and her blandishments, cease to affect the reader when he beholds her an agent in diabolical arts. And to the strong mind, capable of discrimination and of forming an opinion for itself, it can by no means be prejudicial. By such it will be considered as a perfect allegory, wherein is depicted the triumph of vice over virtue—and will be admired as a moral work, the effect of much ability and invention.

Had the author written his work in a different style, and on a different plan—had he drawn the Monk as successful in every one of his villainous undertakings, and shewn him as escaping the punishment due to his crimes—then I will confess it would have admitted of many objections that will not now hold good. But surely a description of progressive wickedness, which ultimately is arrested by the hand of justice, and delivered over to eternal punishment, cannot be a very dangerous lesson to mankind. You will gain few proselytes to vice, by exhibiting it as overwhelmed by the punishment due to its crimes. Who ever heard of a person being tempted to the highway by the sight of a criminal suffering on the wheel for a similar offence? Who ever heard of a person being stimulated to licentiousness by viewing another sinking under the pressure of a disease contracted in the habits of debauchery?

These

There are many other books we daily meet with in general circulation, that, without appearing to be really bad, are attended with much more prejudicial consequences to mankind. The amours of Peregrine Pickle, or Tom Jones, and the Intrigues of Ferdinand Count Fathom, not to mention several other novels of the present day, are infinitely more dangerous for young people to study, because they are all effected in the common course of life. There is nothing but what every one may or can do himself. Every thing is confined within the scope and pale of possibility.—Thus the intrigue which Count Fathom carries on with the jeweller's daughter, Wilhelmina, excites the passions more forcibly than the account of Ambrofio's seduction by Matilda, because it is in a more natural manner that it is effected. And again, his conquest over the fair Elenor, and his seduction of Celinda, the daughter of the country gentleman to whose house he was invited after he comes to England, makes a stronger impression on the mind than the manner in which the Monk ruins Antonia : for the one is the mere effect of human cunning and contrivance, whereas the other is only accomplished by the aid of preternatural intervention: and I leave it to the judgment of the reader to determine which is most likely to have a pernicious operation on the human mind—the description of an intrigue carried on with a girl in the common and usual manner, with no other inconvenience attending it than the danger of the lovers being interrupted in the hours of dalliance—or the account of a seduction, not only accompanied with every species of horror and barbarity, but effected by the co-operation of the most diabolical arts and infernal mysteries. The mind is too apt to view the one with a kind of sympathy: it makes it its own case: it feels it could do the same if it wished it; and perhaps it is even induced to wish it:—but from the other it shrinks with abhorrence, and loathes the idea of imitation. Where is the person bold enough to entertain for a moment

the idea of gratifying his passions by the celebration of infernal rites ? Who would suffer Satan to conduct him to the couch of Venus ?

Taking it indeed in any shape, I do not see how the alleged dangerous tendency of this book is to be supported on any reasonable grounds. On a strong and well-informed mind it is not even pretended that it can work any ill effects ; because it must be viewed by such as a beautiful allegory decorated with all the imagery of a fertile imagination. But with weak minds we are told this is not the case, as they are incapable of viewing it with the discrimination that is necessary for them. In answer to this my opinion is, that a weak and uninformed mind stands in no more danger than a strong one : for, supposing the allegorical allusion above their comprehension, still the moral inference to be drawn from it cannot but be obvious, namely, that vice, though for a time successful, meets with its due punishment at last. Yet should this even not be conceded to me, still I believe I shall not be contradicted when I assert, that a *diablerie*, and the narration of magic rites, makes a much deeper impression on a weak than on a strong mind, and hence I argue that the book contains a sufficient antidote in itself. Were it possible for me to suppose for a moment that the perusal of the "Monk" could induce a person, by the incitement of ideas he never before experienced, to attempt the execution of any plan of seduction, or even the gratification in any manner of a sensual passion, in consequence of what he had read therein, I would cease to vindicate it from that moment. But I beg to ask whether it is rational to suppose, that, if the mind could divest itself of all the horror occasioned by the manner in which the designs of the Monk are carried into execution, and even experience those sensations of incitement which I defy the book to inspire—whether, I say, the head could for a moment become so much the dupe of the passions as to attempt, from the example of Ambrofio, to do what it must

must perceive, without the same preternatural assistance, it never could achieve.

For, if it is impossible for any, the most ignorant and uninformed reader, to place the slightest belief in the reality of the facts that are related therein, which I apprehend must be answered in the affirmative, how can a person receive any bad impressions from the perusal of facts which he is convinced never did nor can take place ? Do you say it is a bad example for him ? I answer, that cannot operate as an example which he is sensible he cannot follow if he were even so inclined.

It is no vindication of an indecent book, I am aware, because another happens to be more so ; but I cannot refrain from observing, that it is not a little extraordinary that the Author of the " Pursuits of Literature " should have selected this book in particular for the object of his animadversions, when there are such a number to whom reprehension is so much more deservedly due. Besides, it is paying the female part of mankind a very ill compliment, to suppose for a moment that they could not read such a book without receiving bad impressions from it. It is not only an insult to their understandings, but it is a reflection on their delicacy, their susceptibility, and their natural timidity, to entertain such an idea. It is supposing them no less incapable of reflection, than destitute of all female innocence, as well as deaf to all the dictates of horror and disgust with which such a narration cannot fail to inspire them.

Considering it again in a political point of view, there is even much good may be derived from it. There is a worldly caution, a distrust of the ingratiating arts of designing villainy, to be gained in the perusal of it. What ! perhaps I may be told—a knowledge of human nature to be obtained from the behaviour of a demon ? Would you draw lessons of moral prudence from the application of the wickedness of a preternatural

natural being? Have patience a little, whosoever thou art that wouldst hint this objection, and, out of tenderness to thy own arguments, press it not against me, or thou wilt defeat at once all thy assertions of the immoral tendency of this book: for, if thou deniest me the application of the conduct of a demon as a lesson for the instruction of mankind, and wilt not suffer me to make a comparison between mortals and preternatural beings, so neither will I suffer thee to insinuate that a finite being like man can receive any injury from an examination of the diabolical arts of a minister of the devil. If you deny me the power of a comparison for the benefit of mankind, so will I deny you, on your own grounds, the power of drawing an injurious analogy between them. If you tell me, that the history of a preternatural being cannot operate by analogy, by comparison, or by inference, as a lesson of instruction to mankind, you surely will not pretend to say that by either of those methods it can prove of any prejudice.

And yet Mr. Lewis is accused of having poisoned the waters of our land in their springs and fountains—He is branded with having added incitement to incitement, and corruption to corruption, till there neither is, nor can be, a return to virtuous action and to regulated life—Yes, forsooth, he is accused of all this, because he has held up to the world a picture of vice in its native deformity, and taught them this wholesome lesson, that the sword of justice hangs over the head of the wicked. Mr. Lewis is cited “before the tribunal of the public opinion, to answer to the law of reputation, and every binding and powerful sanction by which that law is enforced;” because he has told mankind, that the first step to vice is generally followed by a second, and that second by a third, which sooner or later infallibly leads to the punishment which it deserves; because he has shewn us we may be wicked when we please, but has pointed out the consequences; and because he has demonstrated to us, that if we once quit the path of virtue, it is difficult to regain it, and that we become

imperceptibly involved too deep to recede when we would wish it.

But the accusations against him stop not even here. I come now to a charge of a much more serious nature, both in itself and its consequences; an offence of the most enormous magnitude that the wickedness of man is capable of perpetrating, that of open and unqualified blasphemy against the very code and volume of our religion. And here it may be right to observe, that whatever support the assertion of the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," with regard to the licentious tendency of the "Monk," may derive from the coincidence of the popular opinion with him in that respect, in the charge of blasphemy and impiety he stands by himself solely and unsupported. That accusation, I believe, has never entered into the imagination of any individual but himself.

Far be it from me to attempt or wish to extenuate such a charge, if well founded. Never shall the blasphemer of our religion meet with a vindicator in me! But I frankly own I do not, for one, see the blasphemy of which the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" complains. I would have every one "approach the sacred writings with that prostration of mind, "that distrust of their own powers, and that self-abasement "which is required in those who desire to look into the hidden things of God." I know nothing of Mr. Lewis, not even by report. I never heard his name till I read his book; and as for his religious principles, I have no other clue to guide me in my opinion of them than what I could collect from the perusal of his work. From that I see no reason to doubt him to be a man of religion and morality. I may be mistaken, it is true: I only declare what I think, and my motives for so thinking.

The charge of blasphemy, however, it is to be observed, is founded upon a passage which the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" has quoted from the "Monk," and which, after his example, I shall likewise give here.

"He

“ He (the Monk) examined the book which she (Antonia)  
 “ had been reading, and had now placed upon the table. It  
 “ was the Bible. ‘ How ! ’ said the Prior to himself, ‘ Antonia  
 “ reads the Bible, and is still so ignorant ? ’ But upon further  
 “ inspection he found that Elvira (the mother of Antonia) had  
 “ made exactly the same remark. That prudent mother, while  
 “ she admired the beauties of the Sacred Writings, was con-  
 “ vinced that, unrestricted, no reading more improper could be  
 “ permitted a young woman. Many of the narratives can only  
 “ tend to excite ideas the worst calculated for a female breast :  
 “ every thing is called roundly and plainly by its own name ;  
 “ and the annals of a brothel would scarcely furnish a greater  
 “ choice of indecent expressions. Yet this is the book which  
 “ young women are recommended to study, which is put into  
 “ the hands of children able to comprehend little more than  
 “ those passages of which they had better remain ignorant, and  
 “ which but too frequently inculcate the first rudiments of vice,  
 “ and give the first alarm to the still sleeping passions. Of this  
 “ Elvira was so fully convinced, that she would have preferred  
 “ putting into her daughter’s hands Amadis de Gaul, or the  
 “ valiant champion Tirante the White; and would sooner have  
 “ authorised her studying the lewd exploits of Don Galaor, or  
 “ the lascivious jokes of the damsels Plazer de mi vida\*.”

Had Mr. Lewis shewn me his book, and asked my opinion of it before it was printed, I would most certainly have advised him either to amend or leave out this exceptionable passage. I confess I wish he had not written it. But why do I so wish ? Not because I think he has been guilty of blasphemy ; not because I think he has intended to “ discredit and traduce the authority of the Bible ;” but because I should have foreseen that passage as not only liable to objections on the score of a want of sufficient decency and reverence in the manner of expression, which I am ready to admit, but also as raising many cavils, and lying open to many interpretations,

\* Vol. ii. p. 247, 8.

which I do not believe ever entered into the writer's imagination. For it was not enough that he did not design nor imagine any impiety himself, he ought also to have considered what effect his language would have upon another person, and that he should not afterwards have to say of any ill-natured caviller, *ἴτως δέκεις ἐμὲ κατεῖδεν ωὐρας ἀσεβίας ἔγειράτο\**.

At the same time also it may be necessary to observe, that, in defending Mr. Lewis, I by no means am to be understood as pledging my opinion in every instance for the support of his own. There may be many things wherein I do not exactly coincide with him, I acknowledge; but I do not write to support every particular tenet which he lays down, and every individual expression of which he makes use. I write to defend him, generally, from the charge of obscenity and blasphemy, which I do not think he is guilty of.

Without questioning the divine inspiration of the Sacred Writings, I believe it will be at once conceded to me, that they exhibit a no less perfect description of times past, than a propheticall allusion to future events. Now, in the faithful representation they contain of former periods, we meet alike with a description of moral and immoral actions, of good and of bad men. Human nature is depicted with all the virtues and all the vices incident to it; and it is in the rewards conferred on the one, and the punishments annexed to the other, that we are taught to admire the wisdom and justice of the Almighty power. From the description of recorded vices which we meet with therein, whose atrocity is only equalled by the degree of vengeance which they excite, and the relation of events as we find them in the plain and forcible language of truth and simplicity, unobscured by the sophistry of words, unrefined by the subtlety of terms, I cannot for myself conceive that youth stand in any danger; but I have more charity than to accuse my neighbour of blasphemy because he

\* Plato, Euthyph.

thinks

thinks otherwise. May there not be many a religious person, I would ask, equally impressed with a due respect for the religious writings, and a sense of the divine inspiration which accompanies them, who might still wish to withhold certain passages in them from a daughter's eye? May there not be many a person of unquestionable sanctity, who would think themselves innocent of every blasphemous intention, or desire of traducing the Bible, in their preventing a young and unknowing female from perusing the story of Dinah, or closing the book when they came to the account of the incestuous commerce between Lot and his two daughters? They would not, I am persuaded, feel conscious of any impiety in endeavouring to conceal expressions which they thought not well calculated to meet the delicacy of the mind of a young female, incapable both from her age and her want of judgment of considering the Sacred Writings in the manner they require; and I am sure I would be the last to accuse such a person of blasphemy, because I did not think in every particular as he did.

How little too does it accord with the allegation of a tendency to discredit and traduce the Bible, when we see it placed in the hands of Antonia, the most innocent and virtuous character in the book, by Elvira, her own mother.

I scruple not therefore openly to acquit Mr. Lewis of every impious or blasphemous intention. His meaning I cannot believe to be bad, though, with regard to the above extract, I think he has been inattentive to a sufficient decency and decorum in the manner of his expressing his ideas; and I am always willing to make every allowance for an author who appears to have been so injudicious as to have adopted expressions which will admit of a force of interpretation beyond what he intended they should bear. This I believe to be Mr. Lewis's case, and as such I step forward in his defence. It is what I owe to another, because I should expect the same assistance myself. We all know there are two ways for expressing the same

same ideas; and the difference of the words will always allow of a different construction. Nothing therefore is more requisite in an author than to weigh well, and with attention, the various meaning and purport of the words of which he makes use, and in the selection of which he cannot be too careful.

The Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" is as ready as any one to make this allowance himself when it suits his purpose, as is evident by the following passage in a Note to the Preface of the Fourth Part of his Work, where, speaking of Mr. Reeves, who, he tells us, is in his opinion a very virtuous and a very honourable man, he says, "It would not be *"amiss*, to be sure, if Mr. Reeves, or any other writer, *"would read Quintilian on Tropes and Metaphors, before he adorns his native language with all the richness of imagery, and exerts the command which nature gives him over the figures of speech. Truncus non frondibus efficit umbram.* *"For my own part, when his pamphlet, "The Thoughts on the English Government," was published, I never felt more indignation than when I saw this Gentleman ungenerously and shamefully abandoned; and given up by Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons to the malice of his avowed enemies, and to a criminal prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. He was solemnly acquitted of any *libellous intention*; but his language was imprudent.* He fell a victim to metaphorical luxuriance and state botany." I claim for Mr. Lewis a similar indulgence with that which the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" so readily concedes to Mr. Reeves. I wish an equal allowance to be made him for the *imprudence of his language*, and that his words may not be ungenerously construed into meanings which he never intended they should bear. That they are imprudent, as well as irreverent and indecorous, I admit; but this is the distinction which I wish to prove, that the only fault of the Author consists in having used too strong expressions, and not in the *tendency* of his work.

I am by no means a friend to the principle of damning a work, from one exceptionable passage which it may contain ; nor would I bind down the intentions of the Author to the meaning of a few injudicious words. In general, both the moral and religious principles which we meet with throughout the "Monk" are good and unexceptionable. In the sophistical arguments particularly, which Matilda applies to the Monk, I see reason to give the Author credit for much ingenuity, inasmuch as notwithstanding they sometimes may delude him, yet we find them constantly fail of conviction, and shew by their own weakness and fallacy, though pressed with the utmost artfulness, and in the most specious shape in which it is possible to put them, the strength and justice of those principles they are designed to combat and oppose.

The fair and only way to judge, with any degree of accuracy, of the respective merits and faults of a work, is not from partial extracts, but by an unprejudiced consideration of the whole. We shall find in many books certain passages, which, considered abstractedly, and by themselves, are liable to objections that will vanish immediately when we compare them with the general scope and tenets of the work : and it is an easy matter to make selections from almost every author on which to found strong grounds for cavilling, though certainly it is neither a mark of candour nor justice so to do. We should always bear in our minds what the great Sidney said before his Judges, upon hearing the interpretations that were given upon selected passages of his writings : " At this rate ye may prove any thing ; judging as ye do in this partial way, I would undertake to prove, from the very words of the Bible, that there is no God."

Thus the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" confines his general charge of blasphemy, with which he brands the whole work, to a partial extract taken from *two* of the pages ; and his accusation of obscenity does not extend beyond as many chapters. There cannot be much difficulty, according

to

to this rule, to decry a work, if, shutting our eyes to the general aim, scope, and context of it, we are to found a partial argument upon passages which we have selected for the express purpose.

But although I have admitted that there exists a very strong prejudice against this book, I ought also in justice at the same time to add, that the public opinion is not without many exceptions in its favour. There are numbers of persons of both sexes, with enlightened minds and strong abilities, acquainted with the world, and with a perfect knowledge of human nature, not less capable than willing to form an opinion of their own, and with sufficient resolution to think for themselves, who without hesitation acknowledge that they do not consider the "Monk" as either a dangerous or improper work. I have known that men of exalted stations, and a high sense of the laws of decency and decorum—men impressed with a due respect for religion, and the moral obligations of life—men who were "Legislators in our Parliament, Members of the House of Commons of Great Britain, and Defenders of the laws, the religion, and good manners of the country," have neither scrupled nor blushed to put the "Monk" into the hands of their wives and daughters, without the least apprehension of any possible harm to accrue from it.

Hitherto, it is to be observed, I have been speaking of the "Monk" as it stands in the first edition that was printed. In compliance with the general opinion, Mr. Lewis has in a late edition omitted the exceptionable passages, and sacrificed his own judgment at the shrine of Public Taste. This edition therefore is chaster in expression, and *false delicacy* perhaps will applaud the corrections that have been made: yet even in this modified state the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature" has reiterated his objections to it; and although in its former condition they were confined to certain passages, he now finds out that the *tenor of the whole* is reprehensible, notwithstanding his former assertion that the work as a composition would receive

ceive great advantage from the omission of those passages in another edition.

There is a story to be met with in the Turkish Tales, which in the outlines of the plan resembles extremely the Romance of the "Monk," and from which indeed Mr. Lewis acknowledges to have borrowed some of the ideas in his work :—as it is not very long, I shall give it here :—

*The History of the Santon Barsifa.*

THERE was formerly a Santon, named Barsifa, who for the space of an hundred years very fervently applied himself to prayer, and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he resided for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and he watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians in vain attempted to discover, and continued prescribing remedies which, so far from curing, only augmented the disease. In the mean time the king was inconsolable for his daughter, whom he passionately loved. Wherefore, one day, when he found all other assistance in vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the princess ought to be sent to the Santon Barsifa to try what effect his prayers would have upon her.

All the beys applauded this resolution of the king, and accordingly his officers conducted the princess to the Santon, who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not behold such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the devil, taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus: "O Santon! do not let such a fortunate opportunity pass away. Tell the king's servants that it is requisite

for the princess to pass this night in the grotto, to see whether it will please God to cure her; that you will put up your prayers for her, and that they need only come and fetch her to-morrow."

How weak is man!—the Santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to his request and leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king's pleasure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsifa, did not in the least scruple to trust his daughter with him—"I consent," said he, "that she stay with that holy man, and that he keep her as long as he pleases: I am wholly satisfied on that head."

When the officers had received this answer from the king, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil presented himself to the Santon, saying, "Canst thou let slip so favourable an opportunity with so charming a creature? Fear not her telling of the violence you offer her; if she were even so indiscreet as to reveal it, who will believe her? The court, the city, and all the world are too much prepossessed in your favour, to give any credit to such a report. You may do any thing unpunished, when armed by the great reputation for sanctity which you have acquired." The unfortunate Barsifa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than he was haunted with a thousand avenging horrors. He thus accosts the devil: "O wretch! 'tis thou which hast destroyed me! thou hast encompassed me for a whole age, and endeavoured to seduce me; and now at last thou hast gained thy end."—"O Santon," answered the devil, "do not reproach me with the pleasure thou hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent:—but what is unhappy for thee is that the princess will become pregnant, and thy sin will be made public: thou wilt become the laughing-stock of those

who

who admire and reverence thee at present, and the king will put thee to an ignominious death."

Barsifa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil, " What shall I do to prevent my shame being made public?"—" To hinder the knowledge of your crime, you ought to commit a fresh one," answered the devil : " kill the princess ; bury her at the corner of the grotto ; and when the king's officers come to-morrow, tell them you have cured her, and that she went from the grotto very early in the morning."

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent enquiry after the king's daughter ; but being unable to hear any thing of her, despaired of finding her again ; when the devil told them that all their search for the princess was in vain, and, relating what had passed between her and the Santon, described to them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barsifa, and found the body of the princess in the very spot to which the devil had directed them ; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations ; and, assembling the doctors, he laid the Santon's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death ; upon which the king ordered him to be hanged. Accordingly a gibbet was erected : the hermit went up the ladder ; and when he was on the point of being turned off, the devil whispered these words in his ear : " O Santon ! if you will worship me, I will extricate you out of this difficulty, and transport you two thousand leagues from hence into a country where you shall be reverenced by men as much as you were before this adventure."—" I am content," says Barsifa : " deliver me, and I will

worship thee."—"Give me first a sign of adoration," replies the devil : whereupon the Santon bowed his head, and said, "I give myself to you." The devil then raising his voice, said, "O Barsisa ! I am satisfied ; I have obtained what I desired :" and with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared, and the deluded Santon was hanged.

The strong resemblance between this story and the "Monk" will be immediately perceptible to every reader ; and yet hear in what terms the *Guardian*, whose love of morality, of decency, and of religion, will be allowed at least equal to that of the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," speaks of this very history : "This short tale," he says, "gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleasure, who, 'tis probable, will read it with their usual levity ; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself."

I shall dismiss this subject now by declaring, as I have already done, that it is not my intention to defend a licentious and immoral book, or vindicate a blasphemous one. "All heedless of proud fashion's sneer," I have ventured to give my reasons for conceiving the "Monk" to be neither the one nor the other. I lay, however, no greater claim to infallibility of opinion than any other. I may be wrong ; and if so, I shall always be open to conviction when I am made sensible of it ; but at least I hope, if I am wrong, I shall have credit for an *error in judgment* solely. Whether or not my arguments on this subject will appear equally satisfactory to others as they are to myself, is more than I can pretend to form an opinion about : such as they are I have openly stated

them ; but I cannot help repeating, that I think Mr. Lewis has been unfairly dealt with in the attack made upon him by the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," which is not only unjust and ungenerous, but ungentlemanly to the last degree.

There are various other passages in the "Pursuits of Literature" that are open to equal censure, were I disposed to go into them. The few which I have selected are, I think, sufficient to establish my former assertion, that the effect and assigned intention of the work do but ill accord together. To say that it is devoid of all merit, would be unjust in the extreme. I have not said so. I must and do give the Author credit for a great share of ability and learning, and I respect not more the extent of his knowledge and the depth of his classical researches, than I am at times delighted with his wit and pleasantry ; for that he is not devoid of either I must contend, although his attempt at the former is too often attended with low buffoonery, as well as the want of the latter supplied with vulgar jokes. But his work is mixed with too large a portion of alloy, which casts a sombre shade over the real merit of it ; and the few passages deserving of applause are lost in the mass of abuse, scurrility, egotism, pedantry, ill-nature, and egregious misrepresentation, by which they are surrounded. Notwithstanding his conviction of the tendency of his Poem to promote the public welfare, I cannot acquiesce with him in that opinion ; nor can I see how either the literature, the laws, the religion, the government, or the good manners of the country are to derive any possible advantage from a work whose sole object seems to be to ridicule and depreciate genius and learning of every denomination, and to lower the professors of them in the public esteem.

However severe these criticisms, or any of them, may appear, yet I trust that on examination they will be found just and correct ; at least they lay claim to the most perfect disinterestedness. I hope also I may add, in the words of

Xeno-

**Xenophon**, “Εὐάρεν δὲ μᾶς σὺ ἀν ὄφες λογίζεις, τιμὴ ἀλλοὶ λέγοντες,  
Who the Author of the “Pursuits of Literature” may be, I  
shall not attempt to conjecture. I write this opinion of his  
work, whoever he is; but I do not desire to know the man.

In the introductory epistle to a friend, prefixed to the last edition of his work, he complains that he is represented as having threatened any person who makes inquiry after him or his name. It was not his intention so to do, he tells us, when he made use of the following expression, “it will be more than foolish to be very inquisitive.” He has explained this, I allow; and I give him due credit for the ingenuity of his explanation. But I wish he would also explain what he means by this passage, wherein he says, “I dissuade every person from flippant and random application of any supposed name; it is as unjust, as it is absurd. *Flebit et insignis toto canta-bitur urbe,* was said of old. I do not say this; but I recommend to every Gentleman and Lady of eminent sagacity and curiosity to remember, *that there is a darkness which may be felt.*” Perhaps he will also deny that this is a threat. If so, I only ask what he calls it? Be that as it may, he is perfectly secure from my conjectures or inquiries after him; and his admonitions or threats on that point are equally needless. Indeed I am much disposed to agree with him in his assertion, “that neither his name, nor his situation in life, will ever be revealed;” for such as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day †.

He might therefore as well have spared himself the repeated protestations of secrecy which he makes upon this subject. He would not have been suspected of imitating the example of Nisus, and publicly avowing,

“Me, me; adsum qui feci; in me convertite ferrum,  
“O Rutuli! mea fraus omnis—”‡

• Xen. de Cyri Instit. l. ii. p. 97. ed. Hutch. oct.

† Pope’s Letters.

‡ Virg. Æn. l. ix. v. 427.

His enterprise is certainly of an "hazardous nature," *Tutius est fictis igitur contendere verbis*—and, as far as depends upon his preserving it a secret, will, there is no doubt, ever remain one; though I differ in opinion with him as to his being too insignificant to expect any comment on his own writings but from his own pen. So far from it, I think there are many passages deserving of much comment; and, if his name were known, I should not even be surprised to hear that that most weighty and irresistible of all arguments, the *argumentum baculinum*, had, amongst others, been made use of for that purpose.

It is not improbable that some enquiry also may be made by the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," in his turn, who I am. But I shall use no threats to intimidate him: my advice, however, is, "Fuge quærere!" for it will be in vain—*Stat nominis umbra*. I might add, and, I think, without incurring the imputation of vanity, haud sum malè notus. At present I shall avail myself of the example which he has set me, "*ire per excubias et se committere nocti.*" It is the safest way to encounter an anonymous assassin in the dark, and foil him, if it is practicable, with his own weapons, *ἴαυτον ιοῖς βελέσσαι δαμάσειν*. I shall remain, therefore, invisible and unknown, that the contest may not be too unequal: but I make no promise that my name shall never be revealed.

After the example of Horace and Ovid, who have been accused of no small portion of vanity for the manner in which they have each of them sung the praises of their respective works, in the "*Exegi Monumentum*" of the one, and the "*Jamque opus exegi*" of the other; so the Author of the "Pursuits of Literature," with an equal share of confidence, though I cannot say with equal elegance of style, has celebrated the praises and perpetuity of his own production. From this specimen of his prediction I am not much disposed to place any belief in his ability for vaticination. I cannot

say

say of him in this instance,  $\pi\beta\delta\tau\alpha\omega\pi\kappa\alpha\pi\tau\omega$ ; and though a Poet and a Prophet might formerly be synonymous terms, he has given me good reason to doubt their being, so now. What opinion another age will form of his work I will not undertake to say: I am by no means convinced it will ever travel so long a journey; for I cannot help thinking that, when every personal motive is expired which now renders it an object of interest to the Public, it will stand in need of a "*carmen enquierans*" to be pronounced over its manes: and if hereafter posterity are to derive the only knowledge of "how we wrote and thought in this age, and conducted ourselves," from no other channel than this Poem, I much fear they will remain totally ignorant on that subject.

F I N I S.

AN  
EXAMINATION  
OF THE  
MERITS AND TENDENCY  
OF THE  
*PURSUITS of LITERATURE.*

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Part First.

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By W<sup>l</sup>. BURDON, A. M.

Formerly Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

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SECOND EDITION.

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Newcastle upon Tyne:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY M. BROWN, IN THE  
FLESH-MARKET; AND SOLD BY  
BELL AND SANDS, NEWCASTLE; CONDER, LONDON; AND  
THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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1799.

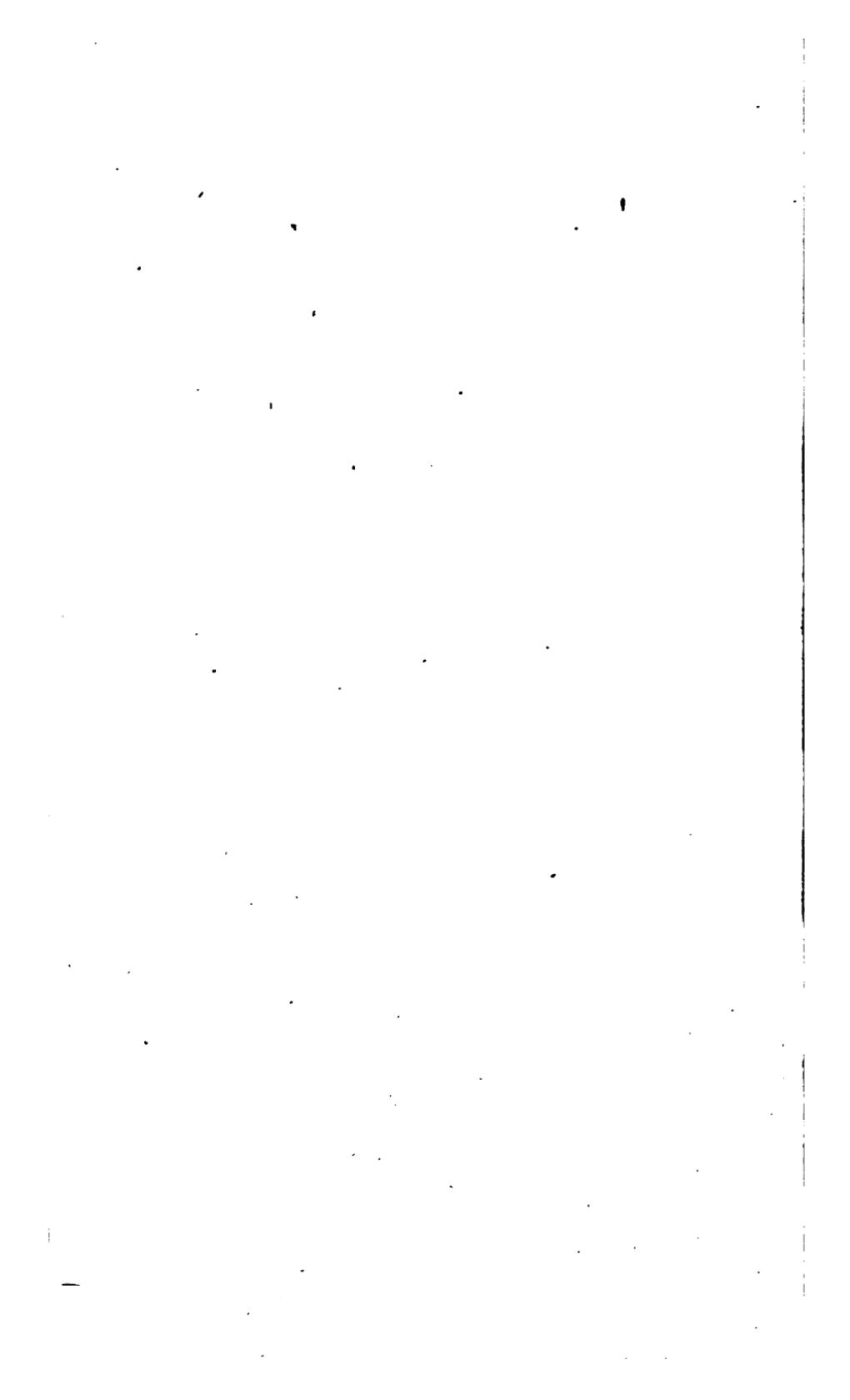
THE author has given a quotation from the *Apology* of Athenagoras in his title-page, which proves two things of some consequence : first, that he quotes from memory ; and next, that he does not understand Greek ; for he has forgotten two words in the original, which are in the accusative case, and given two by memory, which are in the dative : *τοις εμοις λόγοις επίνευσατε*, instead of *την Σαριλίκην κεφαλὴν επίνευσατε*. It is moreover to be wished, that the author had thoroughly read this treatise, and imbibed some of the mildness of its spirit : it is the most candid, moderate, and intelligible, of all the apologies for Christianity, and of all the writings of the Fathers.

*AVERSE to formal dedications and long prefaces, I will not trespass on my reader's patience with either; and I have but one acknowledgment to make to my learned friends: To the Rev. Hugh Moises, late Master of the Free Grammar-School at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and late Rector of Graystock, in Cumberland, I am indebted for what I esteem my greatest happiness; from him I first imbibed the love of learning; to him, therefore, I dedicate the first fruits of my classical studies: for nine years of my life, I found in him all that \* Quintilian requires of a schoolmaster, and many others have done the same.—I am happy to have this opportunity of paying a tribute of respect and gratitude to an excellent, but neglected man, for all that I owe him: if he does not now enjoy the reward of his merits, the shame is with those who have never given him, but most with those who have indirectly deprived him of preferment: yet he is rich and happy: his happiness is in his own conscience, and his riches are his good works; these no man can take from him. Tho' he is now in a ripe old age, may be yet see many years of honour and of comfort.*

Sic omni detectus pectora nube  
Finem Nestorizæ precor egrediare senectæ.

Statius Syl. 1—3.

\* Lib. 2. c. iv.



# EXAMINATION,

Esq.

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TO attempt to examine the whole of a work, which embraces such a variety of subjects as the PURSUITS of LITERATURE, might seem a rash and hardy undertaking, were I not satisfied that many of them are treated so superficially as to require no great depth of reading, to expose to contempt the arrogance of an author who attempts to guide the public taste, where he seems so little qualified to decide : but before I enter into a particular discussion of the merits of the work, let me not omit to express my indignation, with all the force I am master of, to reprobate the dark, insidious, cowardly policy of stabbing in the dark, those whom he dares not face in open day. He pretends to be the advocate, the defender, the supporter of every thing that is noble and gener-

A

ous,

ous, of every thing that is British, of every thing that is worth preserving in our national constitution and character ; and he disgraces them both, by a conduct worthy only of a sciarious Italian, without either courage or honesty. Does he imagine that any man regards the reproofs of an anonymous censor, who shews no title to his office, either from his character or his former exertions ? Let him look to the great satirists of former times, and see how they acted, as he is fond of the authority of the classics : they publicly stood forward to attack vice and folly, defended by the triple armour of their own innocence ; and whenever they came forth to the charge, they spread terror in the ranks of their enemies : they were always dreaded, because they were known : had Horace, Juvenal, or Pope, concealed their names, their writings could never have outlived themselves ; after a little temporary popularity, they must have funk, where the author of the Pursuits of Literature is sinking, into nameless oblivion : but now they and their authors live together ; we admire them for the sake of each other ; the men, because they had the courage to avow them ; and the works, because they required

quired it. But however our author may flatter his own vanity, his satire carries very little weight with it: many people read, but few regard him. Does he think that the efficacy of his book will be lost, if his name were known, and that his only chance to be attended to is to sneak under the fame of another? or does he fear the personal consequences of his many personal attacks? If so, literature and morality will not be much benefited by a champion who dares not defend them openly, as they have a right to be defended. The book, it is true, has gone through eight editions; an extraordinary number for a work which is partly literary, and dragged down too by such a dead weight of quotations: but its resistance to these disadvantages is in a great measure owing to the political matter it contains, and the number of individuals it attacks; for some people have a great desire to see what is said of them in print; and others are not less desirous to see what is said of their acquaintance, particularly if it is ill-natured: but let not the author be proud of this circumstance; for it is no more a proof of public approbation, than the crowds that attend

many public fights \* are a proof that they are liked : there is a great difference between liking, and liking to see. Should it be asked, why I (who am not even alluded to in the book) stand forward the champion of other people ? I will answer, it is not the men, but the principles which are attacked, that I am anxious to defend : if others have not thought the author worthy of an answer, I have ; not because he has the talent to be dangerous, but because he has the power to misrepresent ; not because he is vigorous, but because he is venomous ; not because he is admired, but because he is read, and read too by many who cannot see faults without having them pointed out. With such intentions I have ventured to come forward to a contest, in which I trust to be in some measure equal to my antagonist ; not because I am a David, but because he is no Goliah. I have judged that the best method of shewing the book in its true light, is to examine it piece by piece : it is the longest, but it is the fairest ; and if I should prove, as I trust to do, that the author's egotism and vanity are every where evident ; that his stile is poetical and affected ;

\* An Execution, or a Whipping, for instance.

affected ; that he is declamatory, and destitute of argument ; that neither his quotations, nor his applications of them, are just and honest ; that he has not read many of the works which he censures ; that his judgments of books and men are not impartial, but directed by his political prejudices and his private dislikes ; that his sentiments on politics and religion are illiberal and bigoted ; and that he is every where peevish, pedantic, and malignant ; that under pretence of love for our English constitution, he preaches up despotism, which is the only government he heartily admires ; if I should prove all, or even part of this, I trust I have done a little towards shaking his character with the public, and contributed my share to free them from the imperious tyranny of a literary dictator. An advertisement prefix-ed to the eighth edition contains some ac-knowledgement of the author's errors ; and if he goes on with these confessions, he will at last obtain some degree of credit.

“ Yet I am still of opinion, that no man of  
 “ candour and reflection could wish to see  
 “ any mistakes continued without correction,  
 “ or the various parts of it again presented to  
 “ the public, without improvements and ad-  
 “ ditions

" ditions to the poetry and notes, as circumstances arose to prompt or to require them." This is a proof that much needs to be, but not that much has been, amended. Let me ask the author, *en passant*, if it is permitted, by the rules of punctuation, to begin one sentence with a capital letter before another is finished ?

" It will be seen, however, that, by omissions and alterations, I have expressed a liberal concern for my *unintentional* mistakes, " with the spirit and breeding of a gentleman." There are other things required of a gentleman, which he has not done, while he has done those things which he ought not to have done : he has yet much ill breeding to atone for. Such is our author's lust for quotation, that it is as impossible for him to write a page without it, as for a hardened snuff-taker to be ten minutes without a pinch. Let me advise him, however, always to stick to the text, and not, when a passage makes directly against him, attempt to turn it his own way, as he has done the following from Johnson's Debates : " The heat which has offended them " is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal " for

" for the service of my country, which  
 " neither hope nor fear shall influence me to  
 " suppress. I will not sit unconcerned when  
 " (PUBLIC) LIBERTY is threatened or in-  
 " vaded, nor look in silence upon (*intended*)  
 " PUBLIC ROBBERY. I will exert my en-  
 " deavours, at whatever hazard, to drag the  
 " aggressors to justice, *whoever may protect*  
 " *them, AND WHOEVER MAY (ULTIMATE-*  
 " LY) PARTAKE OF THE (NATIONAL)  
 " PLUNDER." Here, by the help of one al-  
 teration, three insertions, and two omissions,  
 he has twisted the passage, or, as he calls  
 it, applied the spirit of it to his purpose.—  
 This is a new mode of quotation, which, if  
 generally adopted, will be ten times more  
 dangerous than the ravages of criticism, for  
 that seldom extends beyond a word at a time,  
 but this will in the end pervert the sentiments  
 of an author so completely, that he may be  
 made to speak any man's opinions but his  
 own ; nay, even the most opposite.—I intend  
 to do the author a favour which he has no  
 right to expect, but as it is meant for the pub-  
 lic, and not for him, I do not ask his thanks :  
 as his quotations are in general very loose,  
 some without references, some with refer-  
 ences

ences very insufficient, I will supply them as far as they are to be supplied ; for many, I suspect, are of his own making, as he seems fonder of Latin and Greek than his own language : I will at the same time point out their errors.

“ Διά Εὐφημίας καὶ δυσφημίας.” 2 Cor. vi. ver. 8. In the motto to the introductory letter he has given a long quotation from Tasso, which, as it stands, appears to have been taken regularly from the Poet, without any other words intervening ; but it is not so, there are no less than two whole stanzas between them : this licence may be permitted, when, as in this case, the meaning is not altered ; but in other cases, of which I will give many instances, it is dangerous, because an author may be made to say what he certainly never intended ; but though the meaning is evident, the force of its application is not so easily seen, unless the author wishes it to be understood that he has any thing to do with the powers of the lower regions, to whom the words of the magician are addressed. In the three first paragraphs of the introductory letter he seems to glory in his shame, when he exults in the impossibility of finding him out : in spite

spite of all that he may say to the contrary, I am of opinion that it is not the work of one man: his word will go for nothing, because no man can tell whose word it is. He has only one method of disproving conjectures; till he adopts that, every man's conjecture will have the weight it seems to deserve. If I am not mistaken, I am justified in applying the words of Martial to one of the persons concerned—

—————*Fatile est Epigrammata belle*

*Scribere, sed Librum scribere difficile est.*

Lib. 7. Ep. 84. ad Sabellum vanum Poetam.

I might add too, that it is easier to make speeches—the doctor understands me.

" I always thought with Junius, that a printed paper receives very little consideration from the most respectable signature; " but I would not be understood to insinuate, " with that great and consummate writer, " that *my* name would carry any weight " with it." Our author seems here to mistake the question; it is not whether a book is of more or less value with or without a name, but whether it is honest for any man to conceal his name from those whom he attacks. The authority of one anonymous writer can never justify another.

" Criticisms and dissenting conjectures on  
 " the subject are alike the object of my in-  
 " effable contempt. More sagacity must be  
 " exerted than the *Ardelios* of the day are  
 " masters of, who are so kind as to think of  
 " me, who most certainly never think of  
 " them. It is however my resolution, that  
 " not one of these idle conjectures shall ever  
 " be extended to *you*. ' *Quid de me alii loquan-*  
 " *tur, ipsi videant; sed loquentur tamen.*'\* It is  
 " a voice; nothing more. Prudence indeed  
 " suggests a caution which I unwillingly  
 " adopt, and restrains the eagerness I feel for  
 " the display of *your* virtues and of *your* ta-  
 " lents. But those virtues must at present be  
 " left to the testimony of your own con-  
 " science; and your talents within those  
 " limits of exertion, in which an undiscern-  
 " ing spirit has too long suffered them to be  
 " confined. The bird of day however al-  
 " ways looks to the sun."—By dissenting  
 conjectures, does he mean conjectures of the  
 Dissenters? I suppose not; though from the  
 contempt he expresses, I might think he did.  
 If he means conjectures differing from each  
 other, he should have said discordant conjec-  
 tures:

\* Cic. Somn. Scip. Sect. 7.

tures : to dissent, means to differ from any single opinion as a standard to others. Why did he write ardelios with a capital letter ? and why did he not translate it into busy bodies, among his other translations ? for it is as little intelligible to those who do not understand latin, as any other latin word ; and it is not every body that has read Martial, or remembers Phædrus : if he never thinks of these curious people, why talk of them, if his vanity is not a little gratified by exciting curiosity ? and yet even his friend he is desirous should be talked of ; for to keep a thing a secret is rather an odd way to prevent conjectures : but why not let the gentleman display his own talents, if he likes it ? and if does not, why not let him alone ? by the bird of day, I suppose he means the owl, or bird of night, like *lucus a non-lucendo* ; for there is no other bird that resembles our author and his companion in darkness. If he wishes completely to punish him for not publishing his works, he need only use the revenge of Ausonius, and tell him,

*Qui sua non edit carmina, nostra legat.*—Epig. 34.

If he will not publish his own works, let him read mine.

In the quotation from Cicero, he has sub-

stituted the word *me* for *te*—a slight difference, but proper to be remarked, that it may be seen where he has quoted an author literally, and where he has only adapted him.

“ And when I have commanded a silence  
 “ within my own breast, I think a still small  
 “ voice may whisper those gratulations, from  
 “ which an honest man may best derive com-  
 “ fort from the past, and motives for the fu-  
 “ ture action.” The silence is not within his  
 own breast, for there the matter is known,  
 but to the world. The words ‘ still small  
 voice’ are not marked as a quotation, though  
 they are taken from *1 Kings* xix. ver. 12.

Before he claims the character of an honest man, let him reflect whether any thing can be honest which shuns the light ; and as to his comfort, I do not envy him,—the comfort of having made mischief and quarrels.

“ The wayward nature of the time, and  
 “ the paramount necessity of securing to this  
 “ kingdom her political and religious exist-  
 “ ence, and the rights of society, have urged  
 “ and stimulated me, as you well know, to  
 “ offer *this endeavour* to preserve them, by a  
 “ solemn, laborious, and disinterested appeal  
 “ to my countrymen.”—The political exist-  
 ence

ence of a nation, signifies her existence as a political establishment of men living together in civil society, but they may exist as a nation without a religious establishment ; therefore the expression is faulty, it is inappropriate ; the rights of society do not depend upon any form of government : the Poles are the only people who have lost their political existence as a nation during the present contest. That his appeal is solemn, no one will deny ; that it is laborious, appears from his manner of writing ; but that it is disinterested, we have no evidence.

*“ Vitæ est avidus, quisquis non vult, mundo secum pereunte, mori.”*—This is one of the quotations to which our author has left me to supply the reference ; it is taken from the chorus to the fourth act of Seneca's tragedy of Thyestes.

“ Yet I see, with sorrow and fear, the political constitutions of Europe falling around us, or crumbling into dust, under the tyrannical Republic of France.”—In most quarrels which last a long time, the original ground of dispute is apt to be forgotten ; so it is in the present contest : the French have forgot that they were urged to the war in defence

defence of their liberty ; and the coalition on the continent has forgot that they undertook it for the defence of despotism.—Let the author remember the original motive of the war, and he will see why the political constitutions of Europe are crumbling to dust, day by day.

“ She has indeed terminated in the change “ or overthrow of each of them, *but of this kingdom.*”—Does our author mean to say, that we have experienced no change since the commencement of the war ? he will doubtless say it is for the better, and I should be sorry to differ from him on so *nice* a point. ‘ Each’ is an improper word, it should be *all* ; *each* means *either of two* in prose.

“ Frenchmen were always brutal, when un-“ restrained.” So will all nations, who have been long restrained ; for the natural successor of despotism is anarchy. Let me here ask the author, whether it is more consonant to the spirit of christianity to lament and endeavour to soften ; or to exult in, and enflame national antipathies ? Philosophy weeps over, and wishes to alleviate the miseries of mankind ; and is christianity less mild, less gentle and benevolent ?

Our

Our author's stile is a tissue of quotations in the next sentence. The whole of this metaphor is borrowed from *Jeremiah v. 8.* and is highly poetical, both in language and idea; for the prophets, we all have heard, were poets.

" And when their cruelty is at last wearied " out and exhausted, and demands a pause, " they call it clemency." Here we have 'and' beginning a sentence again; which, though justified by many examples, is certainly improper; for a word, whose only use is to connect a sentence, ought never to begin one. The sentiment here is borrowed from Tacitus's Life of Agricola, sect. 30.—*Ubisoliditudinem fecerunt pacem appellant.*

" France had been long looking for that " which *her philosophers* had taught her to " term, the PARALLELISM OF THE SWORD; " and she has found it. That sword has in- " deed swept down not only every royal " crest, but every head which raised itself " above the plain of their equality." In which of the French philosophers our author has found the 'parallelism of the sword' recommended, I will thank him to point out to me; I have not yet read him. As to their equality,

equality, I am afraid he does not comprehend it: it is not equality of riches or of poverty,—but equality of rights, secured by equality of representation; and while that principle is preserved as the fundamental article of their written constitution, and called into action once in every year, Frenchmen cannot long be slaves, but by their own consent; and though they have given their executive government great strength to crush internal factions and conduct external war, yet the people have not surrendered their power for ever; it is still within their reach, and after a peace will be soon reclaimed.— Their affairs are now in a critical state, yet I will apply to their famous Republic these words, from Racine's *Mithridate*.

*Plus il est malheureux, plus il est redoutable.*

Act. i. Scene 5.

‘ My sentence is for open war.’ So spake the bloody Moloch; for the illustration of whose character, I refer my readers to the note on Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, book ii. l. 43. to try if they can find any resemblance to that of our author, when he speaks of war.— Whatever may be his opinion, there are others who think we should have been safer if

If the experiment of peace had been tried, allowing both sides to have been doubtful : in my opinion no man is a christian who will not sacrifice every thing to peace ; such is the literal acceptation of christianity.

" Among the bands and associated energies of England I also, in my degree and very limited capacity, will struggle for the principle of her life." — This affected phraseology is derived from a newspaper called *The World*, which some years ago infected our language with new and awkward combinations of words ; but this is not our author's only model, he has looked up to Junius,—but greatly has he failed.

" I feel, in common with the wise and reflecting, that the constitution of Great Britain, even with its real or apparent defects, is worthy of continuance, and I hope of perpetuity." To confess that our constitution has real defects is honest ; but to wish to perpetuate them is more than foolish, it is wicked.

" Our ancestors in 1688 once adopted the words of the aged patriarch, ' We have blessed it, yea, and it shall be blessed.' In this one response, I trust we shall all be

“ orthodox ; and with one heart and voice  
 “ condemn all the heresies of Gallic policy,  
 “ in the words of the Alexandrian liturgy of  
 “ old,—Ταῦ ἀρεσιν καταλοσσον φραγματα.”—The  
 quotation is from *Genesis* xxvii. 33. but  
 the blessing is worn out : whether we are  
 orthodox in our blessings or our curses, is now  
 of little consequence ; but it is well when we  
 disguise the vulgarity of the latter in Alexan-  
 drian or any other Greek ; it shews some  
 idea of shame.

“ Government and Literature are now  
 “ more than ever intimately connected.”—  
 Should our author mean to say that every  
 government ought to feel the force of liter-  
 ature, I will agree with him ; but if he means  
 that literature ought to feel the force of  
 government, there we totally differ. I might  
 enlarge on this subject, if I felt at liberty to  
 express my sentiments ; but the times of dis-  
 cussion are past, we must now all think alike.

“ I thought it just and right to set before  
 “ them excellence opposed to excellence, \*  
 “ as well as error contrasted to error. In the  
 “ present

\* “ Αγαθος αγαθοις αρτεξεταξειν. Dion. Halicarn. ad Cne.  
 “ Pompeum de Platone Epist. p. 757. Sect. 1. Vol. 6.  
 Ed. Reiske. 1777.

" present change of manners, opinions, go-  
 " vernment, and learning, you may remem-  
 " ber I gave it as my opinion, in which, after  
 " some reflection, you concurred, that a va-  
 " riation is now required in the mode of  
 " conducting satirical writing. I mean, by  
 " calling in the reciprocal assistance of poetry  
 " and prose in the same work, for the great  
 " end; if it is designed for general perusal,  
 " and an extended application. I think this  
 " work is the first attempt of the kind, in the  
 " sense which I propose."—Does he mean  
 to compare the dull malignity of his own  
 work, with the lively, piercing, candid cri-  
 ticism of *Dionysius*? does he mean to say  
 that he has followed his good-natured ex-  
 ample in shewing the beauties of authors  
 before their defects? every page of his book  
 destroys the pretence: I will shew many  
 instances where he has spoken only of the  
 faults of a writer, without saying a word of  
 his *merits* or his *beauties*. There is in  
 this sentence the same want of connec-  
 tion with the rest, which is to be found in  
 every page of his work. In the quotation,  
*Αγαθος αγαθοις αντιξεταξειν*, there is the slight varia-  
 tion of *αντιξεταξειν* for *αντιξεταξων*. Contrasted to,

is not English ; it should be, contrasted with, good Mr Critic. For what cause is it that our author must now vary the mode of satirical writing, which has been in use, with few exceptions, from the time of Ennius to the present day ? was the satire of Juvenal and Persius not sufficient for the correction of Roman vices ? or, are ours greater ? I trust not ; the true cause of the change is evident : our author had not room, nor power enough in verse to indulge his private malignity in the detail of anecdote and slander : but in truth this is not entirely a new mode of satire ; the union of *poetry* and *prose* is as old as the times of *Varro*, and revived by the authors of the *Satire Menippée*, a coarse satire against the framers and adherents of the league formed in 1593, by the Guises, against the Protestant party in France. To him this may be the only literary support left ; but I trust we have yet men of sufficient genius to defend the cause of virtue and morality, without transgressing the bounds of legitimate satire : but mark,—he wishes his satire to be extensively understood, and then come two Greek lines for general perusal ; *for the great end*, is an odd expression, and snaps off the sentence rather awkwardly.                  “ I

" I know not whether I am mistaken, but  
 " as it appears to me, the power of legitimate  
 " satire thus extended, and strengthened with  
 " the rampart of prose, and fully understood,  
 " is the best, if not the only literary support  
 " left." The ministers laugh at our author's  
 fortifications, which are but mole-heaps com-  
 pared with the ramparts they have raised.\*"

" I am sure it cannot be construed into an  
 " *bired service.*" If he is, it is more than any  
 body else can be : he is perpetually vaunting  
 his own independence, his own consequence,  
 and his own talents : it was not thus that  
 Junius amused his readers ; he was wiser :  
 he knew that no anonymous writer can have  
 credit for more than is evident, which are his  
 talents ; therefore he left all the rest unsaid,  
 but of those he had some right to boast.

" It is as true in our time, as in that of  
 " Dryden, (I will give you his own words)  
 " that ' the common libellers of the day, are  
 " as free from the imputation of wit, as of  
 " morality.' Satire has another tone and an-  
 " other

\* This simile seems to suit our author exactly : he  
 works under ground like the mole, and has thrown up  
 a few heaps of dirt, which are too trifling either for  
 annoyance or defence.

“ other character.” This quotation from Dryden’s *Dedication of his Translations of Juvenal and Persius*, p. 164. ed. 1760. 4th vol. octavo, is rather awkwardly introduced, because only the word *libellers* answers his purpose: he means merely to say, that satire is no libel; but the quotation says much more, which he could not leave out. In the language of an apostle he speaks of the office of a *satirist*,— “*Magnificabo apostolatum meum.*” Rom. xi. 13. Is not the stile rather too high?

“ Learning is ostentation, censure is malignity.” The constant and ill-judged obtrusion of learning is ostentation; and censure does proceed from malignity, when it is not impartially bestowed.

“ The authorised instruments of lawful war are lawful.” This is what the logicians call arguing in a circle: the war is lawful, because the weapons are lawful, and the converse, without proving either to be so. Throughout the whole of this passage, which is too long to insert, he is apprised of the objection that all satire is contrary to the letter and the spirit of Christianity; and he has not attempted to answer it, but artfully taken another position, and attempted to justify it from

from the authority of the community. To the blessing which is pronounced on the meek, he can lay no claim, nor to that on the merciful, nor on the peace-makers, for neither meekness, mercy, nor peace, are among his good qualities : but he is determined to be the means of ensuring a blessing to others whom he has reviled, and persecuted, and spake all manner of evil against, falsely, for Christ's sake ; which are all who differ from his own faith ; we have heard the judgment pronounced on him who calleth his brother a fool, and we have heard how many he has called both fools and rogues ; we are commanded to love our enemies ; but he does not even love his friends.\* Judge not, that ye be not judged, Matt. vii. 1. cuts up all his satire by the roots.—‘Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye ;’ but I will pursue these charges no further ; they are sufficient to condemn him with any one who takes the gospel literally ; and who has authorised us to give it another meaning ? Jesus Christ followed literally what he preached to others.

“ Satire

\* Matt. v. 44. & Note (b) Dial. 2d.

" Satire never can have effect, without a " personal application." I agree with him that satire loses its effect when not addressed to individuals, for what is general no man will apply to his own character, if it is against him ; but an author who names others, is bound by the laws of honour and honesty to give his own name : if he advances what is false, the law will punish him ; if what he knows to be true, he should be allowed to prove it : then all is fair to both parties.

" It never has its full force, if the author " of it is known or stands forth ; for the " unworthiness of any man lessens the " strength of his objections. This is a full " answer to those who require the name of " a satirical poet." — If this is true, the satirists of former times have done little good, and our author must be the most efficacious that has ever written ; but even his dogmatical stile will not convince the public that they have not a right to know the name of every author ; and it is far from a full satisfaction to those who suffer an injury, to be told it is for the public good that they should not know from whom it comes ; to be both criminal and judge is rather too much at once.

" But

" But I may ask with confidence,—Is there, in this work on the Pursuits of Literature, any sentence or any sentiment, by which the mind may be depraved, degraded, or corrupted? Is there a principle of classical criticism in any part of it, which is not just and defensible by the greatest masters of ancient and legitimate composition?" I answer, that the whole tendency of his book is to deprave, degrade, and corrupt: to inculcate that men and states are no longer subject to improvement, that moral and political information are at a stand,—is to prepare them for ages of darkness and error. Human nature cannot stand still:—*Non prægredi, est regredi.* The faults of his criticisms I will afterwards point out.

" Is there any passage which pandars to the vitiated taste, or to the polluted affections and passions of bad men?" For his purity and his puerility, I recommend him to the readers of *Martial's Cosconius*:

*At tua, Cosconi, venerandaque sanctaque verba,  
A pueris debent, virginibusque legi.* Lib. iii. ch. 69.

" Is there any idle, depreciating declamation against the real and solid advantages

“ of birth, fortune, learning, wit, talents,  
“ and high station ?” But he has neglected  
to shew what are the real and solid advan-  
tages of birth and fortune.

“ If they are inclined to *indict* any part of  
“ my work as libellous, it will be incumbent  
“ on them to contradict the great sage of  
“ the law, \* who declares, that *In a CRIMI-*  
*NAL PROSECUTION, the tendency which all*  
*libels have to create animosities and disturb the*  
*publick peace, IS THE WHOLE which the law*  
*considers.*” Since he has appealed to Black-  
stone, by Blackstone he must be tried ; and  
Blackstone will condemn him. Can any  
thing tend more to create animosities and  
disturb the publick peace, than anonymous  
satire extensively applied, and extensively  
diffused ? Does not he, who feels that he is  
injured in his character or fame by an enemy  
in secret, look with suspicion and distrust on  
every man he meets ? Is not the confidence  
of familiar intercourse mortally wounded,  
when no man of any celebrity can feel at  
ease in any company, lest the man that sits  
next him should be the man that has de-  
famed him ? the satirists of old were known  
and

\* Blackstone's Comment. book 4. ch. 11.

and avoided by the vicious and the foolish, who could cry out when they saw them, *fenum habet in cornu* ;\* but now even the virtuous are not safe from the danger of being misrepresented. Let the author boast of his zeal and public spirit, his love of the constitution, his purity and benevolence, yet I will venture to affirm, that no Jacobin that ever wrote, has done so much to injure private happiness and disturb the peace of society, than this zealous advocate of virtue and morality.—When he speaks of public books, he should not include the Priapus, which was never published.

“ In this work, I have not violated the precepts of Christianity, or the law of the land ; and till I have done both, or either, “ it is not in the power of any man to degrade my character and reputation with my country.” That he has not violated the precepts of christianity is false ; for its great precept ‘ do unto others as you wish them to do unto you ’ is violated by anonymous slander ; but as its language is not always so gentle, our Saviour’s reproofs of the Pharisees are the model he has chosen for the

style of his censure : with respect to the law of the land, it is not known how far a man may go without being deemed libellous.

“ If I have drawn any supposed characters, without a name or designation, I have done no more than Theophrastus or La Bruyere.” He has done much more than these writers, for he has mentioned many individuals by name, and drawn characters of others whom he durst not name, which no one can possibly mistake.\*

“ The ‘*sane superbiam*’ † of a poet is seldom severely examined. It is an extravaganza at most, and understood as such.” But the ‘*sane superbiam*’ of an anonymous writer is truly ridiculous ; it is an extravaganza, and laughed at as such.

“ I may add, that it would be difficult to analyze one of the most finished satires in our language, I mean Pope’s Two Dialogues, or, as they are strangely called, The Epilogue to the Satires.” I do not see why they are called the Epilogue, more strangely, than the other dialogue is called

the

\* *Vide Note (o)* to Dialogue 2d. and the Character of Dr Morosophos.

† Horat. Od. lib. iii. p. 30. v. 14.

the Prologue to the Satires ; for prologue  
an epilogue are no more than introduction  
and conclusion of any performance.

“ I am represented as having threatened  
“ any person who makes enquiry after me  
“ or my name.” He has threatened : when  
he says, to those who enquire after his name,  
‘ there is a darkness which may be felt,’  
what is that but to say, he will make them  
suffer for their temerity.

“ I maintain it boldly ; no man has a right  
“ to demand either my name or my situa-  
“ tion.” For an anonymous writer to talk  
of his boldness, is rather ludicrous ; but not-  
withstanding this, I maintain it with more  
than equal boldness, that every man has a  
right to know by whom he is injured or  
insulted.

“ For I believe I have no real enemies, but  
“ the lovers of confusion and the troublers of  
“ states.” It is not easy here to see the force  
of this sentence as an inference, nor its truth,  
as a simple proposition ; I believe, it is in  
my power to tell him of many whom he has  
made his enemies, who never have lain un-  
der the imputation of being *troublers of states,*  
*or adversaries to any establishment.*

“ If

" If I am forced indeed to descend into the  
 " lower regions of sorrow and confusion,  
 " among the perturbed spirits of anarchy  
 " and democracy, I shall hope for the safe  
 " conduct of the Sibyll. She might produce  
 " the branch to the ferryman of France and  
 " Tartarus. I would wish her to exhibit  
 " this Poem, as the ' *Donum fatalis virgæ,*  
 " *longo post tempore visum.*' Into what  
 strange confusion does his itch for quotation  
 lead him: first he is *Diomede* before the  
 walls of Troy, then he is *Eneas* descending  
 to hell: But in this last character, I doubt,  
 his branch will be of little use to him, for it  
 is not a branch of olive.

" My book is open to all the accumulated  
 " severity of public criticism, and public re-  
 " prehension. I shrink from neither of them.  
 " When I am wrong, (I have never been so  
 " intentionally) I will correct myself, and I  
 " have done so frequently. In a field so ex-  
 " tensive, candour, I think, will allow that  
 " my mistakes have not been very numer-  
 " ous." It is not his mistakes that will bring  
 upon him the accumulated severity of public  
 criticism, but his intentional faults, the ego-  
 tism and arrogance of his manner, the affect-  
 ed

ed pomposity of his stile, the bigotry of his principles. *Verification*, does not signify *verse*, as our author has used it, but the *structure* of *verse*; at least I apprehend so.

" I offer the poetry to those who are conversant with the strength, simplicity, and dignity of Dryden and Pope, and them alone. I submit both my Poems, ' The Pursuits of Literature, and The Imperial Epistle,' in this spirit and with this confidence to the public. There are men (and women too) who understand. But as to the lovers of exotic poetry, I refer them to the Botanic Garden of Dr Darwin. My plants and flowers are produced and cherished by the natural invigorating influence of the common sun; I have not raised them by artificial heat." To speak of these qualities, belonging equally to Pope and Dryden, shews a want of judgment not to be tolerated in a man who sets up for a guide of the public taste. Dryden certainly has them all, and Pope has strength and dignity; but Dryden's is the strength of a doric, Pope's of a corinthian pillar; he is elegant, delicate, and refined; he is any thing but simple. The character of simplicity belongs most

most to Parnell of any poet in our language, and among the ancients to Theocritus. Has Pope any resemblance to these writers ? I think not. If our author does, I am sorry to differ from him : But I differ from him yet more, if he thinks he possesses any of the qualities as a poet, he has just enumerated ; and it is somewhat singular, that all the faults which he has attributed to Dr Darwin's poetry, are to be found in his own prose, which is a garden of exotics from all countries.

“ I would shew, that I am strictly impartial.” Does he understand what the word impartial means ?

“ It is to misunderstand or to misrepresent “ me, when it is asserted that I attack alike “ friends and foes. I attack not man in his “ *individual capacity*.” This is false ; for he has attacked many men for things which relate to them only as individuals, witness Pepper Arden's person, and Dr Lawrence's poverty. He has never been accused of being too severe on his friends ; his great error is, that he is too blind to their faults.

“ I will never give a proof of my spirit at “ the expence of my understanding.” Let him

him rather say at the expence of his person ; for I believe there are a good many cudgels ready for him.

“ I would not have you, or any man, “ think, that I enter into a defence of my “ work, as if I thought it required one.”— Matchless arrogance ! The egotism and vanity of this man are beyond all bearing : it was not thus that the great satirists of former times spoke of themselves. I have counted in one page, (p. 16.) the word *I* no less than seventeen times repeated, and *my* five times, which is more by two-thirds than can be found in any other writer, and twenty-two times more than any Mr *Nobody* has a right to use.

“ My countenance is unaltered.” So is that of any man who wears a mask : the pompous egotism of this page is wound up by a quotation from Livy,\* which, in the general stile of his quotations, is made out with many words of his own ; as he has chosen to give only a part, I will give the rest, and the reader may judge which best applies to him : the historian speaks of Appius Claudius, a

E constant

\* *Semel causam dixi, (vel iterum dicturus) quo semper agere omnia solitus sum, ACCUSATORIO SPIRITU.* Liv. lib. 2. Sect. 61.

constant enemy and hater of the people :—

*'Tribunos et plebem et suum iudicium pro nibilo habebat : illum non minæ plebis, non senatus preces perpellere unquam potuere, non modo ut vestem mutaret, aut supplex prensaret homines ; sed ne ut ex consueta quidem asperitate orationis (quæ ad populum agenda causa esset) aliquid leniret atque submitteret : idem habitus oris, eadem contumacia in vultu, idem in oratione spiritus erat : adeo ut magna pars plebis Appium non minus reum timeret, quam consulem timuerat. Semel causam dixit quo semper agere omnia solitus erat accusatorio spiritu.'*—Lib.

ii. Sect. 61. With respect to the propriety of quotation, I mean to speak hereafter ; as to the rules of it, as established by the use of the best writers, I will say a few words now : historical and philosophical quotation should be literal, exact, and complete, both as to the words and the spirit of the author, or it may be used to bad purposes : to quotation that is intended only to adorn or illustrate, a greater latitude is allowed ; words may be used with a different application from what they had originally, and the whole of a passage need not be produced, but then the quoter is subject to have the remainder turned against him : humorous quotation admits of still greater liberty ;

liberty ; a writer is permitted to do any thing but change the words, or put in others ; but this our Author has not hesitated to do even in serious quotations, which totally destroys his credibility from henceforth. Another thing required in all quotations, is to be exact in the references.

" I hate defreters of their duty, \* on any principle whatever :" and so do I : for once we agree. Though the cause of the seceders has been pleaded with as much argument as it will admit by that incorruptible patriot, the Rev. Christopher Wyvill, it is not to be defended ; the question is a plain one, and reducible to a few words ; let those men resign their seats whom circumstances prevent from doing their duty ; if they will not, let them persevere as the apostle says, ' by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true,' † ' let them fight the good fight, let them be stedfast even to the end : '‡ it is by perseverance only that the best cause can be gained, and sometimes even the worst. They occupy the place of others whom their constituents might choose ; and

E 2

they

\* H. of C. Nov. 1797.

† 2 Cor. vi. 8.

‡ 2 Tim. iv. 7.

they neglect the only means that is left, during the silence of the press, of speaking to the people.—Unless Mr Fox could have prevailed on all the rest of opposition to secede with him, his argument of the sanction given to the measures of ministry by a debate, falls to the ground; for they are now generally debated, though not much at length: his eloquence might have shewn them in their full deformity.

“ But I suppose some Statesmen think that  
 “ there is a laudable obliquity and a season-  
 “ able fear. For my own part I shall not, on  
 “ this occasion, invade the retreat of St Ann’s  
 “ Hill, or violate the purity of Drury-Lane.  
 “ If *such* Statesmen are resolved to free at  
 “ once, both the Senate and the Throne, the  
 “ † ‘Sævi Spiracula Ditis’ are open to them;  
 “ they may descend in safety, and disburthen  
 “ the land.” This passage is in the true  
 stile of its author: it is in some parts unintelligible, in others brutal, and in all conceited. That any man should think obliquity of conduct to be laudable, is impossible; it may appear useful, but never right: his affected delicacy towards the retreat of St Ann’s

† Virg. Aen. vii. 568.

Ann's Hill, only serves to display the deep malignity of his sentiments, against the most enlightened statesmen the world can at present boast ; and his allusion to Drury-Lane is a far-fetched sneer at the proprietor of that theatre : but when he tells us that such statesmen may go to the devil, if they please, he shews, in full light, the bitter rancour of his spirit, that could rejoice to deprive the world of the most splendid talents, merely because they are exerted in a cause to which he is opposed. If he speaks only in metaphor, it is foolish ; if he is serious, it is wicked : but if the land must be disburthened, let it be of those by whom it has been burthened.

“ On the broad general question of the “ time, the public esteem has been commen-“ surate with the royal approbation.” A happy imitation of the affected phraseology of the *World* ; and a strong violation of that plainness and simplicity of stile which the best writers have exemplified, and the best critics have enforced.

“ The noble Marquis, who is no more in “ office, may brood safely over beads and “ relicks. There is some propriety in this “ amusement. It is pleasing to preserve the  
“ me-

“ memorial of departed dignity. In my opinion, the Moor’s head might have adorned our coin with the royal Gallick lillies, though the Sovereignty of France and of Corsica is passed.” The malignity of the author’s temper is perhaps never more evident than in this cold sneer at the Marquis of Buckingham, for his protection of a set of wretched emigrant priests: the rest of the passage requires an interpreter.

“ I was not formed to wait in the anti-chamber of a Duke of Lerma, or a Don Calderone.” It is not my intention to become a commentator to our author’s works, or to explain his obscure allusions; but sometimes, when it suits my purpose, I will pursue what he has begun, when it does not go to any great length; to many of my readers it will save much trouble, to be told that the Duke of Lerma was the imperious minister of Philip the Third of Spain, that Don Rodirigo Calderona was the minister’s favourite; and that, after enjoying and misusing the utmost plentitude of power, they both experienced an ignominious and deserved death.—The character of the latter is thus drawn by a living author, who finished *Watson’s Life of Philip*

Philip III. ‘ His temper, naturally violent and impetuous, was unrestrained by any of those condescensions and regards which are so necessary in his situation, to soothe jealousy and disarm the rancour of envy ; he mingled in all the intrigues of court, *he delighted in the exercise of power, his favour was the surest road to preferment, and this he distributed for the most part, according to his own fancy and caprice, and without any regard to merit or pretensions* ; he had audiences as if he had been a sovereign prince, held frequent consultations, and shared, in one word, the administration of public affairs with the Duke of Lerma. The haughtiness and impetuosity of Don Rodirigo was contrasted, by the decent moderation which appeared in the whole conduct and deportment of his father.’ Vol. ii. 156. I will only add that two years of imprisonment softened his temper, and that his patience under his afflictions cast a lustre on his latter end, which never brightened his prosperity. Our author, I suppose, has never heard of him but in Gil Blas, for he spells his name with an *e* at the end ; historians who understand Spanish, with an *a*.

“ But

" But if the laurel, which I have now  
 " planted, should thicken round the temple  
 " of my retirement, the pillars will support  
 " it. The materials are solid, and the ground  
 " is firm." For ever writing in metaphors :  
 the materials of his temple, as well as the  
 laurel, I suppose, are meant to allude to his  
 character and talents ; if so, what confusion  
 has he created, with his pillars, and his tem-  
 ples, and his laurels, which, in one passage,  
 are to mean the same and different things ?

" I have indeed a few memoirs by me,  
 " written in other days and with other  
 " hopes, and if I could polish the stile, and  
 " reduce them a little into form, I am con-  
 " vinced they would not be uninteresting.—  
 " ' Le Roi et ses Ministres peutetre se fai-  
 " roient lire ces Memoires, qui assurement ne  
 " sont pas ceux d'un ignorant.' But let this  
 " pass for the present." This passage is an-  
 other proof of his high opinion of his own  
 consequence, and his quotation is another  
 instance of his talent in that way ; it is of  
 his own making, for I neither find nor re-  
 member any such passage in Gil Blas, the  
 book he quotes. These memoirs will, per-  
 haps, let us into a secret ; for it will be diffi-  
 cult

cult for him to publish memoirs, without letting the world know who he is, or leading to something that may betray him.

" I am for practicable politicks. I would  
" not be driven into measures from which  
" there is no retreat. I smile when I am told  
" of love and hate in politicians and mini-  
" sters. These are passions which they never  
" felt. Circumstance alone unite and sepa-  
" rate them." A happy specimen of style;  
five short sentences together: there is at  
times an oracular brevity in the author's  
manner, which he wishes to have thought  
conceals something, to give him consequence.  
—That the generality of politicians conceal  
their love and hatred when it suits their in-  
terest, every man knows; but that they do  
not feel these emotions as well as other men,  
our author has for the first time discovered:  
he looks only to the present ministry, and  
thinks he is drawing a character of human  
nature, at all times. That they do not love  
nor hate each other, is true; but that there  
are no men whom they do not hate, is false.  
—" Suffers the nature of an insurrection."

*Julius Cæsar*, act ii. scene 1.

" I look around me. I look to human ac-  
F " tions,

" tions, and to human principles. I consider  
" again and again, what is the nature and  
" effect of learning and of instruction; what  
" is the doctrine of evidence, and the foun-  
" dation of truth. I ask myself, are all these  
" changed? Have the moral and the natural  
" laws of God to his creatures another basis?  
" Has the lapse of fifty years made an altera-  
" tion in HIM, who is declared to be THE  
" SAME to-day, yesterday, and for ever? \*  
" Can the violence, the presumption, the  
" audacity, the arrogance, the tyranny of  
" man, drunk with self-idolatry and tempo-  
" rary success, change the nature and essence  
" of GOD and of his works, by calling good  
" evil and evil good? I am told, that human  
" reason is nearly advanced to full perfec-  
" tion; I am assured, that she is arrived at  
" the haven where she would be. † I again  
" look around me. I ask, where is that ha-  
" ven? where is that steady gale which has  
" conducted her? I listen; but it is to the  
" tempest: I cast my view abroad; but the  
" ocean

\* Heb. xiii. 8. By inverting the words, he has destroyed the harmony of the period : the apostle writes ‘*the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever*:’ which is in regular progression. Our author makes *to-day* come before *yesterday*.

† Psalm cvii. 30.

" ocean is every where perturbed. I pause  
 " again. Perhaps, it is *the wind and storm*  
 " *fulfilling HIS word!*" Is this argument ?  
 or is it declamation ? or is it not downright  
 folly ? if he can ever be brought to think  
 that these things are the deeds of Providence,  
 as, in the last words, he seems to intimate,  
 how can he either complain or be dismayed ?  
 The quotation is from the 146th Psalm, and  
 is ' stormy wind' not ' wind and storm.'

" I resume the reflections of suffering hu-  
 " manity amid the wreck of intellect. This  
 " was not the ancient character of Philoso-  
 " phy. The lovers of wisdom, in the best  
 " ages of Athens and of Rome, always dis-  
 " coursed with reverence and submission to  
 " the Author and Governor of the world." If he means that none of these Philosophers indulged themselves in scepticism, I must tell him, he has yet to read Cicero's Philosophical Works, and the lives of the Philosophers by Diogenes Laertius. On many such as these the light of Revelation did shine without enlightening them, according to our author's wish : and it is the boast of the apostle, ' that God had chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty : ' 1 Cor. i. 27.

“ If to their ribaldry they join folly and  
 “ gross ignorance, they should be driven  
 “ from our fellowship with contempt. The  
 “ continued labours of the arch Theoma-  
 “ chist of the age, the records of that perpe-  
 “ tual conflict which he maintained, during  
 “ the course of fifty years of a long and im-  
 “ pious life, against the spiritual \*“kingdoms  
 “ of God and of his Christ,’ and the memo-  
 “ rials of his desolating days, will all be en-  
 “ tombed in the French Pantheon with the  
 “ mouldering remnant of his bones †‘Dust  
 “ to dust: ashes to ashes.’ He sowed unto  
 “ the flesh, and of the flesh he and his disci-  
 “ ples have reaped death and corruption.”‡  
 It was not thus that the Saviour of mankind  
 and his great apostle sought to convince the  
 learned among the Jews and the Greeks: they  
 preached to them patiently; they were  
 instant in season, and out of season; they re-  
 proved, rebuked, and exhorted, confident of  
 the truth of their doctrine: § and are the  
 infidels of the present day, coldly to be  
 dismissed with contempt? this argues either

too

\* Rev. xi. 15.

† *Vide* the Burial Service; but the author, according to custom, has inverted the position of the sentence.

‡ Gal. vi. 28.      § 2 Tim. iv. 2.

too great confidence, or great distrust. Let the Christian philosopher, if he believes his religion to be true, rather imitate the un-wearied labours of the arch Theomachist, who for fifty years never remitted his literary warfare against the strength and the weakness of Christianity : time only can decide whether his efforts were directed by a spirit of impiety or sound wisdom : neither our dogmatical author, nor any individual, is a competent judge of a point which requires the test of ages to determine. Our Saviour was crucified as a blasphemer.

“ All the minor powers of infidelity, anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, “ may yet be dispersed *in England* ; from their “ leaders Voltaire, D'Alembert, and Condorcet, to the vulgar illiterate blasphemy of “ Thomas Paine, and the contemptible nonsense of William Godwin. I feel for mankind when they are insulted by such writers. I make common cause with my fellow-creatures, and call upon them to rally round the constitution of our human nature, and to support its dignity.” Our author has not told us how they are to be dispersed, but he has given us room to guess ; there

there is an engine which he admires more than the press, that might do great things ; he longs to set it to work : it is an engine powerful for a time, but not irresistible ; it may stifle the truth, but never can suppress it ; for truth has an elasticity that will always rebound, while error can never long prevail unless it is supported ; error therefore need not be suppressed ; truth cannot, tho' perhaps it may never be generally prevalent.— But I will not rest in loose generalities ; I will define what I mean by truth and error : truth is the nature and relation of things to each other ; the knowledge of these is philosophy, which is divided into natural and moral ; the means of arriving at this knowledge, is in the first instance experiment ; in the second instruction : philosophy, thus defined, is limited to the things of the natural and moral world : to this, error is the opposite.— To act according to the moral relations of things is virtue ; the contrary is vice, which proceeds from ignorance. Thus have I attempted briefly to define the sum of human philosophy : to the moral part, if it be objected that a sufficient motive is wanting for action, I will answer, that happiness, which is

the

the object of every man's conduct, is motive sufficient ; and if a sanction is required, there can be none higher than the dispensation of nature. I will now return to our author, with his minor and his major powers of democracy, and remark, that with singular ingenuity he has included the greater in the lesser, when he tells us, that the minor powers of infidelity might be dispersed, from Voltaire down to Godwin and Paine ; this is liberal in the design, and ingenious in the execution : it is a pity it is not quite intelligible.

" From writers of this character, my thoughts are directed to the professors of " *that superstitious corruption* of Christianity, " which originally gave occasion to those attempts, to which it has pleased Providence " to permit a temporary success, to scourge " the nations of Europe. I am sure the plain " simplicity of the Protestant religion of " England could never have suggested so " daring, so extensive a project. I have " therefore spoken at large of the Roman " Catholic religion, and its professors, and " the emigrants and French priests." —  
From infidelity to popery, is not the common

mon transition, rather the reverse; but I give our author credit for seeing any connection between the two. This is perhaps the most extraordinary passage in the whole book, for the arrogance, illiberality, and ignorance, it displays. Our author is here hand in glove with Providence: in short, nothing is hid from him; he can tell to an iota the causes of all the great events in the world. Popery gave occasion to the French revolution; the success of that revolution is only temporary, and meant to punish the rest of Europe who have corrupted christianity, I suppose: but the best of all this is, that our author knows and is convinced that the protestant religion is plain and simple, that there are no difficulties in its creed, no follies in its discipline, no contradictions in its liturgy, and that our bishops can boast an uninterrupted succession from Christ and his apostles: so thought the papists, and so think they still; and who is to decide between us? but I had forgot, our author is the judge, and all is right. Alas! I doubt we have no infallible criterion but time for all the opinions of men; with our author, their truth or error depends on their being established or not; and if

if he had lived in the days of popery, he must have died a papist: so much for his judgment. Let him consult Longinus and Quintilian, to be instructed how the stile of a writer is enervated by the frequent use of copulatives.

“ From some observations I have heard  
 “ and seen on this part of my work, you may  
 “ remember I was tempted to think that I  
 “ had advanced something new on this sub-  
 “ ject. I am sure the principles are as old  
 “ and as moderate as those of the Reforma-  
 “ tion. I know that every page of our his-  
 “ tory confirms their truth.” I advise him  
 not to be too forward in claiming any resem-  
 blance to the reformers, lest he should be sus-  
 pected of borrowing some of the moderation  
 of John Knox, of Calvin, or Elizabeth. As  
 to the example of history, it is nothing: for  
 how can the history of the reformation be  
 compared to the present times: are the papists  
 as numerous, as powerful, as sore from recent  
 injury, as they were then? what he has ad-  
 vanced on the subject of popery is very old,  
 and therefore does not apply to our times.

“ I only declared and pronounced solemnly  
 “ in the face of my country, that A COL-

“ LEGE OF ROMISH PRIESTS of a religion  
“ hostile in principle and in action too,  
“ whenever it has the power, against the  
“ established church of his kingdom, *should*  
“ *not be set upon a bill*, and authorised and  
“ maintained by the ministers of the crown,  
“ and the publick money of the land.” Our  
author’s violence against the Romish Clergy  
somewhat resembles in spirit, tho’ I will do  
him the justice to say, not in language, a  
coarse invective under the quaint title of  
Gideon’s Cake of Barley Meal ; there is the  
same intolerance, the same narrowness, the  
same virulence in both : but in the heat  
of his zeal against Popery, he has overlooked  
the real grounds of danger, which is in the  
tendency our own clergy have shewn to a  
nearer connection with the Romish church :  
since the commencement of the present war  
they have declared what spirit they are of ;  
a spirit which resembles that of their papist  
brethren in former times, in aiding the de-  
signs of the state : in unqualified terms they  
have preached up bloodshed and murder ;  
they have forgot that they are ministers of a  
church whose foundation is peace, the  
church of Christ ; and plainly shewn that  
they

they are ready to be ministers of any church that will pay them ; no matter to them how christianity is violated, if it serve their purposes. In addition to this, others of them have shewn a strong leaning towards popery in their doctrines ; I allude to a sermon preached at St Mary's, Oxford, by Henry Best, of Magdalen College, 1794 ; to a pamphlet called Hopes and Expectations, by Faulder, 1793 ; to a Series of Discourses, by Robert Foley of Oriel College, 1795, where the same infallibility is claimed for the protestant, as for the popish church ; to Sermons by Robert Gray, preached at the Bampton Lecture, and to the Essay on the church by the Rev. Mr Jones of Neyland ; in all these there is a strong tendency to unite with the Catholics on moderate principles, that is to say, the Protestants invite the Catholics to soften some of their most obnoxious doctrines, and they are willing to concede a few insignificant points, for the sake of adopting the arbitrary principles of the Catholics both in church and state ; but if this invitation is refused, they have demonstrated that they have a religion of their own, that will equally answer their purpose. See Monthly Review for 1797,

part 1st, p. 81. Their object is to destroy the right of private judgment on which our Protestant church was erected, and to prevent the propagation of religious enquiry by the means of an infallible church. If there is any ground of alarm, it is here, and our author, in the excess of his zeal, has not, to use a vulgar saying, put the saddle on the right horse ; he has neglected to accuse our own clergy of making the first advances, who are therefore the most dangerous, and deserve most to be blamed. For some strong facts on this subject, I refer my readers to a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, Owen, 1796 ; and lastly, for a proof of this popish spirit among our clergy, I refer to Daubigny's Guide to the Church, lately published.— Here I leave our author for the present on this popish subject, to dream of racks, torture, and inquisitions : should popery be re-established in his life time, he stands a chance to be first martyr to the *odium theologicum* of popish priests, which he has taken such pains to excite ; but I will cease to terrify him, for between popery and atheism, I doubt the poor man is never easy day nor night.

“ But, ‘though I give all my goods (said  
“ an

“ an Apostle) to feed the poor and the distressed, and have not *Charity*, it profiteth me nothing.’ What does he mean? he surely means something. Alms alone, it seems, however liberal, however extended, neither are, nor can be, the whole or the essence of christian charity.” Let us here remark how the words of the apostle, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, are made to suit the designs of our author: he quotes a part of a passage, and then twists it to his own purpose, so that the general comprehensive philanthropy of the apostle is frittered down till it means at last nothing but constitutional toleration; a meaning unknown to the extensive benevolence of christianity: remark, reader, the process; he sagely observes, that when the apostle speaks of charity, he means something, and that he cannot mean alms as the whole of charity; so far I will agree with him; but here we separate, for when he talks of its being a principle of general safety, of discernment, of prudence, and of guarded virtue, he speaks of something suited to the worldly spirit of a politician, but not to a follower of Christ, whose precept to be wise as serpents, was not a general maxim of worldly

worldly prudence, but a single admonition to his apostles to flee persecution, till they had fulfilled their mission, the conversion of the Jewish people.

“ Romish Baronets will be busy, and Romish Priests will meddle. Perhaps the Secretary of that Society knows, whether these hints are true and justifiable.” If the only Romish Baronet who is a member of the antiquarian society is conscious of deserving these insinuations, he must be a weak man indeed: if he is not, I trust he will, some day or other, have an opportunity of exposing to contempt, in his proper person, the man who throws them out.

“ If I am wrong, I fear, I must continue so. I have yet seen no argument to shake my conviction.” This passage is a sufficient clue to most of our author’s opinions, moral and political; an invincible obstinacy and conceit: he never alters an opinion he has once embraced.

“ I have been under the necessity, at least as I thought, of appealing for illustration to writers of all ages and in various languages.” Concerning the propriety of this constant appeal to other men’s writings,

I have frequently had my doubts, and am now more than ever inclined to dispute it: tho' I do not deny the advantages of a classical education, I must yet be allowed to reprobate the frequency of classical quotation. The antients, it is true, have left us many models in poetry, history, oratory, criticism, and philosophy, which will never be surpassed either in the present or future ages, if we are to judge by the progress of the world since their times; but the use we are to derive from them is, to form our taste and enrich our ideas, not to plaster our writings; for he who best studies and understands, will not be most forward to quote them: it shew's he has read, but not digested them; it shew's that his opinions are not his own; and is a greater evidence of a good memory than a strong judgment: it is moreover, in all works that are intended to be popular, an invincible obstacle to their being generally understood: to translate words, phrases, or sentiments, from another language into our own, by which it is improved, is the true end of reading the classics; but to transplant passages, is like patching instead of weaving, the one can be done by any bungler who has the materials.

rials, the other requires some dexterity. No point of mere opinion can be decided by quotation ; for the wisdom of the ancients is on one side as well as the other : it is therefore a bad substitute for argument ; for it is easy to find a passage in some author to suit any purpose. But is quotation never admissible ? it will be said ; undoubtedly it is on many occasions : in history it is indispensable, but in works merely of opinion it must be used sparingly, and then, rather to illustrate than to prove. Dryden, Johnson, and Junius, have shewn that genius has little need to be supported by quotations, and their writings may serve as models how they are to be used : our author by his prodigality of them, is bringing us back to the antiquated foppery of Jeremy Taylor and his contemporaries, from which the vigour of Dryden, and the courtly elegance of Sprat had freed us ; for they first gave the examples of a pure page, and a clear margin ; the one had no need of pedantry, the other was afraid of it : since their time, we have been preserved from this inundation of learned trash, and the pure stream of genius has flowed undisturbed by quotation, till Parr and Wakefield,  
 (whose

(whose names I mention with respect) un-wisely poured their exuberant learning thro' their richest pages : but let me not place these men by the side of our author for any thing but contrast: their faults spring from riches, his from extreme poverty ; they have no need of the aid of foreign ornament ; their stile and their ideas have only the faults of redundancy ; he is for ever on the stretch to be, what he can never arrive at ; and as to quotation, theirs is the murmur of a gentle stream, compared to his, which resembles the inundation of a torrent.

" No man ever felt the power of poetry, " if he refused his homage to Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso ; I mean, if their " language was familiar to him." To refuse our homage to the Italian poets, and to our author's pedantry, are two things totally different ; tho' he has chosen to put them together.

" In their primal poet there is an originality and a hardihood of antiquity." For the use of the word primal, I refer to Johnson's Dictionary : he says it may be used in poetry : and this is one fault of our author's stile ; it is too poetical, too metaphorical ; his

poetry is prose, and his prose is poetry.—

*Est enim proxima poetis et quodammodo carmen solutum,  
et scribitur ad narrandum non ad probandum.*

Quint. Lib. x. 1.

“ Frons læta parum et dejecto lumina  
“ vultu.” To this quotation he has given  
no reference ; it is from the 6th Æneid l. 813.

“ οἰστερ ἀπὸ τῶν εὐαδεστατῶν λειμανῶν αὐγὰ τὰς φύεια  
“ απὸ αὐτῆς φερεται. Such is the harmonious prose  
“ which distinguishes the critical writings of  
“ the great Halicarnassian. Epist. ad Cn.  
“ Pompeium. de Platone. Sect. 2.” People of  
nice ears will easily distinguish how the har-  
mony of Dionysius's prose is destroyed by the  
repetition of *από* instead of *ξ*, in the original,—  
the sound and the meaning are equally in-  
jured.

“ The glory of Spain, Alonzo d'Ercilla.”  
To be the glory of Spain, as a poet, is no very  
great praise : but as I have no knowledge of  
the Spanish language, I will not venture to  
speak of him, but refer my readers to the  
French *Dictionnaire Historique*, a work on  
which it is generally safe to rely for its judg-  
ment of Authors.

“ I am told, I am forgiven for my Latin ;  
“ but for the Greek, not so easily. In this  
“ parti-

" particular indeed, I am rather surprised  
 " that no man of wit has said of my notes,  
 " *They are Greek invocations to call fools into a*  
 " *circle.* Certainly there will be Halos round  
 " the brightest luminaries ; and it must be  
 " confessed, that many of my notes have  
 " such a circular appearance." Had our  
 author finished with his quotation from  
 Shakespeare,\* he might have saved his credit ;  
 but to shew his learning, which I will prove  
 is not very deep, he has written nearly a  
 whole page, which is hardly intelligible : if  
 by the 'brightest luminaries' he means his  
 own writings, I fear his vanity has outrun  
 his judgment ; but what he means by his  
 notes having a circular appearance, I hope  
 he will explain in his next edition of the  
 translations : what any theologian has to  
 do with the validity of his ordination, or  
 what connection there is between ordination  
 and Greek learning, I leave to the clergy to  
 explain ; but I believe the only Greek re-  
 quired for that, is the Greek Testament.—  
 Next comes a fine flourish about the Council  
 of Florence, which some theologians have  
 never heard of : if my reader wishes for  
 some very pleasant information respecting

H 2

this

\* As you like it. Act ii.

this Council of Florence, they will find it in Mr Gibbon's last volume, and some more particulars, which he has not related, in Hody's Account of the illustrious Greeks ; in the Lives of Beffarion and Chrysoloras ; but our author's information is from Mr *Marß*'s translation of Michaelis, vol. 2. whose words he has partly copied and partly confused, p. 168. He says, ' It is said by many of the learned, that at the Council of Florence held in 1439, with a view of establishing an union between the Greek and Latin churches, a resolution was formed that the Greeks should alter their manuscripts after the Latin.' This is plain and intelligible ; but hear our author, ' the Council of Florence in 1439, when the Greek and Latin churches proposed that the Greeks should alter their manuscripts from the Latin.' It is rather singular that what was so ignominious to the one party, should be proposed by both ; in a dispute of this kind, where there was no third party to decide, both may agree ; but it is not very likely that both should propose : but as the gentleman has introduced the subject, I will pursue it, and tell him, and those who do not know it, that no such proposal was ever either

either made or agreed to ; and if he had read Michaelis a little farther, he must have found that it was his opinion, that the whole story arose from a disingenuous fiction of Erasmus, to cover a defect of his own edition of the Greek Test. in which many passages were altered from the Latin, *vide* Mich. vol. ii. p. 173 and 444 on the editions of the Greek Test. As an additional proof that this is an invention of Erasmus, we do not find it mentioned by any writer of the history of that council. Mr Gibbon, whose erudition, penetration, and accuracy, were unequalled, has never noticed the circumstance ; so that it happens that this celebrated *Fœdus cum Græcis*, so well known to the critics, so far as it related to the alteration of MSS. was not known at all, and turns out to be nothing more than a forgery. But our author goes on with Michaelis, and talks of the *capita argumentorum*, in the preface to Erasmus's edition of the New Testament, as if he had read it : when we examine a little further it appears he has never seen it, for he quotes it very pompously, Nov. Test. by Erasmus, in 1595, 5th Edition :— Now Erasmus died in 1536, and published his last edition of the Testament in 1535.

Is

Is it not very singular that his error should have passed unobserved through nine editions? if our author takes the trouble to look over them, he must have remarked the inaccuracy, had the circumstance been familiar to him.

“ And if I were to adduce from the great  
 “ Erasmus, my ‘Capita argumentorum con-  
 “ tra morosos quosdam et indoctos’ I should  
 “ be reminded by Dr Parr, that I have not  
 “ the erudition of Erasmus, or the gentle  
 “ manners of the serene Sepulveda. Mr  
 “ Knight would remand me to the Greek  
 “ alphabet, (to any one, I hope but his own)  
 “ and his modesty would attempt some  
 “ jucundity from the *Lusus Priapi*. I will  
 “ endure them all. I have patience and pity  
 “ too.” Should Dr Parr deign to think of  
 him at all, he will, no doubt, tell him that he  
 has not the erudition of Erasmus; and I will  
 tell him that he has the manners of the serene  
*Sepulveda*, who was a persecutor and a bigot,  
*vide Dict. Hist.* but even this expression he  
 has borrowed from Michaelis, who says, v. ii.  
 p. 170. ‘but Erasmus had not the gentle  
 manners of Sepulveda’; let our author re-  
 member that the conjunction *nor*, always fol-  
 lows

lows the adverb *not*. I have no patience with our author ; but I have pity for the public, when I see them imposed on by such pompous ignorance.—‘ In that which every joint supplieth’ is a quotation from Eph. iv. 16.

“ An obscure writer on the Boroughs,  
“ ‘ The sad historian of that tainted plain.’ ”  
—This is adapted, not quoted, from Goldsmith ; who, in his deserted village, has these words :

“ The sad historian of the penitive plain.”

“ He may perhaps improve in calculation ;  
“ but I think it will be some time before his  
“ anti-professional prattle will impose on an-  
“ other boy-committee on a contested elec-  
“ tion.” This is a reflection on the House of Commons, more severe than any Jacobin ever uttered : to say that that House is partly composed of *boys*, and that what they decide on the most important points is invalid for want of judgment, is something more than badinage ; it is a libel on the Constitution, which entrusts such powers to striplings ; but, in fact, both the law and the constitution are justified by experience in admitting persons of twenty-one years of age to be arrived at maturity ; and it is only our author’s spleen at the honour-

honourable triumph which Mr Tierney gained by that decision, that can dispute its validity. What he means by *anti-professional*, he must hereafter explain; probably he means *extra-professional*: but, after all his badinage, let any honest man consult the proceedings on that petition, and say whether the decision was not given on the clearest principles of law and justice. Should the author translate *ανδικον οἰκεῖον*, undoubted right, I will suppose he has never seen Damm's Lexicon to Pindar, who renders them *apta & conveniens posseſſio*, a possession, apt or suitable.

“ I am indeed confident, that when all the  
 “ personal objects of my praise or censure  
 “ shall have passed from the scene, this work  
 “ will be found to contain principles of go-  
 “ vernment, polity, religion, morality, edu-  
 “ cation, criticism, poetry, and literature,  
 “ worthy of being transmitted to another  
 “ age.” A fine sentence of Junius is here  
 mangled, to be adapted to the author of the  
 Pursuits of Literature. Dedication, page 2.

“ I have indeed already said much: but I  
 “ think, I have something more to offer to  
 “ my country, if the blessings of strength  
 “ and health should graciously be extended  
 “ and

"and continued to me." I trust this mighty something means his memoirs, which he has spoken of already.

" The dirty family of selfishness, which by  
" the law of Providence, defeats its own  
" purposes." This is a poetical expression  
from Pope :

**Love, joy, and hope, fair pleasure's smiling train ;**  
**Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.**

*Essay on Man, Ep. 2. l. 116.*

"No man liveth unto himself," is a quotation from Rom. xiv. 17.

" Well-wishers to their country are, above all things, desirous of the steady light of Literature, and of the day-spring from on high.\* Yet whatever they or we may hope, the horizon may perhaps be now illuminated with its departing beams." Our author is but a poor comforter at any time, but most of all here, if he means to have it understood, that his own poetry is one of the beams of literature, even in her decline.—Others will compare him to a meteor,—to a vapour which blazes for a moment, promises light, and leads us into darkness.

" But let us still contemplate the glory  
which

\* Luke i. 78.

“ which was cast round other times.” The glory that was cast round other times, was far different from the shade with which he has attempted to obscure the present ; the literature, the taste, the genius, of which he fears the extinction, were all the produce of the best times of liberty. Poetry can never take a daring flight, but when she is free from every restraint: history and oratory exist only in the sunshine of freedom.

“ Satirical glory.” To shew how our author has twisted and inverted the language, I will cite a few passages, and leave my reader to supply the rest, of which he will have frequent opportunities : where the custom of the language is to use two substantives, the second in the genitive case, he has chosen to put an adjective, as in the words quoted ; and, on the contrary, where the adjective is used, he has taken two substantives, as in the Allegory of Satire, which means something totally different, and ought to be “ Allegorical Satire.” “ Romantic memory,” page 150, means “ memory of romances.”

“ The character of Lucilius, the inventor  
“ of Satire, was respected by Scipio and  
“ Lælius. They were his friends. Poetasters,  
“ rheto-

" rhetoricians, and even men of high quality  
 " and of consular rank, were often the sub-  
 " jects of his censure." When he tells us  
 that Lucilius attacked men of high quality and  
 consular rank, he should imitate his example,  
 rather than attack those only who are unpro-  
 tected ; but when he tells us, that he was the  
 inventor of satire, he seems to forget that the  
 Greeks, or even the Romans, had any satirists  
 before him : has he never heard of the Mar-  
 gites of Homer, nor the satires of Ennius? but  
 Dryden has examined the point much more  
 learnedly in his Dedication of the Translations  
 of Juvenal and Persius ; I will cite one pas-  
 sage from him ; those who wish for more,  
 must apply to the original : 'Quinctilian and  
 Horace must be cautiously interpreted, when  
 they affirm that satire is wholly Roman, and  
 a sort of verse which was not touched on by  
 the Grecians.' The reconciliation of my  
 opinion to the standard of their judgment,  
 is not, however, very difficult, since they  
 spake of satire not as in its first elements,  
 but as formed into a separate work, begun by  
 Ennius, pursued by Lucilius, and compleated  
 afterwards by Horace.' Bishop Hurd, in his  
 introduction to the Commentary on the Art

of Poetry, though his delicacy will not permit him to contradict Horace, plainly shews that he did not consider Lucilius as the inventor of satire, for he acknowledges he cannot be considered as such on any other ground than that he first reduced satire into a regular, consistent poem, having a single and main purpose, and having but one measure: to see how loosely the ancients spoke, when they call a man an inventor, we need only refer to a passage in Paterculus, Lib. ii. ch. 9. where he calls Pomponius the inventor of the Atellane Plays, which Hurd proves he only first represented in the common dialect; for they had formerly never been written but in the Oscan, or provincial language of the country. *Notes on Art of Poetry*, page 189.— “Men of high quality” is a poor expression, and ‘the eternity of fame,’ in the next sentence, an awkward one.

“Horace in the politest age, under the  
 “despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself  
 “into the graces of the Emperor: yet he was  
 “peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious,  
 “foolish, or wicked characters of his age.—  
 “He was careful not to be misunderstood  
 “He noted the name, the profession, and the  
 “rank

“ rank of those whom he devoted to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame.” Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet.” Horace seldom marked the vicious or the foolish among the great ; he had therefore no need, like Juvenal and Persius, to disguise what he meant ; he was too familiar with a court, to make courtiers the subject of his satire : and let the author blush when he recollects the Emperor whose favour Horace had obtained by the arts of insinuation and flattery ;\* and he exalts to the rank of a god, the subtle subverter of Roman liberty, the crafty tyrant who purchased power by the semblance of virtue, the incestuous paramour of his own daughter, the murderer of Cicero, and the patron of Tiberius. Tyrants do well to purchase the praises of men of talents, that they may make a decent figure with posterity. We are here to look for our author’s notions of government : Horace is praised for upholding the government of Augustus ; the stability of government is connected with literature and poetry : this he has told us before ; (*vide page 7.*) he now tells us what sort of go-

vernment :

\* Od. lib. 3. & *paffim.*

vernment : this is honest, if it is not prudent.

“ In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness.” Juvenal never published one satire in the time of Nero, and for one which he wrote in the reign of Adrian, he was banished at the age of eighty, under pretence of receiving a military command ; (*vide his Life by Suetonius and the notes, Edit. Pit.*) so much for these writers being either spared or neglected ;—that their works were much circulated, (as we now use the word) there is no evidence.

“ An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous.” Has our author read many of the writings in those ages which are called barbarous ? if he has, he seems to have forgotten Chaucer, who, tho’ not professionally a satirist, has severely exposed the vices and follies of the times in which he lived. To the six poets whom he enumerates, as enjoying the fulness of satirical glory, I will add one whom he has perhaps never heard of, a satirist, who, from the difference of times, is not so polished as Boileau or Horace, nor so cautious in his satire, for they lived under despots, he under the glory of monarchy, Henry IV. of France.

Reg-

Regnier has all the strength of Juvenal or Persius, and sometimes the delicacy of Horace: he has that quick and penetrating spirit which pierces through the disguise of forms and fashions, and shews things as they really are. Boileau and Horace laugh at the exterior of vice and folly; Regnier lays them bare; he sometimes sees things on the dark side, but he who does so, will not often be deceived. Regnier led a dissolute life: he is therefore sometimes loose in his sentiments, but he has a vigour of thought and a strength of expression not equalled by any writer of succeeding times. Boileau borrowed, or rather stole from him, plentifully: the whole of his address to the king is taken from Regnier; and when we consider the two monarchs, we must soon see which is the flatterer: Regnier only sends his kings to heaven, Boileau brings them thence: Regnier has nearly every requisite for a satirist; neat and forcible in his expressions, strong and vigorous in his ideas; humorous, gay, and severe: he wants nothing but the polish of a more refined age, to be the first satirist of whom the world can boast, in that stile of satire in which he has written; I will not say it is best adapted

ed to the purpose of a satirist ; because it generally remains unappropriated ; it therefore fails to correct individuals, but it is of use to instruct, like all general principles of morality : he was the Lucilius of Roman satire, Boileau the Horace. Regnier's satires are not the whole of his works ; the rest consist of epistles, elegies, and penitential odes ; for he began towards the end of his life to feel the effects of his intemperate indulgences, in that debility and languor which are their constant followers. We lament his follies, and pity him for his want of prudence. He was one of those choice spirits whose pleasantry and lively talents purify the grossness of licentious pleasures, but make them at the same time more seductive ; for there is a species of gaiety and humour which belongs only to intemperance ; it finds no amusement in the quiet regularity of virtue, and exists only in the wild sallies of an unbridled genius. This Regnier eminently possessed, and his own epitaph is perhaps the best specimen of it : he could joke with the most serious events of life, and even death did not find him without

an

an epigram.\* Boileau was the flatterer of despotism, and the persecutor of rival merit ; he has therefore our author's highest praise ; but, like much of his praise and his satire, it is undeserved : he sits down to write with a loose idea of a character, and fills up the rest from his own invention,—‘ a poet second to none of his predecessors.’ He was inferior to Juvenal and Horace, so far as he literally copies them ; and where he is original, he has neither the strength of the one, nor the delicacy of the other. His first satire is an imitation of the third of Juvenal ; but the object of the two is different : that of Boileau is merely to ridicule a poor, discontented author, who rather deserves pity than contempt : the dignified indignation of Juvenal loses all its effect from the mouth of Damon : his satire is directed against the vices of a great and corrupt city ; that of his imitator

\* *J'ai vecu sans pensement,  
Me laissant aller doucement,  
A la bonne loi naturelle ;  
Et je m'étonne fort pourquoi  
La Mort osa songer a moi,  
Qui ne songeai jamais à elle !*

As the works of *Regnier* are now become rare, I have given my reader this pleasant Epigram, and leave it to some poet to translate.

tator against a pitiful individual, whose works and character are neither of them worthy of notice. The second satire is neat and delicate; the third the same, but not original, for it is taken from Regnier's 10th; the fourth is without doubt the worst; the fifth is far inferior to the eighth of Juvenal: the one marks out his objects with unerring certainty, the other lets fly his arrows at random: the one is forcibly concise, the other tediously diffuse; the one shews the boldness of a satirist, the other the timidity of a slanderer—he means somebody, but he dare not speak out. What is the feeble line—‘*Je vous connais pour noble a ces illustres marques,*’ l. 47.) compared to the two forcible words of Juvenal, ‘*Agnoſco procerem?*’ l. 826. The sixth is a continuation of the first, and they both imitate only a part of the third of Juvenal: he describes the vices as well as the dangers of the city, Boileau only the last; and how weak is he, compared with the force, the fire, the strength, the ardour, and the dignity of Juvenal: the seventh is neat and light: his eighth, which is a satire on man, is by no means equal to Pope in his different essays: his ninth is his master-piece; the irony is delicate,

licate, the satire pungent ; but the objects are not worthy of the weapons : the tenth is a poor imitation of Juvenal's Satire on Women: the eleventh and twelfth, with some brilliant passages, are dull and heavy : on the whole, he might be a gentleman, a courtier, and an elegant writer ; but he was not a satirist, if that means a corrector of morals.

" A philosopher without being wordy, the " friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman " in principle, independent in spirit, and " fearless of enemies, however powerful from " their malignity, or formidable from their " rank." Is this all that is required of a philosopher ? the author, I suppose, meant to say a great deal in a few words, and he has said nothing : that he was the friend of virtue, I will not deny ; but that he was the enemy of many virtuous men, will be seen by turning to the notes to the Amsterdam edition of his works, and the Literary History of the Times. Independent in spirit that man could not be, who was the servile flatterer of the great : and it was no great merit to be fearless of enemies, whom he knew had no power to do him harm ; for he was encouraged and protected by a court.

“ So removed from conceit and forced  
“ thought.” Look at the lines 63 and 64 of  
his Address to the King, and 75, 87, and 88.

“ An ardent zeal for propriety in senti-  
“ ment and in expression.” An ardent zeal  
for propriety of expression, seems to be a zeal  
too great for its object: a man may be desi-  
rous to express his meaning with propriety,  
but he will hardly have an ardent zeal for it,  
without being ridiculous.

“ Even his compliments, though rather  
“ lofty, to Louis the fourteenth, are all con-  
“ ceived in the language of a gentleman and  
“ a man of genius, who feels that he is con-  
“ ferring honour, not receiving it.” I refer  
my readers to the address before-mentioned,  
particularly lines 3 and 10. but if he has  
flattered Louis, he has not been less atten-  
tive to his own praise: he magnifies the  
task of praising so great a monarch: the in-  
ference is extremely easy. But he has spoken  
plainest in line 58, which shews his vanity  
equal to his meanness. Since our author has  
chosen to institute a comparison between him  
and the greatest masters of Satire, I also will  
go on with comparing them with him, and  
with each other, and vindicate the illustrious

Romans

Romans from the unmerited degradation of being lowered to an equality with their modern imitators. Between him and Juvenal or Persius, there is little resemblance, either in their subjects or their manner. Horace laughs at the follies of mankind, they chafe their vices : Horace attacks insignificant characters, they strike only at the highest : Horace never goes beyond a sneer or a laugh, they never excite a smile : even Pope is more bold than Boileau, though more delicate than Juvenal or Persius ; they wrote with all the spirit of Romans in the best times of the Republic, though they lived under the terrors of despotism ; Boileau, too, lived under a tyrant, and his writings have the air of a courtier ; they satirized bad men, he only bad writers : as a humorous and didactic poet, he has few equals ; but, as a satirist, and a man of independent spirit, I have thought it right to point out our author's mis-statement of his character. Whoever wishes to see his fulsome flattery burlesqued, may read our honest *Matt. Prior's Translation* of his Ode on the taking of Namur.

“ The majesty of the French monarch, in  
 “ that cultivated age, was surely as worthy  
 “ of

“ of homage as the *deity* of the Roman Au-  
“ gustus.” And both equally worthy of  
contempt.

“ I call their language *ancient*, which ex-  
“ isted before the revolution; for I scarce  
“ understand the modern democratic jargon.  
“ *Grave virus munditias pepulit.*” That the  
French language has received the addition of  
many new terms since the revolution, is true;  
new things cause new words: but that the li-  
terature of France has been corrupted by these  
terms, I totally deny. Our author, I suppose,  
reads only the Newspapers, to know what  
France is now: if he had read Peltier (partial  
as he is) he must have seen that neither  
poetry nor philosophy are on the decline.  
Some of the writers in the charming Society  
of the *Vaudeville* are equal in gaiety, elegance,  
and playfulness of humour, to any thing pro-  
duced in the best times of France; and in  
graver compositions, *Le Gouvé* and *Vigée* might  
be a credit to any age or country; the latter  
strongly resembles Boileau, and though he has  
more boldness, he appears to have imitated  
him: \* but our author despises every thing that

\* In addition to what I have already said of France, I will  
here remark, that the events of the war having now nearly  
driven

is French too much to look at it, and yet will give his opinion of what he takes no pains

driven the French back to their own country, the posture of affairs is materially changed, and different hopes and expectations are now to be formed: to each party there is but one line of conduct left which wisdom and honesty can dictate; but, alas! they seldom direct the affairs of the world.—Should the Allies, after having forced the French within their ancient limits, propose to them such a peace as might prevent them again from disturbing the tranquillity of Europe; in case of refusal, they will be heartily supported by all their subjects, and successfully terminate by the sword, what negotiation failed to accomplish: or should the French, after having successfully defended their country from invasion, propose to the nations leagued against them, such terms of peace as may preserve their own territory entire, and prevent their interfering with others, they will exhibit an instance of magnanimity and prudence which will make it difficult for any government to refuse their offers; and if after that they should give to other nations the example of a good government, on republican principles, they will do more to propagate those principles than by all the efforts of the sword: they will exhibit to the eyes and the feelings of surrounding nations, arguments which no force of eloquence or of arms can resist: till then, those nations are justified in resisting the experiment of what they deem uncertain speculations, tho' they are not justified in using the means they have done to prevent their success; but however such an issue is to be wished, for the sake of truth, justice, and humanity, it is much to be apprehended that none of these will have sufficient weight; for as all great changes of opinion in the world have occasioned great convulsions, it is to be feared, that all nations have yet much to suffer before the present conflict

to be informed in. He seems to have mistaken the character of the French language, when he says it is *forcible* and *terse*: it is neat and elegant, but wants a condensation of expression, which renders it so difficult for the French to translate Greek or Latin writers, so as to preserve the spirit of either. For the truth of this, let any man consult those parts of Juvenal or Horace which Boileau has imitated, or any of the classics which Frenchmen have translated. His quotation from Horace is a happy specimen of his misrepresentation:

conflict of opinions is terminated. It is more than probable that the different powers at war will contend for a great length of time, with various and alternate success, till most of the old governments are worn out in the contest. Let it be remarked, that I here and at all times separate French principles and French conduct: the principles of their constitution are excellent; the conduct of their rulers is execrable: they have been connected merely by accident; war is the element of the one, but peace of the other. That any thing so intrinsically good should accidentally be connected with evil, is somewhat strange, yet it has ever been so; and to what wise dispensation of things it is owing that the best gifts of Providence, even Monarchy and Christianity, should have occasioned such infinite bloodshed and distress, it is impossible for finite wisdom to discover; it is enough, however, to convince us, that no good can be obtained without the expence of much evil, and to make us resigned to that power, whatever it is, that directs

sentation : he has made him say the exact contrary to what he has said in his Epistle to Augustus, lines 158 and 159 : his words reflects the affairs of the world. (*August 27.*)—To what object the attempts of our ministers will be now directed, it is difficult to conjecture.\* Mallet du Pan has sung the requiem of the coalition, in acknowledging that it could not be effectual without the aid of Prussia. Thus has the wisdom and firmness of a stripling saved France from the danger of partition, his own country from the miseries of war, and perhaps shortened the calamities of Europe. Within the last week the political horizon of France has considerably brightened, and that country seems now to have the prospect of being repaid for all her sufferings, by the enjoyment of a government, wise, virtuous, and steady. The path of wickedness has been sufficiently trod, and must be disgusting from its smoothness ; so that the new rulers of France, ought to be virtuous, as a matter of taste ; any coxcomb can ruin a nation, but to save one, requires patience, virtue, and talents. To speak seriously, I have such confidence in the character of Buonaparte, and the men who act with him, that I believe them actuated by a desire for the public good : they have commenced, unlike the villains who preceded them, with acts of moderation and mercy ; and if they go on as they have begun, the constitution of France, in which there was too little connection between the executive and legislative powers, will be improved, and she will speedily be blessed with prosperity and tranquillity.

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“ If this fail,  
 “ The pillar'd firmament is rottennes,  
 “ And earth's base built on stubble.” *Milton's Comus.*  
 Should Buonaparte prove a tyrant, or a traitor, human nature is no longer to be trusted.—(*November 28.*)

\* *Mercure Britannique, No. 27.*

are ‘*Grave virus munditiæ pepulere.*’—This is to make a man say one thing, when he means another, and then call it quoting his sentiments.

“ When I name Dryden, I comprehend “ every varied excellence of *our* poetry.”—Our author’s next praise is bestowed on Dryden, the hireling advocate of any cause,—the successive flatterer of Cromwell and Charles. Surely Pope had many excellencies which Dryden never possessed ; and our author thinks so, for he tells us afterwards that he completed what was wanting in him.

“ In harmony, strength, modulation, “ rythm, energy, he first displayed the full “ power of the English language.” Doubtless this praise belongs more properly to Milton than to Dryden, who came after him. As to what he calls the *Allegory of Satire*, see Johnson’s Life of Dryden, for his opinion of the poem which is so highly praised.

“ His satire had an original character. It “ was the strain of Archilochus sounding “ the lyre of Alcæus.” He had neither the virulence of Archilochus, nor the sweetness of Alcæus. In his character of Pope, his language is more than usually affected : he cannot speak at all as other people do.

" He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in pathetic, and in general criticism ;  
 " and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the Father of all Poetry. Thus  
 " honoured, and with these pretensions, he  
 " left them all for that excellence, for which  
 " the maturity of his talents and judgment  
 " so eminently designed him." I am at a loss to perceive, how having written pastoral poetry is to qualify a man for being a satirist. As to Pope's general criticism, the justness of his precepts in his critical works has been ably disputed by Dr Aiken, in his Letters to his Son. ' He had given an English existence in perpetuity to the Father of all Poetry,' means, I suppose, that he had translated Homer. ' Thus honoured.' How honoured, he has not told us. If Pope and his writings were not above our author's censure, he had never had his praise : he was too free, too liberal a writer, to please him.

" Every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing and unwearied intellect." Prying is certainly an epithet not very honourable to Mr Pope's character, tho' it might suit our author's.

" His works are so generally read and stu-  
 " died, that I should not merely fatigue, but  
 " I should almost insult you by such a needless  
 " disquisition." This sentence is defective:  
 it wants some member; instead of '*such a*  
*needless disquisition*,' he should have said, '*by*  
*a needless disquisition on them.*'"

" As a disciple of these great masters,  
 " and full of that spirit which an unbroken  
 " and an honourable intimacy with their  
 " works has inspired, I now present myself a  
 " votary at their temple; and in some mea-  
 " sure clothed in the robes of their heredi-  
 " tary priesthood, I would also enter, and  
 " offer my oblation at the high altar of my  
 " country. But if, unworthy of this hallow-  
 " ed investment and interior ministry, the  
 " door of the sanctuary is closed upon me;  
 " I shall retire without a murmur, and, with  
 " devotion unimpaired, worship in the ves-  
 " tibule." Here is confusion worse con-  
 founded. He is a minister in the temple of  
 satire, if any body ever heard of such a tem-  
 ple, and yet he offers his oblations on the  
 high altar of his country: he is at once the  
 votary and the priest, and yet he doubts  
 whether he is worthy of the sacred invest-  
 ment. To be in some measure clothed, is to

be little better than naked : and I doubt some people will say this is our author's case, as far as regards his poetical garments : but after all, his modesty steps in, and, though stripped of his holy robes, and kicked out of the temple, he is determined to pray in the porch. I am sorry to say he deserves no better place ; but this comes of being presumptuous. The quotation at the end is partly from Statius and partly of his own making : *vide* Statius, lib. 4. 4. l. 54. where it will be seen how much belongs to each of the two.

Having now gone over the particulars of that part of his work which I have undertaken at present to examine, it becomes me to review the substance of what he has advanced, for the purpose of obviating more fully the effects of his doctrines. To say much of his politics might not now be safe ; for the side he has chosen is protected by the strong arm of power, ready to fall on all those who differ from him. I will therefore only say, in general, that he seems to have no liberal or comprehensive idea of government and society ; of the means by which they have arrived at their present excellence, or the possibility of further improvement : whatever is established, is, with him, consecrated from

the rude touch of innovation ; and even the gentle progress of time can work no change for the better, as if the world was not a continued scene of change, and the experience of ages did not teach us that principles and customs, the most abhorrent from the ideas of one race of men, become familiar and easy to another. According to his maxims, history and philosophy have nothing more to teach us ; and the world, instead of being henceforth what it has hitherto been, (a series of experiments) is now arrived at such a pitch of excellence in politics, religion, and morality, as precludes the possibility of any further lights,—we must sit down satisfied with what we are, and teach our children to do the same, or be called Jacobins, and treated as such,—we must acquiesce with our author and his friends\* in the belief of what they tell us,—we must read only such books as they allow us,—we must approve what they approve, or be condemned as disturbers of the public peace, and enemies of all established government : such is his liberality, and such his exertions for the good of mankind. He may mean well, but he is certainly mistaken, for the testimony of all ages is against him.

\* The authors of the Anti-Jacobin and their employers.

Mankind never were the same in their laws, their religion, or their customs, for a hundred years together in any civilized country upon earth : even maxims that have been considered as fundamental, have yielded to the force of time, much less the fleeting forms of political establishments. To hate and persecute their enemies, was the religion and the policy of the Jews ; to love them, was the milder precept of christianity : history is but the record of perpetual change, and the analogy of nature seems to confirm the existence of the propensity in man : what was land once is now sea : earthquakes and volcanoes have swept away cities, and the habitations of men are inhabited by beasts : the seat of empire, arts, and commerce, has been perpetually changing, and is now transferred from the eastern to the western continent ; and, with all this change, the world is without doubt, on the whole, improved : yet the vanity and arrogance of one little mortal has possessed him with the belief that he can arrest the progress of society and of man, and make that stationary which Providence has hitherto made progressive. Vain mortal ! check thy presumptuous folly, and learn to believe that it is not for thee, nor for all those who are the idols of

thy worship, to restrain the innate propensities of thy species, to set thy seal upon the door of knowledge, nor to say to the soul of man, in the search after truth, ‘*Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.*’

The next leading feature in his introductory letter is his severe condemnation of all freethinkers in religion, for which I will only suggest to him the possibility of his being mistaken in what he believes to be right, from the example of men who were thought to be wiser than him having embraced as truth what we now consider as error. More and Erasmus were Papists, and believed doctrines which our author, by the help of the superior lights which have been acquired since their times, now very wisely considers as ridiculous: it may be his fate to have some of his opinions thought as ridiculous by posterity.

Another strong part of his letter is his zeal against Popery; a zeal which I have endeavoured to direct to its proper object, and to shew our author where the true ground of fear exists: he has been very violent against the emigrants who have fled, and the Papists who are tolerated here; but it is not of them that I have any dread; they do not alarm me: if

I have any fear, it is from the popery of protestant divines, not of French emigrants,—the popery of a church which is rich and established, not of one which is in poverty and exile : it is from the doctrines of spiritual power and civil submission, now preached by the aspiring ministers of a church which can reward their ambition, and a government which courts their services, not from the impotent and unambitious ministers of a sect which has no longer either power or influence ; whose doctrines are disregarded because they are unsupported by authority, and whose only object is to obtain protection, not power : the whore of Babylon has lost all her wealth and attractions, but her daughter is yet rich and admired. His frequent quotations, of which he attempts a defence, I have strongly reprobated ; he is apprised of his failing, and endeavours to obviate it, by translations of the passages he has quoted, yet not without contradicting his own opinions ;\* for he has laid great stress on the utility of the original words of classical authors, to enforce and illustrate what he has advanced. I will hereafter shew that his

\* *Vide* page 26.

translations are not faithful, and have considerably weakened the force and effect of the authors he has quoted, and that, if he understood them, he was determined other people should not.

The faults of his critical principles will be more fully shewn when I have occasion to remark them in different parts of his writings in which he has censured the works of others. His stile, if examined by any of the rules of legitimate composition, will be found to contain all the faults, and few of the beauties, that have been noticed by the greatest critics : it is frigid, affected, harsh, bombastical, and puerile ; it is metaphorical, but his metaphors are far sought, and ill adapted ; it is poetical without being harmonious ; it has the uncouthness without the force of antiquity ; it is not always intelligible, sometimes not grammatical, and constantly the reverse of simplicity and purity : if any man wishes to see some of its faults more forcibly and neatly expressed than it is in my power to express, I will refer him to Dionysius's enumeration of the faults of Plato's stile, which are numerous : *Vide* Dionysius's Epist. ad Cn. Pomp. Ed. Sylb. 1586. p. 127. l. 20. sect. 5. and to the same author's judgment of

others who affected a poetical and pompous phraseology, *vide* Dionysius Lysias, line 27.

His ideas on the chief satirists of ancient and modern times, I trust, I have shewn to be defective and erroneous, in not having mentioned all that deserve the praise of excellence, and in having given a false account of those whom he has mentioned; but, on the whole, to speak impartially of his talents and his acquirements, I will confess, that he has sometimes a rare felicity of expression; that he is moderately versed in classical learning, but destitute of invention and judgment; that his philological information is various and extensive, but not accurate; that he is better suited to the detail of parts than to comprehend or to create a system; that his stile is sometimes rich, but always laboured; that his powers are much indebted to cultivation, but partake very little of genius; and that, with some just sentiments of religion, he wants the vital principle of Christianity.

The author, in various parts of his book, takes great pains to have it believed that the support of virtue and morality is one great object of his satire, and undoubtedly they are much connected with the literary

productions of the times ; but they depend not on them solely ; so that when he has reproved the principles of one set of men, even supposing them to be erroneous, he has done but a part of his duty : it was not thus that the great satirists of antiquity dealt with the times ; they reproved vicious characters as well as erroneous principles ; and it is thus that every man must do who wishes to reform :—he must be impartial too,—he must strike at venality, perfidy, and profligacy, wherever they are to be found,—he must enter the palaces of the great, as well as the garrets of the poor, and drag forth titled infamy to shame and contempt ; and if example is the soul of virtue, he must endeavour to purify the great,—he must chastise aristocratical vices, and pull down spiritual wickedness in high places ; but if he is afraid of Attorney Generals and Treasury Solicitors, let him no more boast of his zeal for religion and morality,—he is not formed for a satirist.

I have now nearly finished, for the present, with this contemptible author, and, if I have failed to expose his arrogance, ignorance, and wickedness, I will yet add a few words more, without fear of repetition, for he has afford-

ed abundant matter, such as it is, for reiterated censure. Had he been, what he pretends to be (a legitimate successor of the great satirists of former times) I should never have presumed nor desired to reprove him,—had he, like them, shewn a generous indignation against vice, without any tincture of private or party malignity,—had he possessed their compact and regular stile of writing, without wandering into needless excursions,—had he, either in poetry or in prose, shewn the virtues of a great soul or the talents of a great genius, I should never have dared to lift my feeble voice against such powers, properly directed: had his stile been any thing but a tissue of quotations, even where they are not acknowledged,—had he been uniformly low, in stile and ideas, I should have suffered him to pass quietly by unnoticed and unmolested; but when I see an author without one spark of the heavenly fire of genius, without one generous or liberal principle, with a sanguinary thirst for persecution and a virulent intolerance of all difference of opinion, a rooted prejudice for the establishments of Christianity, without one particle of its spirit,—when I see an author, whose only greatness consists in

his own consequence, imposing upon the public, with the air of independence and dignity,—when I see an author whose only merit as a scholar is that of having read the classics, without being improved by them, perpetually recalling us to the ancient models of composition, while he is perpetually violating them, a man who has sacrificed the purity and simplicity of his native language to the affectation of novelty and the affectation of knowledge,—when I see such a man taking advantage of the times, and labouring to depress the best men, and the best principles, without one requisite for a satirist but his virulence, imposing upon the taste and pockets of the public, by a perpetual repetition of his malignant effusions ; sowing the seeds of jealousy, suspicion, and distrust among men, by concealing his name, and yet condemning with merciless severity the foibles of others,—when I see such a man receive the slightest countenance, I feel an indignation at his impudence and the public infatuation, which no considerations of danger can repress. I seek for the national character when I see it degraded by listening to the dark suggestions of an anonymous incendiary,—I feel for the dignity of classical learning, when it is prostituted

to so vile a purpose,—I feel for the injured names of those men, from whose writings I first imbibed the glorious sentiments of liberty, when they are called in to sanction the most daring encroachments on the birth-right of Britons, and lend a force to the denunciations of a sanguinary bigot,—I feel for the condition of posterity, when I see the Author of the Pursuits of Literature set up for a guide of the public taste, a guardian of the public morals, and a defender of the public liberty; and if I have spoken with more than usual warmth, I am urged by that spirit of liberty and truth which yields to no temptation, and requires no restraint.

*Morpeth, May 22, 1799.*

SINCE writing the above, I have had the pleasure to see that my method of examining this author has also occurred to Mr John Cartwright, who, in his celebrated Appeal, lately published, has exposed the most gross and impudent of our Author's opinions on the subject of Reform. Should I succeed, as well as he has done, in exposing sophistry and venality, I should think my time well employed: a book so excellent in all respects has not for many years been given

to the world : the spirit is manly, temperate, and candid,—the stile neat and forcible,—and the matter abundant ; but it contains too much truth not to be prosecuted : the manner in which it is delivered to the public, shews, however, that the Author is firmly prepared for the worst.—In addition to what I have already remarked, I must here notice what I had omitted before,—that the words (page 32.) ‘*Quos orbe sub omni Jam vix septena numerat Sapientia fama,*’ are not marked as belonging to any author, nor do I immediately recollect from whom they are quoted. I have omitted other things, perhaps of more consequence, but I trust that my present distance from libraries and literary men, and my residence in a distant province, will be admitted as my apology. The quotation above-mentioned, I have since found, is from Statius, *Sylv.* 5. c. 3. but not exactly quoted : ‘*Quosque orbe sub omni Ardua septena numerat sapientia fama ?*’ are the words of Statius.—Having nearly finished my remarks on the first Dialogue, I trust to have them published soon after the new year commences.

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P R O S E

6*s*

VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

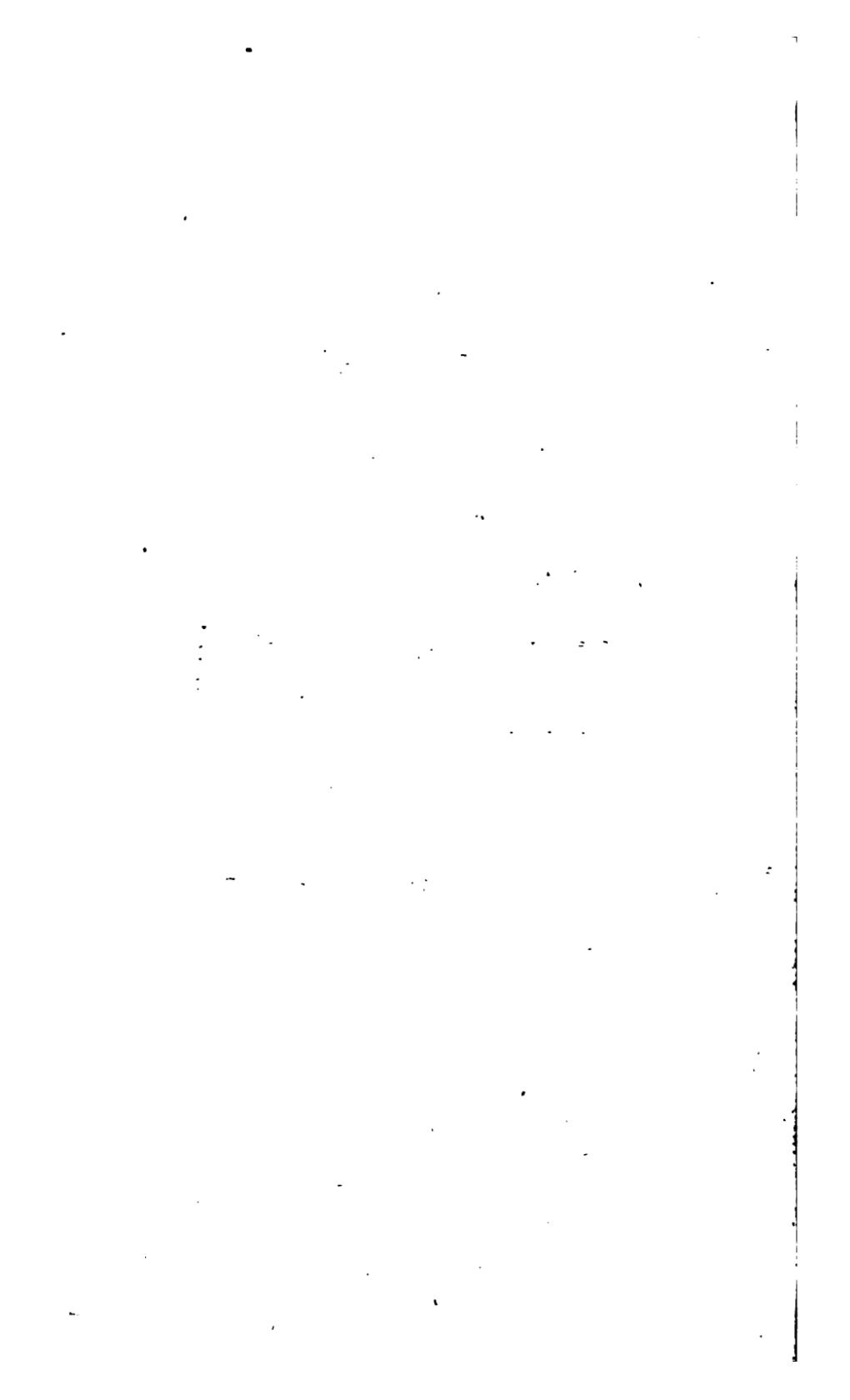
*LITERARY AND POLITICAL.*

---

COLLECTED FROM THE NEWS-PAPERS.

---

[ Price 3*s.* 6*d.* in Boards: ]



*Mattias, Thomas, Janus*

# P R O S E

ON

## VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

*LITERARY AND POLITICAL.*

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COLLECTED FROM THE NEWS-PAPERS.

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SAGITTÆ SONANTES INTELLIGENTIBUS.

*Pindar. Metaphrasis Vulgat.*

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LO N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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1801.

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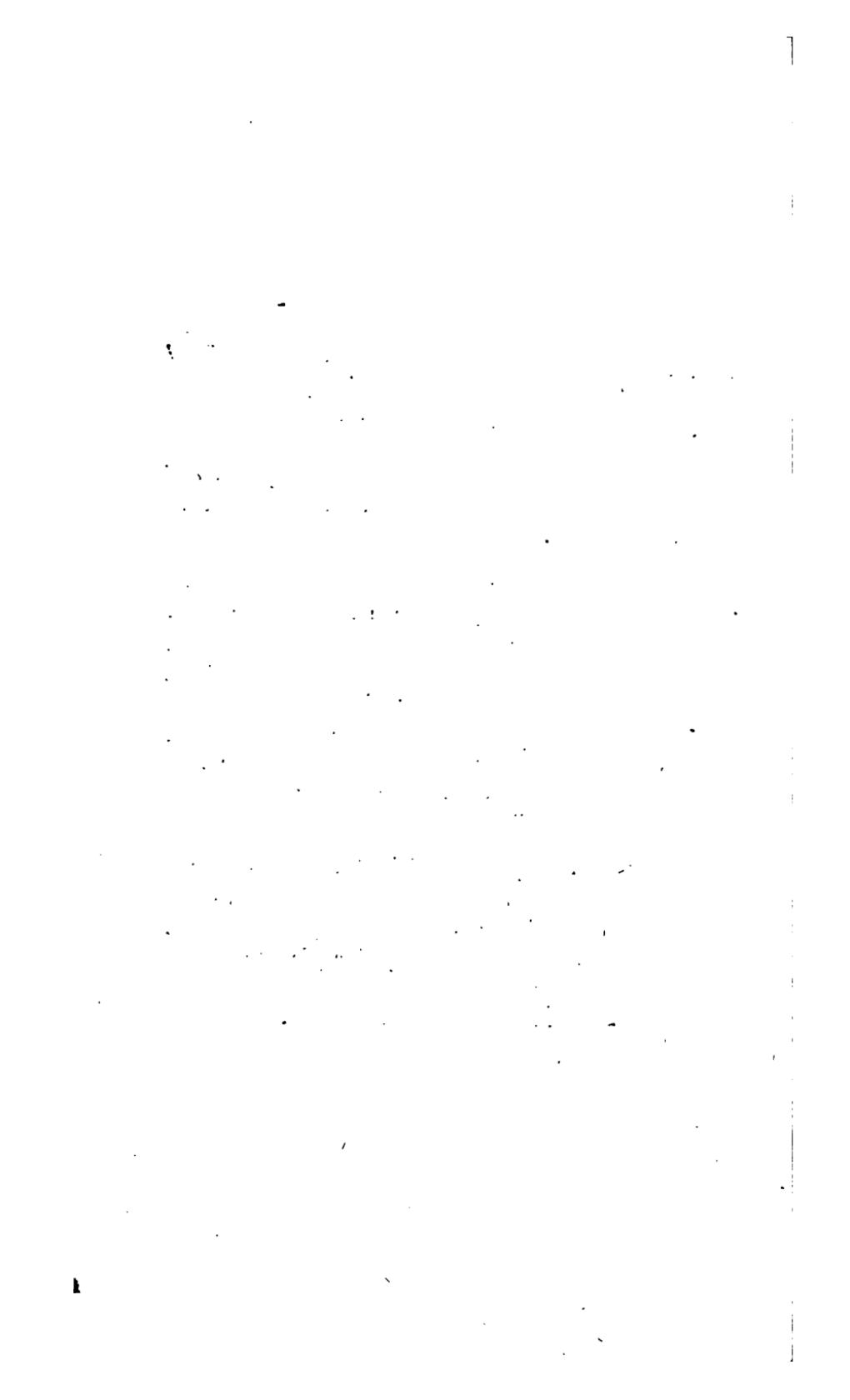
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*The Printer, for reasons only known to an artist, assured the Publisher that this Collection would be permanent and the matter of it indelible, from the nature of the ink which he used, and the chemical composition with which the paper was tempered before it was committed to the press; and this he stated in the words of an Author, whose volume the Publisher never saw.*

“ Je l’ay imprimé d’une encre non commune aux autres  
“ Imprimeurs, laquelle j’ai faite mixtionnée et com-  
“ posée avec jus d’absynthe, qui empêchera que les rats,  
“ les souris, les teignes, et autres vermines ne le puissent  
“ ronger. J’ai mouillé mon papier d’une certaine compo-  
“ sition que tout le monde n’est capable de comprendre.  
“ Les vers ne pourront consommer le dessus, ayant aussi  
“ arrosé sa couverture de l’huile de cedre, que les Grecs  
“ appellent Cedroleon.”

**DECLARATION prononcée à haute voix, en 1636, par  
L’ARCHIDIABLE dans l’Imprimerie de la Veuve  
de Nicolas Courant à Rouen en Normandie, à une  
grande Diablerie à beaucoup de personages.**

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# THREE LETTERS

ON

## THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, FROM THE MORNING HERALD

MAY AND JUNE 1799.

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*For the MORNING HERALD.*

A SERIES of LETTERS, containing OBSERVATIONS on  
the Poem, called "THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE."

---

### LETTER I.

*Ex fumo dare lucem.*

Mr. EDITOR,

FROM the time when you first published the inimitable *Rolliad*, and the still more exquisite *Probationary Odes*, I have always considered the MORNING HERALD as the first literary Public Paper in this country. Upon this principle I have chosen to transmit to you, Sir, some remarks which

B

have

have occurred to me on reading the far-famed Poem on the *Pursuits of Literature*, which may shew the justice, propriety, and connection of the parts of this work, which I consider as a *whole*, and not as a desultory composition, as some persons regard it. I have observed uniformly, that impartiality, literary and political, has been preserved better in your Paper than in any other, which has obtained the approbation of the Public for so long a period. But if your Paper and pursuits are incompatible with my design, I shall willingly desist from my observations, or, in the event, transmit them to a Magazine (which I dislike), and therefore shall more probably commit them to that guardian, which is the safest and most incorruptible of all the guardians of literature, the shrine of Vulcan. So thought the Caliph Omar; and so think I in part; but I hope the Attorney General will not think too deeply in the same strain, or all writing will cease. Some tares must always be suffered to grow together with the wheat, till the time of harvest.

I shall not trouble you with Latin or Greek citations, or translations of citations. Both the one and the other may be praise-worthy or venial in the present case; but whether they are necessary or not, I shall omit them. I write for the people of sense in every rank; I ask no language but my own, as I think it adequate to every purpose of life, and I shall take the advice of the Author of the work in question, that if a Latin passage should occur to my memory, I shall give it in English, though it may lose somewhat of its spirit. But I will be plain: no man is offended with a labourer's dress, and he may be forgiven, if, when the weather permits, he follows Virgil's advice, and lays aside his cloaths altogether, when he ploughs, and when he sows. You understand me, Sir: I have lived long enough to think and see, that if the career

career of French philosophy, and all their doctrines, should not be restrained, and perhaps by the single efforts of this country, and by its publick and secret Councils, and Counsellors, the words of Lord Bolingbroke will indeed be verified, that "this world will become the Bedlam of every other system of intelligent creatures." If that should be the case, I shall not be a candidate for the office of Physician to the general hospital. I would rather follow the great advice of preventive policy, and shew that this has been the example given and best followed up by the poet of this age, on whose work I am to comment.

I shall not commence my remarks in this letter, because I do not yet know whether they will be acceptable to you, and be admitted into your pages. I hate to labour without an end; but I am ready to second what I conceive might be useful to the Public. I own I think, in regard to the Poem itself, as with its name and subject, "Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety." I shall send you my leaves from time to time; and if the wind of your printing presses should either displace, or blow them away altogether, they will never be regretted like those by the priestess of Cumæ. We are told by a great writer, that when a noble Roman had, in public Senate, accused one of the greatest pests of his age and country, he observed, that the vigour with which he pursued the enemy of the Republic, made some worthy men uneasy; but he satisfied himself with the reflection, that, in respect to confidence or fear, it made a material difference whether men were unwilling you should undertake the work at all, or not approve the manner of executing it. The first of these every good man must encourage; and the second is matter of judgment and choice. If it is well, it is as the writer wished; if it falls short, it is only according to his power,

power. We are no longer at a loss to know what any man may expect from infidelity, bigotry, and democracy, who engages *without reserve* or compliment in the cause of Religion, Government, and the common peace of the world.

I have, perhaps, been rather too long in these preliminary lines; but I mean to follow them up, as on a foundation, which may in time grow into a species of literary building, not unfitly framed when compleated. I would not send them, however, if I thought they were the observations of a man whose works would do any discredit to a Newspaper. At present they are my own; but an old and wise proverb says, that "a man's words are no longer his own, than while he keeps them unspoken." With a desire of an early refusal or approbation of my plan, I subscribe myself your constant friend and daily reader,

May 17, 1799.

HORATIO.

[ 5 ]

June 6, 1799.

For the MORNING HERALD.

*On the Poem called THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.*

---

LETTER II.

*Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*

Mr. EDITOR,

May 31, 1799.

WHEN the affairs of a great kingdom are conducted to that crisis, in which action and not reasoning, works and not words, supplies and not debates, are alone strong unto the national salvation, the time is fully arrived when compliments to Authors, and flattery to Ministers, must give place to higher concerns, and truth, sacred, moral, and political, must alone be heard, neither dubious in its meaning, nor indirect in its application. I have long waited in the hope of seeing this realized, while our cities are yet peopled and opulent; our villages and farms cultivated and improved; our religion vindicated from insult, and supported with dignity; the principles of morality and government maintained against atheists and dramatists; learning

encouraged by THE SOVEREIGN, and a discerning Public; while the Constitution of GREAT BRITAIN is upheld by the quiet good sense of loyal, reflecting subjects, and by the exertions of the brave, the serious, the vigilant, and the disciplined in arms and in arms. It is a period now before us, and the consummation of it is at hand; *it will not tarry, it will surely come.*

The politics of a party, the literature of a day, the visions of poetry, and the intonations of eloquence, at the Bar or in the Senate, can only be considered with interest or delight, but as they support the common cause of this kingdom and of civilized Europe. Yet, though Opposition retires to a tavern, we must be alert and under arms: if we flumber or sleep, it is unto death. The hundred eyes of all our guardians in the State and Church are still attacked by the medicated wand of Jacobinism: and the moment of rest is the signal of excision. My allusion, Sir, is simple; but my allegory is full.

It is indeed with some diffidence, but with greater difficulty, that I engage in a discussion of the poem on "The Pursuits of Literature." It demands more time than my avocations will properly allow. The business of a life, now engaged in stormy and tempestuous scenes, has effectually removed me from that learned leisure and repose, in which I have so often indulged in classical studies, which fit and prepare the mind for political action. Though the works of Cicero, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, are quite familiar to me; yet I fear, from much disuse, I must now be contented to take Thucydides from Smith, and Polybius from Hampton. Homer, indeed, and the principal orations of Demosthenes, I still peruse in the original, for I find in them a great professional advantage. But I have felt myself once more awake and faithful to all my wonted literary pleasures,

pleasures, ill exchanged at best for the toil of ambition, by the study of the Poem before me; and your readiness, Sir, to receive the pages I have to lay before you, induces me to snatch every vacant hour for this employment. I think and believe that you have not done amiss in acceding to my offer. Such objects enliven the general face of a Newspaper. Literary subjects soften the severity of politicians, and make the gloom of the time sit less heavy. The air recommends itself more sweetly to our senses; and from the hill of Parnassus we may best command a prospect of the Land of Promise.

I have selected this Poem, and the notes which accompany it, above all the works which have appeared, for this plain reason. In my judgment, it contains and concentrates the whole of general learning, as connected with the welfare of the State, by precept, by example, by illustration, by original intellect, and by the accumulated wisdom of all ages, brought home to the feelings and bosoms of men, in this hour of unexampled danger and impending desolation. No man of high character and ability has ever denied his approbation of the work in general, and of all its principles; and the ridiculous, scurrilous pamphleteers against the Author, should have remained wholly unnoticed by him. In their literary and moral capacity, I would only have made use of Davy's reply to Mr. Justice Shallow, when that oracle of the law laid, " Use these personages well, for they are arrant knaves, Davy, and will backbite."—" Not worse than they are bitten, your Honour, for they have marvellous foul linen."\* And here the matter should have rested; but there are anomalies to which the best writers are subject.

B 4

I would

\* Henry IV. Act v. Scene 1.

I would not have you think that I mean to occupy your Paper, or the public attention, in literary controversy and idle squabble about claims set up for the authorship.. Names have been hacknied and bandied about in the service, with which neither you nor I, Sir, have any the least concern. But it most certainly appears from his own words, that the Author, whoever he may be, has a higher love and reverence for the academic institutions of HENRY the Sixth, than for the gorgeous foundations of OUR great Cardinal. In this I differ entirely from him ; but I make no comment. Had he been acquainted with Christ-Church, he would not have spoken slightingly of its most learned Dean.

The Author of this Poem has, I think, precluded himself from preferment, by bold and hardy declarations. I should do him disservice, if I were ungenerous enough to hint at his talents, and my suspicions of their possessor. He has braved the Minister of the day ; he has stood forth as his partial accuser, in some few points, which, perhaps, he did not fully understand ; but he has also shewn himself his most sincere, ardent, and eloquent defender. He scattered, indeed, some light fumes of censure before the public altar, while, at the same hour, he offered incense of high, but tempered fragrancy. In this disputed, or rejected series of claims, to the honour of this work, I am inclined to imitate the example of *Hevelius*, and deprive them at once of *all* their boasted pretensions. The History of Science informs me that this illustrious astronomer, in his distribution of the *lunar* regions, apprehending a dissention among the philosophers about the division of lands, took away all their claims, and substituted other appellations of its districts and seas, now found only on the surface of the moon, the sea of tranquillity, and the haven of rest. I would rather call

call this Author by the name of *Aurelius, Vindex*, or any other title, importing only what he has endeavoured to do for his country. The time of proposing chaplets for public services is past; and I am sure Mr. Erskine would oppose the revival of it, with one single exception. But there are orators who will swear by those who fell at the Boyne, or by the Nile, yet know not how to imitate their patriotism, nor to profit by their example. There is, indeed, some distance between Gordon, Tooke, and Paine: but rhetoric has easy transitions; it annihilates space, time, and circumstance, and makes all conspirators and their defenders safe and happy.

In the entrance to my subject I have thought proper to enlarge, for I have much to offer hereafter. An exordium was always allowed in the most rigid age of Athenian forensic discipline; but in the profession which I have most affectionately at heart, a man seldom writes a pamphlet with impunity, but, I have observed, a book never. My ambition therefore is not to load the compters, or adorn the shelves of Mr. Stockdale or Mr. Wright: but I conceive that the bounds of a letter are not too widely extended for the range of a lawyer. There was a time when Dunning and Junius were esteemed synonymous.

I am of opinion, that the interests of this kingdom will be best maintained, as far as writing can maintain them, by well-judged appeals proceeding from a Newspaper. They confirm the wavering, but strengthen and consolidate the loyal and the good. That very mouth\* which spoke as in scorn of "the weekly eloquence of a Newspaper," found it to be the organic instrument of those blasts, by which a Minister was hurried from his seat, and the security of THE HIGHEST was shaken. But other times are now before

us;

\* Junius.

us; and the tree which we venerate and support, must be rooted deep, as high. If our sky is black with thunderous clouds, let it be so from France alone: as they come, so let them be dispersed, and returned. THE KING, AND THE MINISTERS OF THE CROWN OF GREAT BRITAIN, ARE NOW ONE WITH THE PEOPLE; THEIR INTEREST EQUAL, THEIR GLORY CO-EXTENDED.

Upon this principle, and for the perpetual memory of these doctrines, I have now recourse to a commentary on the Poem before me: From this source I shall, according to my opportunity and leisure, present you with some opinions which perhaps may concern the kingdom. It was well said, that an hour may be tedious, but it cannot be long: I shall remember this, and when I write, I shall generally be brief, and only trouble you at intervals. When you are fatigued, I will desist; but on this point I shall hear no other voice but your own, whether monitory or imperious.

In my opinion a man may deserve, and perhaps obtain, the love and thanks of his fellow-subjects, of any loyal description, who is connected with them by principles, not by prejudices. I am, Sir, with much esteem, your's, &c.

HORATIO,

June 15, 1799.

*For the MORNING HERALD.*

*On the Poem called THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.*

---

LETTER III.

*Phabæ lastravit lampade terram.*

MR. EDITOR,

June 8, 1799.

IN my first Letter, speaking of the French Philosophy and its awful career, I observed, that if it could not be restrained, the words of Lord Bolingbroke would be verified; that "this world must become the Bedlam of every other system of intelligent creatures." But at that time I forgot the conclusion of his sentence, that it would be "with this unlucky circumstance, that they who are most mad would govern, in things of the greatest moment, those who are least so." The application of the words to our own country is evident, and it is a proud allusion. But the noble declaimer would be surprised to find them introduced as an argument against his first Philosophy, and for the very purpose of "restoring men to their senses" from that delirium. It is a long time since his Lordship and all his

his crew have been vanquished. Their spirits, however, are still rolling in the gulph of Jacobinism, which they first attempted to disclose; and in Europe, but most of all in Great Britain, they now lie confounded, though (I fear) immortal. We are assured that we must wage warfare unceasing against the powers of darkness, and those planetary plagues, which in this age have festered and infected the general air in which we breathe.

Upon this principle I have engaged in a discussion of the POEM before me. The two main positions in it appear to be these; " 1. A defence of the Constitution of this kingdom in Church and State; and 2. A general vindication of the Christian Religion, and of its best auxiliary, sound Literature." Whatever else is to be found in it, is in some measure subservient to this main end. This appears to me to be its primary object and grand design. Whether this building, this impregnable fortress, is constructed with elegance in the proportions; whether the decorations are just, and the harmony of the whole preserved, is a question among some persons; but it is no question at all with me, for I think that every rule of art is observed in it which can reasonably be required. In my future letters I shall endeavour to shew, by an induction of particulars, that " the Poem on the Pursuits of Literature is composed and conducted on a plan regular and methodical." A work, which all persons read, can be indifferent to few; yet, perhaps, when I attempt to prove this supposed connection and unity of composition in the Poem, I may be numbered among those heated visionaries and dextrous critics, who can find an allegory in Tasso, and morality in Ariosto.

I do not even conceive the Author himself will thank me: I expect a polite sneer, or some classical sarcasm on my *ingenuity*;

ingenuity; but I shall not be deterred, though he should kindly assign a whole note to *Horatio* in any subsequent edition. Is not his work the public property? His motives may be his own, but his conduct is our concern. I can trace his descent from the features; the complexion indeed may be transitory, but the stamina of the constitution are the solid proofs of strength and life. I am not disposed to flatter the Poet; it is the matter, as well as the manner, which interests and arrests me; but I have also taken it up on a principle of gratitude. Had not this Poem and its Notes appeared, I should have drudged on in professional toil and dulness, without a muse to inspire, or a prospect to enliven me; but thanks to this Poet, I have contrived to divert a branch of the Permessus to water the forum, oppressed as I was by heat, and incommoded by dust. When I have laid aside my cases, I now turn to the reports of Greek and Latin Clerks, and close my evening with a satisfaction to which I had long been a stranger.

But I should ill understand the nature of an Address to the Public, and the consequence of your Paper, if my sole view were to mark the relative distances in the Literary Chart before me. A mere Poem, or a Satire, however finished, would have drawn little of my attention. I would not write a comment on the Baviad. I care not for all the united authors of the Della Crusca; the slate and peace of the world may exist undisturbed, though the purity of the whitest and finest paper should be violated by sonnets to owls, and epigrams on rats. I am glad Mr. Gifford has flapped away their nonsense; and there let them rest. But as for the patrons of atheism, and the disorganizers of society, it is not so with them. They have many names, and many shapes, all terrible, all vigilant; and they reduce or amplify them, in their own Pandemonium, as best suits their convenience,

convenience, or their opportunity. Like the ~~accused~~<sup>accused</sup> Deities, their shrines are now placed within the ancient sanctuary; and while the oracles of the primal heathenism are dumb, the words of deceit and blasphemy issue from the Pantheon. Of their mystery, it cannot yet be pronounced, "It is finished;" other seals will be opened; and other trumpets will sound.

I had intended in this letter to begin and complete the analysis of the First Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature, after I had declared my opinion of the general design of the whole work. But I would say something previously on the nature of originality in writers, and of imitation, which have been too generally misapprehended. Yet upon second thoughts, I would rather refer to Dr. Hurd's Treatises on that subject. To their strength and extent little can be added, and nothing to their precision. A scholar may be charged with neglect in his researches, who speaks on this topic without having perused them. As to the subject of originality, it is matter of complaint that we have little of it among us. Is this a real defect? and is it an imputation on the character of the time? They who are most eminent for genius seem disposed, by their actions, to think otherwise. Let me speak briefly on this. I am in order, Sir, or I should rather say, I am not travelling out of the record.

We have been told with some appearance of truth, and with more confidence, that the present age abounds in talents, but is not distinguished by genius. Perhaps the efforts of individuals, the efforts of societies, the combinations of professions, and national institutions without the interference of the State, may in some measure make good the opinion. There is indeed a love of paradox, and a passion for variety. Old subjects appear before us in new lights;

lights; we have little time for examination, and still less for reflection. The kingdom through all its departments, in every fortress political and literary, is taken by surprise. The Stage, as we feel and deplore, is darkened at home; "and the majesty of buried" Shakespeare walks only in his gallery; there indeed it passes, but will not speak.

It was an ancient complaint, that the Syrian stream had flowed into the Tiber. The manners, the philosophy, the corruption, the luxury, and the language of the East came down with the current of Orontes, and the Roman dignity was merged in Oriental effeminacy. We have improved upon the thought; and, with an honest simplicity, conclude that the same fountain can never send forth waters sweet and bitter. We forget that the properties of the soil, through which they pass, may change.

We admire, with increased reverence, the wonderful and salutary frame of our Constitution, Rights, and Liberties; and we are determined more than ever to support and uphold, with our hearts, hands, and property, the hereditary dignity of the Throne of these realms. In the woods, and by the streams of Germany, they were first found; and when they were shaken, we called to that country for our preservers, and they were continued to us. In our own days, from the same original, we have seen an habitual morality, and (as many have lived to acknowledge) a fonsgitting piety, in the highest and most illustrious example. All this we are proud to borrow; the stronger the rays are reflected from this orb, the more we shall rejoice in the illumination; and there we should stop. In literature it should seldom be the 'cafe'; in our dramas, perhaps never.

But the versatility of some men is ever shifting the scene, and while genius is sleeping, talents are active. Mr. SHEPHERD, in the intervals of business (and no man ever marked them

them with greater elegance and felicity) between the chicanery of law, and the comforts of privilege, between the Wood-Nymphs of Surrey, and the Satyrs of Drury Lane, with the touch of Midas and not a little of his judgment, has felt the nature and pulse of the time. He has had recourse to a miracle, instead of wit, and has succeeded accordingly. He has laid siege in the covert way, with far more Generalship than his eloquent friend (a); and to a most profound skill of the tactics of a theatre he has joined the stratagems of morality. With a South-American tragical Pantomime on German (b) ground, and with a tirade of brilliant, patriotic, and loyal sentiments, in all the pomp of phraseology, (which no man can better command or despise than himself) he has wisely abandoned the originality of his classic character, and by one master stroke, has effectually overcome THAT LODGED RELUCTANCE, which theatrical splendour could not allure, nor the lapse of time subdue, or abate. (c)

*Nan anni domuere decem, domuit PIZARRO!*

I too, Sir, having nothing of my own to give you, and yielding to the fancy of the day, am content to work on another man's labours, and turn Commentator. Happily, if I have a genius for *episode*, I may safely indulge it, (as I probably shall,) and yet preserve a consistency of character. As I admire the unshaken resolution and convenient dialectics of Mr. Secretary WINDHAM, I could wish to borrow a little of his skill in the mode of attack, and in the distribu-

(a) Mr. Fox.

(b) Pizarro, a play from KOTZEBUE. Mr. SHERIDAN's own CRITIC is the severest comment on his *Pizarro*.

(c) See the Play-bill of Drury-lane Theatre on the 5th June, 1799, when *Pizarro* was acted by the Royal Command.

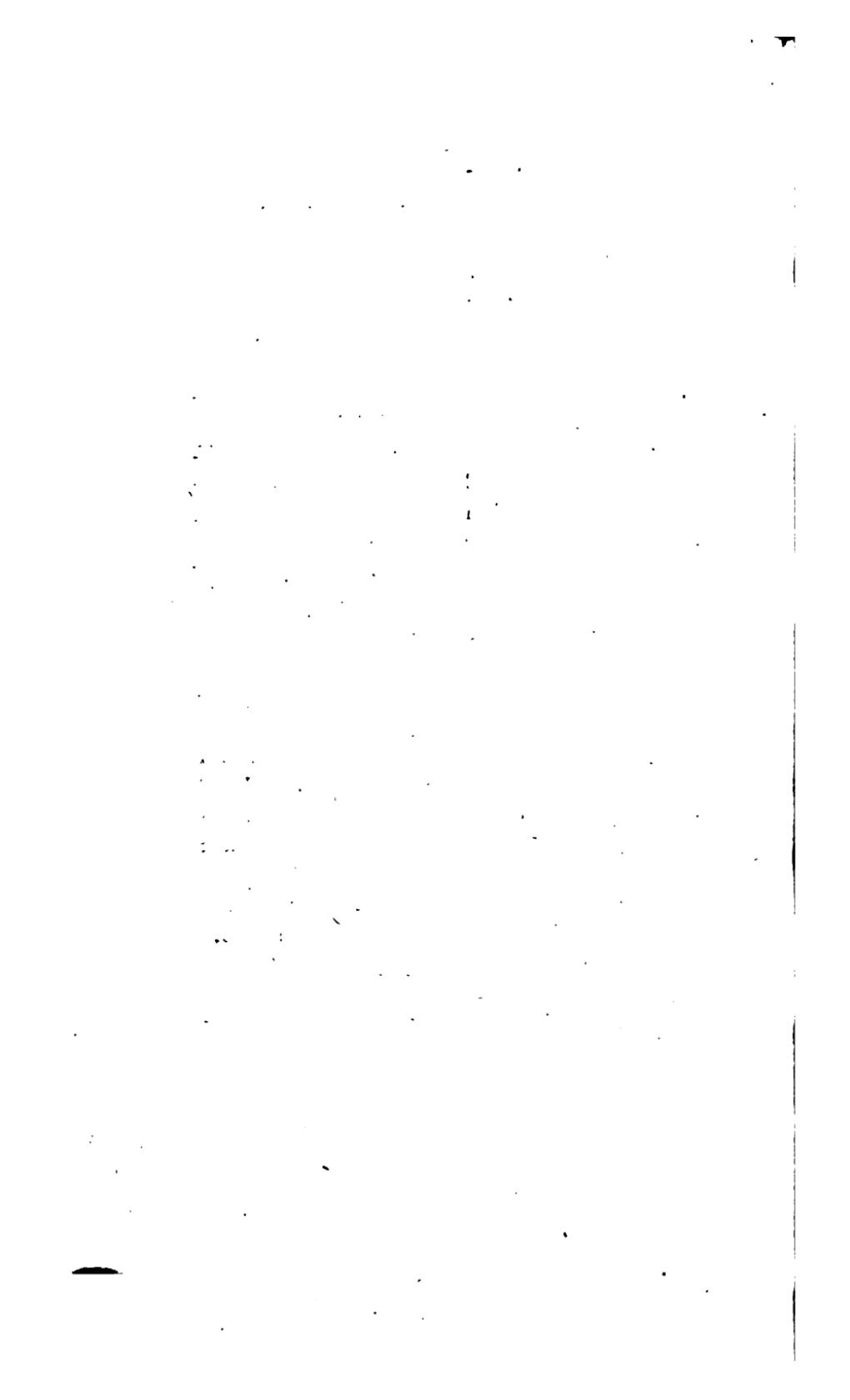
tion of the extraordinaries of the lighter militia. But my accounts may be laid upon the table without expence, or the creation of a single new office. The business of the public press is very old, and if it is carried on as in former times, and as it should be, I hope it will be continued. I am a plain, honest volunteer in the service of the King and the Country, and in the true spirit of all our corps, have neither my coat, nor my arms, from his Majesty's Ministers.

In my next letter, I shall enter upon the immediate discussion of the POEM. I have before claimed the privilege of a Commentator, which I shall exercise. The fields in which I have liberty to range at large are those of politics and literature, however diversified and extensive. But if any man thinks differently, he may enjoy his opinion without any blame, or even notice from me. I am only speaking my own sentiments, which may be wrong or defective; but I am not contending for the mastery. I shall now relieve your attention for the present, (I hope never to fatigue it) with a lively remark of the late Lord ORFORD, which I have an interest in recommending to all persons. "I will never dispute about any thing *but* LAW; for there one has as much chance as another of getting the better, without reason."

I am with much esteem, Sir, &c. &c.

HORATIO.

N. B. The Continuation of these Letters could not be found by the Publisher.



## MEMORANDUM.

A COLLECTION of PAPERS, Literary and Political, called "CHALMERIANA," was published, some time ago, from the Originals printed in the MORNING CHRONICLE in September, October, and November 1799; and the following Jeux d'Esprit, Letters, &c. have been collected, from the HERALD and MORNING CHRONICLE, relating to Mr. CHALMERS and his various Writings, and may serve as an Appendix to the former.

THE PUBLISHER.

"Lay thou thy leaden Mace upon me, (CHALMERS)—  
Is not the leaf turn'd down, where I left reading?"  
Julius Cæsar, Act 4.

MORNING HERALD, Feb. 26, 1800.

## A LITERARY OPERA:

MR. EDITOR,

Soho Square, Feb. 24.

IN imitation of the celebrated political adaptation of the Serenata of ACIS and GALATEA to MR. Pitt and Lord LOUGHBOROUGH, &c. in THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, Sir J. BANKS intends shortly to gratify his friends with the representation of

THE LITERARY OPERA  
OF  
SEMIRAMIDE IN LONDRA.

It is expected to be well attended, as Sir Joseph has cast the parts with the happiest effect, and the scenes are finished in the highest taste.

C 2

SEMI.

## SEMIRAMIDE IN LONDRA.

## THE CHARACTERS.

Semiramis,	-	-	Mr. M—TH—S.
Seleuco,	-	-	Mr. W, G—F—RD,
Arsace,	-	-	Mr. S. P—RC—L,
Azema,	-	-	Mr. C—N—NG,
Mitrane,	-	-	Lord A—LSB—RY,
Oroe, High Priest of the Temple,			Dr. R—NN—L.
The Gholt of Ninus,			Mr. CH—LMERS.
Painter and Machinist, by the Rev. ST—N W—ST—N, Taylor, Lord M—N.			

*Leaving  
London  
Bonelli  
Gallotti  
Wheeler*  
Ballet Masters (for that evening only) by Major R—NN—L,  
and Mr. DR—ND—R.

Chorus of Citizens and Magicians, by Mr. T—KE, C—  
R—D, Mr. D—E, Mr. H—Ns, Dr. SH—W,  
Dr. G—Y, Mr. N—s, Mr. B—D, Mr. C—H,  
Mr. H—Z, Dr. B—Y, &c.

The Chorusses will be compleat, and the Characters in  
the appropriate costume.

Sir J. B. has spared no expence, and the Performers have  
been very diligent. Mad. BANTI and Messrs. ROVEDING  
and VIGANONI have given lessons to Mr. M—TH—S, Dr.  
R—NN—L, and Mr. CH—LM—RS; but great doubt is en-  
tertained of their voices, not of their skill. But the literary  
Conoscenti hope that the *Trio* at the end of the First Act  
will be delivered with surprising effect. Mr. M—TH—S is  
said to be very perfect in his address to the Spectre, "*Ombra  
tremenda e cara!*" and Mr. CH—LM—RS is quite terrific in  
the "*Arface, voglio vendetta; sangue voglio da te.*"  
Signor BRAGHETTI has declared that he cannot exceed the  
Knight, and means to act with Mr. C—'s leaden mace, in-  
stead of the truncheon, in future. Mr. M—TH—S is said  
particularly

particularly to have studied the grand Bravura of “*A Compir già vo l'impresa, &c.*” and Sir Joseph has approved his manner at the last Rehearsal.

The address of *Semiramis* to the High Priest of the Temple, “*O Sacro Interpretē de Numi,*” was given at the Rehearsal in the true style by Mr. M—TH—s and the Tomb Scene had all the sombre colouring of Voltaire, and Lorēnzo da Ponte, Poet to the Opera House.

Lord S—LSB—RY and the B—p of D—RH—M have requested Sir J. B. that the Opera and Dances may finish before twelve o'clock.

Nobody will be admitted to the Rehearsal but the Select Committee of the new Royal Institution. The Room will be warmed by Rumford stoves, and the refreshments as usual. Lord Galloway and the *Connoisseurs of the Lower Bench* at the Opera have favoured Sir J. B. with their ideas.—Great interest is making for Tickets.—The Dances will be “*Les Jeux d'Egle Literaire, and Telemaque dans l'Isle de Calypso.*”

N. B. The Rehearsal of the Opera will be in the *New Rooms of the ROYAL INSTITUTION, in Albemarle-street.*

Between the acts, an air in the *original Greek* will be sung by Dr. R—NN—L, accompanied by the Organist of the Temple. Some *Latin* stanzas, by Mr. M—TH—s, set to music by the late Mr. Anthony Storer, with a melody by Haydn, and the amorous Soliloquy of Queen Elizabeth, on her unfortunate attachment to Shakespeare, composed by Mr. Ireland, and harmonized by Greatorex, will also be sung as part of the Entertainment, by Mr. CH—LM—RS.

Further particulars will be given in a future letter, by your friend,

*Q. in the Pit at the Opera House.*

MORNING CHRONICLE, March 21, 1800.

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SALE OF  
A LITERARY VESSEL EXTRAORDINARY.

Mr. EDITOR,

March 17, 1800:

WHEN I was at Lloyd's on Saturday last, I observed an extraordinary Advertisement hanging up in the room of A SHIP FOR SALE, which occasioned much speculation among the merchants and captains, and no small confusion among the under-writers. I took a copy of it, which I transmit for your amusement and that of your readers.

I am, Sir, your's, faithfully,

J. LOCKYER, Junior, Sworn Broker  
Extraordinary.

For ACCOUNT of WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, &c.

A LITERARY VESSEL FOR SALE.

A vessel of very great Burthen called  
THE REVENGE!

*America* built, but not of live oak or cedar, square-sterned, figure head—MAC-JUNIUS-BOYD, copper-sheathed, burthen 850 tons measurement by register, with complete papers, though not abundantly found in good stores; will be sold with all her kentledge, leaden shot, balls and guns which are in excellent condition, her powder and provisions excepted, which are so damaged as to be good for nothing.

She

She is capable of making a voyage to India, or any other part of the world, *cognita* or *incognita*, for literary purposes. Government having no further occasion whatever for her, she is ordered to be broke up immediately, if not disposed of in a few days. Now lying in the mud near Stratford Stairs : GEORGE CHALMERS, Commander!

For inventories and other particulars of her lading apply to THOMAS EGERTON, Broker, at Whitehall Stairs.

N. B. Her entire cargo will be sold in lots, consisting of the following particulars, viz.

No. 1. Several Bales of *Estimates*, &c. drawn up for the meridian of the Treasury.

No. 2. 154 Bags of Sonnets and instructions of various kinds for literary traders and others, marked Shakspeare, Elizabeth, Puttenham, Marston, &c.

No. 3. 4000 Bales of *Apologies*, *Supplemental Apologies*, *Supplemental Postscripts* and *Supplemental Appendixes to Supplemental Apologies*, all unopened and fresh, worked off on the Commander's own patent *sheet-lead*, very useful for foreign exportation, there being no demand for home consumption. They will be found valuable to (an) extreme for ballast, wadding, or in case of an attack by a French privateer, the *sheet-lead* may easily be rolled up and used as bullets.

No. 4. 2000 bales of the same *Apologies*, &c. worked off on paper, for the vulgar purposes of life, fit for boiling down again if the ink is extracted; or they may be used for heating coppers or ovens, or for *foreign office-paper* and trade.

No. 5. Various instruments of torture, thumb-screws, with the Duke of Alva's instructions how to use them; several casks of gall-bladders, pitch and tar, coarse sulphur, dried spiders,

spiders, fools-caps, blind-worms slings, &c. &c. and other implements of literary warfare.

With various other particulars; lists of which may be had of St. Barbe, T. Rowcroft, and other *literary* Brokers in the City.

If I should go in the City on the day of sale, perhaps I may send you an account of it. Your's,

J. LOCKYER, Junior, *Sworn Broker Extraordinary.*

[ 25. ]

MORNING HERALD, April 10, 1800.

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### A LITERARY FUNERAL!

Mr. EDITOR,

March 14, 1800.

I HAVE the melancholy office to acquaint you, that, on Wednesday last, an eminent Literary Undertaker was sent for to prepare for the obsequies, and finally to *solder up* the remains of THE LATE APOLOGIST for the dramatic *Ireland*, who departed *FOR EVER from the world of learning, common sense, and good manners*, at the Library of Mr. T. EGERTON, Whitehall, on Tuesday the 11th of March, 1800. The body of the deceased was carefully wrapped up in many coverings of *his own sheet lead*, and secured in a strong patent coffin of the thickest and most impervious *lead*, made by Mr. T. JARVIS, at Charing Cross, the Patentee. It is intended to be interred in the course of next week, after it has lain in state for one whole day at Mr. EGERTON's, in the Cemetery near Norfolk-street in the Strand. The Procession will be nearly as follows:—

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### THE ORDER OF THE LITERARY FUNERAL

OF THE LATE

GEORGE CHALMERS ESQUIRE, F.R.S. & F.S.A.  
and CHIEF CLERK of the BOARD OF TRADE and PLAN-  
TATIONS.

i.

A Select Committee from all the Proprietors and Workers  
of the *Lead-Mines* throughout England, preceded by the  
Saturnian,

Saturnian Virgins from the Peak of Derby, two and two,  
scattering flowers of sulphur and powdered sugar of lead;  
their caps of the same metal, dyed black.

## 2.

A Députation from the Dramatic Incorporation of the town of Stratford upon Avon, bearing the Insignia of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the Love Devices of Queen ELIZABETH, and the jealous Dirge of ANNA HATHAWAY, all in emblematic gowns, with ornaments of mock mulberry, chaunting in Canto ferme the affecting *Cygnea Cantio* of LELAND. Before them will be carried the Standards of Comedy and Tragedy inverted, and German Farte triumphant.

## 3.

The Garter, Clarendieux, and Norroy, Kings at Arms, with the Portcullis, Rouge-Croix, Rouge-Dragon, and Blanche-Lion, Pursuivants from the College of Heralds, with the Advocates, Proctors, Apparitors, and Registrars, from the Province of Canterbury; HENRY STEEVENS, GEORGE COSTLING, and ROBERT JENNER Esquires bearing Copies, blazoned, of all the Wills and Documents of the Actors in the time of SHAKSPEARE, illuminated, and the Signature of SHAKSPEARE himself, darkened.

## 4.

## THE GRAMMATICAL BANNER!

Ornamented with points, commas, colons, and symbolic representations of articles, conjunctions, and subjunctive moods, in *Chiaro Oscuro*, borne by two Esquires, in the habits and night-caps of the late EDWARD DYCHE and THOMAS DILWORTH, Spelling Masters, and Critical Predecessors of the profound APOLOGIST!

## 5. The

5.

The APOLOGY, the SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY, the POSTSCRIPT, and the SUPPLEMENTAL APPENDIX to the SUPPLEMENTAL APOLOGY; bound in ebony and lead, begirt with strong emblematic clasps of pewter and brass, striped with black, and tassels depending, borne on a velvet-cushion of Irish embroidery, by Mr. EGERTON, Bookseller, unaccompanied. The Volumes to be deposited in the Vault with the lamented Author.

6.

A SCROLL, representing the *first Literary Hermaphrodites*, the Creation of the "Apologist, and sketched by the Miltonic pencil of FUSELI, in his wildest manner; borne by the Rev. ROBERT NARES, the Rev. WILLIAM BELOE, and the Gentlemen of the British Museum, where THE SCROLL is to be deposited after the Ceremony, inscribed with the Definition of a DOCUMENT by Dr. JOHNSON, viz. "*A Precept insolently authoritative, magisterially dogmatical, and solemnly trifling!*"

7.

Mr. J. GIFFORD, Mr. J. BOWLES, with a large Deputation from the Scotch, American, and Irish Literary Meetings, and the Conductors of the Anti-Jacobin Review, in deep mourning and sighing at every step, "Alas, my Brother!"

8.

The Master of the Stratford Mews, leading THE WAR-HORSE whereon this Lord of articles, conjunctions, and prepositions, rode in state up Constitution Hill, in the days of his high-bearing; and the figure of THE APOLOGIST, in compleat armour of lead, large as the life, seated on it.

ISAAC

\* See the late Mr. Chalmers's Supplemental Apology, p. 45.

**ISAAC REED, Esq.** bearing the image of the late **GEORGE STEEVENS**, half-muffled. Critical Grooms and Equerries, marching two and two.

9.

### CHIEF MOURNERS!!!

The Executor of **HUGH M'AULAY, BOYD JUNIUS**, and the Representative of the unknown **AUTHOR OF THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE**. Pages in rich purple bearing their trains.

10.

### THE BODY!!!



Enclosed and secured in one of Mr. T. Jarvis's most stupendous Patent Coffins, as mentioned before; with emblems of the *Saturnian Age*, escutcheons, and apologetical Hieroglyphics: to be carried by twelve of the strongest Irish and Scotch Bearers, the weight of it being excessive.

The Pall will be supported by the Earl of Liverpool in his robes of Council, assisted by Sir Stephen Cottrell Knt. Master of the Ceremonies, William Fawkener and John Reeves Esquires, followed by all the Clerks of the Council Office, the Board of Trade, and the Treasury, two and two,

in

in spotted mantles and inky cloaks, bearing their pens reversed.

The Inscription on the Plate of the Coffin will be,

SATURNUS, POSITO DIADEMATE!

The Protestant *Requiem* will be sung by the Honourable Society of Monthly Reviewers and British Critics; and THE LEADEN MACE will be deposited in the same vault, after the Grand Hereditary Literary Marshal of England has declared, in due form and solemnity, the style, titles, merits, and achievements of THE DECEASED APOLOGIST, now FOR EVER compounded with worms and dust.

I am, with attachment, Sir, your's,

DESIGNATOR.

P. S. I shall probably on a future day send you an account of the Interment, the Will of the APOLOGIST, and a sketch of the Monument intended for him, and Inscription, recording his merits, literary attainments, and character.

*An additional REQUIEM will be sung in all the Literary Catholic Chapels in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the repose of the soul of the late George Chalmers!*

MORNING CHRONICLE, April 21, 1800.

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*The APOLOGIST and the SOVEREIGN;*  
OR,  
**WORDS OF COMFORT.**

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" — Regnum et Diadema tutum  
Deferens illis, propriamque Laurum!"

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

April 15, 1800.

I HAVE just heard (and I acquaint you immediately with the pleasing intelligence) that the celebrated Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS, F. R. S. S. A. so conversant in Poetry and all the Pursuits of Literature (though naturally jealous of every *Mace*, golden, leaden, or imperial), has just written a Poem of singular weight and merit. The name of the Work is, " *A Consolatory, Poetical, and Fiscal Epistle to CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P.* one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, Imperial Poet of all the Russias, Vicar-General of the great Northern Bear, and Polar Star himself to all the Lords of the Treasury, Trade, and Plantations."

The

The Apologetical Bard congratulates his ingenious literary Brother Mr. PYBUS (*par nobile!*) on the dexterous time in which he has chosen that his strains *should go through the attentive ear* of the Russian CÆSAR; and comforts him with his own example and the curious felicity of his own choice of subjects. The Apologist next holds forth his own magnanimity as an object of imitation, and recommends Mr. P. to have a complete suit of *leaden armour* in which he may defy, as he himself has done, the slings and arrows of every sensible and ingenious man in the kingdom. He then adverts to the *Chameriana* and the Letter in that collection signed ANTEOR, and tells the fiscal Poet in Latin, which is not very familiar to the Apologist, “*Ipsæ CRUCEM  
pretium retuli, sed tu DIADEMA!*” He bids him be of good courage, and, as the Latin *fit* is on him, he puts him in mind of the Emperor FRANCIS, the Emperor SELIM,

“*Animaque magna*

*Prodigum PAULLUM, superante S'WARROW.*”

The Apologist has worked off privately for his friends a few copies in his own *stereotype*, of the purest Derby *lead* font of letters. At the same time with some apology for his own conduct (which he is not apt to make) he laments his own inconsiderate offer of investigating the abuses in the copper works, as so much is now necessary to perpetuate the heads of the Treasury Lords; and in particular, as he knows that his own danger is nigh, from the meditated attack of Mr. Pitt, by a Tax on his favourite metal. He hints that he shall neither get *love nor money* for these or for any of his services, but the *amor patriæ*, the pure disinterested regard to his Country outweighs with him all sense of private propriety in any thing he does.

I shall probably send you a specimen of Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS's

CHALMERS's best heroic Urine and Arctic verses, at a future opportunity, which you will honour with your particular attention.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

BARBADORO.

P. S. You will perhaps be surprised, after I have seen the affecting and melancholy public narrative of "THE LITERARY FUNERAL of the late G. CHALMERS, Esq. &c. and the order of the procession observed in it," that HE should revisit the glimpses of the Moon and Stars in the poetical hemisphere, and "make night hideous." But so it is; and I can account for it on no other principle than Macbeth's when Banquo rose at the feast;

"The times have been,  
That, *when the brains were out*,\* the man would die,  
And there an end; but now, they rise again  
With twenty mortal gashes on their crown.—  
This is more strange"—(Than poem, funeral,  
Or e'en his own Apologies.)

#### MEMORANDUM!

I must add, the alarm that LORD LIVERPOOL has suffered from THE APPARITION is very great, and he begins to believe in the Scottish Second Sight. Several consultations have been held at the Council Office. Secretary FAWCETTER, and Chief Justice REEVES were appointed to watch last Tuesday night, on the platform near the Park: "The buried

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\* Evidently Mr. C.'s case, from all his publications, even before his decease.

*buried Majesty of GEORGE* certainly appeared;" for they both told me, (as Horatio did to Hamlet), when I asked them, in words of fear and wild amazement;

" A Figure, like great CHAELMERS;  
 Armed at point, *in lead*, all cap-a-pe,  
 Appär'd before us, and with solemn march  
 Went slow and stately by us! thrice he walk'd,  
 By our oppres'd, and fear-surptised eyes  
 Within his MACE's length; whilst we, distill'd  
 Almost to Jelly with the act of fear,  
 Stood dumb and spake not to him!"

I hope Secretary FAWKNER, and Chief Justice REEVES, will excuse my revealing to you, Sir, what "*to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did!*" I shall shortly acquaint you what happened on the night when Lord LIVERPOOL himself watched with his friend, JOHN REEVES, and give you the report his Lordship made to "*the Angels and Ministers of grace who defend us,*" I mean Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Mr. Dundas, and Mr. Windham, and others who doubted the fact; Mr. Pitt, contrary to his custom, was quite obstinate about it.

BARBADORO.

(Countersigned)

SCEVOLA.

MORNING CHRONICLE, June 10, 1800.

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**BARBADORO's SECOND LETTER.**

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*The Apparition of THE GHOST of the late Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS in the Precincts of the Treasury.*

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

ON my return the other night from the Tragedy of *D<sup>r</sup> MONTFORT*, which I consider as one of the chef d'œuvres of the modern drama in the closet, though not upon the stage, after having paid a secret homage to the genius of the Author, and to the talents of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, I sunk into a moral reverie on the passion of *Hatred*, exemplified by this great writer. Perhaps the Author has ascribed more to it than it can produce in its own nature; but as I am not writing a Critique on the Play, I only wish to observe how DEATH closes all our enmities, and with what calm and composed affections we view the objects of them when they are no more.

In the world of Letters this is eminently conspicuous; but in no instance more striking than in that unfeigned respect which is so universally paid to the *Memory of the late Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS*, after his *Literary Interment*, and the funeral honours which he received in those obsequies, which it was my melancholy lot to view as they passed, and the Account of which I read, and can attest the fidelity of the Narration.

When

When he was committed to the general Receptacle, in the grave of Oblivion, inclosed in *leaden* earments, all his Virtues blossomed afresh in the minds of all his friends, and he was *no longer* an object of hatred, contempt, or dislike. I hear now of his mildness, his amiable temper, his lively fancy, his forgiving disposition, his calmness and patience, without one irritable or irascible propensity, of his modesty and delicacy, with every virtue which could dignify and adorn the scholar and the man. There is an application shortly to be made to the new Pope Chiaramonte to *cananize* GEORGE CHALMERS; since his decease; and it is hoped that Monsignor Erskine\* the Legate here, will not exercise too rigorously the office of the *Avocato di Diavolo*†, when the late Apologist's merits are to be scrutinised. The general sorrow at his departure is excessive; and (as it happened after the Death of Cæsar, when Marc Antony opened and read HIS WILL to the Romans) the public affection has encreased for the memory of that great and good man Mr. George Chalmers.

I know a person who has perused the last literary WILL and TESTAMENT of this great Scholar, and who will certainly present the public with a Copy of it, faithfully transcribed from the Original, and who intends to transmit it to you, with other documents and particulars.

In my opinion, the Spirit of Arbuthnot himself is now hovering over the College, with all his wit and learning.

D 2

But

\* Whether he is a relation of the great and eloquent lawyer I cannot say.—The Publisher.

† In a canonization this officer is employed to *shew cause* against any Saint who is proposed to be added to the Calendar.

But as it is the custom of people utterly to forget all they have hitherto read of the late Mr. CHALMERS's Works; they may now look with eagerness for the more important sketches and improvements, of which, I hear, he has left specimens, and annexed to the schedules which he has bequeathed to his literary friends, and which are shortly to be laid before the public.

At present, Sir, all my business is to transmit to you, as I promised some time ago, a genuine copy of the Letter which was written by Lord Liverpool to Mr. Pitt, when he *watched* with Chief Justice Reeves on the night when "*the buried Majesty of GEORGE*" appeared on the Platform near the Treasury. Any original letter from one great Statesman to another is highly valuable; and the following, which is as awful as it is true, will hereafter be preserved from the records of the Council Office by the Dalrymples of another age.

If you have the slightest doubt of the originality of the Letter, in my next I will inform you on what testimony its authenticity is established.

I am, Sir, Your's very truly,

BARBADORO.

[N. B. We are sorry to delay the insertion of Lord Liverpool's Letter to the Right Honourable W. Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, containing his *Lordship's* Account of the *Apparition of THE GHOST of the late Mr. GEORGE CHALMERS*, but it shall appear very shortly.]

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N. B. *The Remainder of these Papers unfortunately cannot be found.*

CHALMERIANORUM FINIS

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*Facet Avonio nunc littere Truncus,  
Avolumque humeris caput, et sine nomine corpus!*

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THE LETTERS  
OF  
LAURENTIUS MUSAMBERTIUS,  
OCCASIONED BY THE PUBLICATION OF  
**THE SOVEREIGN!**  
A POEM,

By CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P. one of the Lords Commissioners  
of His Majesty's Treasury.

ADDRESSED TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, PAUL,  
EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS.

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MORNING CHRONICLE, March 17, 1800.

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BRAVE INTELLIGENCE from PARNASSUS!  
OR,  
A NEW POEM FROM THE TREASURY!!!

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

LETTER I.

SIR,

March 13, 1800.

I HAVE the satisfaction to inform you, that a most splendid and beautiful Poem has lately been written, and privately presented to his noble and gentle friends in Admini-

stration, by CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, Esq. one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, called THE SOVEREIGN! addressed to PAUL I. Emperor of Russia, and dedicated to his Majesty GEORGE III. The typography is superbly executed by Bensley on the very largest imperial *foolscap* paper, reflecting great honour on the printer; and I am told the design and doctrines of the writer are so meritorious, that it is much to be desired that a smaller edition of it should be printed for the public. I understand indeed, that the Ministry are of opinion, that if copies of Mr. PYBUS's Poem can be delivered *in time* to the Emperor and the Prince Suvarroff Italiskoi, the marching back of the Russian Army may be countermanded, by the sudden electrical effect of the *Sovereign* Bard! For this cause I shall not criticise any part of this ingenious and patriotic work of the amiable writer, but most heartily augur success to the effusions of his Muse.

It is the first time, during his long administration, that Mr. PITT has ever had recourse to Poetry to produce any great national effect; and he has been heard to declare that he has no objection to *The Pursuits of Literature* when directed in this manner, and whatever he thinks of the efforts of a certain unknown Writer, he is determined to patronise THE IMPERIAL EPISTLE of Mr. Charles Small Pybus. I congratulate the Country that such an effort has at last proceeded FROM THE TREASURY! When indeed we consider the airy nature of the Taxes and the Poetry provided for the service of the current year by the wisdom of the Minister, who has at last discovered what Poetry is in reality, *when it comes from the right quarter*, of what can any loyal subject rationally despair? A Sonnet to the Bank Directors may be of infinite service: and we all know that THE FICTION so poetically conceived and delivered *from that Body* to the Gentlemen

of the Stock Exchange on the night before they went up to bid for the last Loan, had nearly burthened the country with *Eight Hundred Thousand Pounds\** in addition; but Mr. PITTE, in his new capacity as a poet, outwitted the Directors with a Counter-Dithyrambic. This will be very well understood by *Goldsmid, Curtis, and Company*, in the City.

I believe the Poem of THE SOVEREIGN to be the sole composition of Mr. Pybus, unassisted by any personages but the Muses. The Conoscenti however, as usual, pretend to find out what never can be proved; and have actually marked the passages which have been retouched by the pencil of Mr. Pitt. They pretend also to point out the graver and more solemn efforts of Lord Grenville, the lively interpolations of Lord Loughborough, the airy flippancy of Mr. Canning and the Anti-Jacobin younglings, and the weighty notes of the Caledonian Secretary, poetry being quite out of Mr. Dundas's way, and wit not being considered by him as essential to finance and calculation. They tell us also of the serious strains, which Mr. Wilberforce contributed on the stirring and conjugal virtues of Imperial Potatoes; of the six lines clubbed for by Messrs. Smith, Tommy Townshend, and Sylvester Douglas, the joint Lords Commissioners with Mr. Pybus; the suggestions and the good and certain hopes (and a few of their fears) offered to the poet by Mr. George Rose and Mr. Charles Long; the greek allusions and learned rhapsodies of Lord Belgrave and the Honourable Dudley Ryder; the attic elegance and ready pleasantries of Mr. Spencer Percival; the stately march of the lines attributed to Sir John Dick, and Messrs. Leake and Batt, Commissioners for auditing the Public Accounts,

and many others ascribed to the Tellers and Deputy Tellers of the Exchequer. But I look on these insinuations as mere calumnies, the whole of the Poem being the production of Mr. Pybus. It is at present very doubtful, whether I shall obtain a copy of this magnificent work, except several private copies of it should be struck off on a small paper for the Generals and Officers, commanders in the Expeditions we daily expect in various parts of the world; in which case a certain General promised to spare me one of these poetical Manifestos.

I shall not however criticise a single line of the Poem by this ingenious Writer, but only send you an account of THE CONTINUATION OF THE SOVEREIGN which the Cabinet Ministers, assisted by their various friends, intend to compose, to be said or sung, as occasion may require. As the parts will be submitted to the Laureat, as it is very fitting they should be, my interest with that Gentleman will enable me to transmit to you the design and the details of his progress, which I doubt not you will eagerly accept, from your known affection to Ministerial Poets, and your desire to encourage young beginners. We are now in the second lustrum of the war, and I hope these new Treasury Warblers in the woods will prove worthy of the *Consul*, or at least let us say, "*Sylve sint Consule dignæ!*" But I do not mean to propose that *Anubis* shall be sent for again from Egypt, to bark in wood-notes wild at the intercepted strains of Generals and Commissioners; and I would also leave the Attitudinarians and Sirens to the Court of Naples, but recommend the binding of *Ulysses to his Mast!*

I can scarce contain myself, Sir; surely I am dreaming. Poetry from the Treasury! Every thing is to be hoped for. The grand Desideratum and Elixir Salutis are discovered;

I see

I see Learning on the high rope, with all her mountebanks about her, and the Muses are almost run mad for joy. Even so, Mr. Editor; "*Elemento gratulor, et te exultare reor!*" Fire will be stolen from Heaven, and the days of Prometheus will come back again, without a fear of Caucasus and the Vulture.

Union with Ireland, Russia, China, Prussia, Austria, America, and the Porte, will be effected by Ministers from Parnassus, and Mr. Pitt himself at the head of the Commission. Armies and odes, fleets and epistles, fuzils and sonnets, short sabres and epigrams, gold, lead, and brass, Shakespeare, Kotzebue, pantomime, farce, and grape-shot, will be all let off together in the service of Old England. "Now entertain conjecture of the time." No creeping murmurs of Opposition, no poring dark from Jacobin dens, fill "this wide vessel of the universe;" but all is light, clear, and open under Apollo; not a torch is in requisition; and the rays are felt direct from the Sun himself! But I wish to remind the more unfeigned Ministerial Bardlings, of the grand COMMONITORIUM once drawn up by my late learned friend ANASTASIUS CORNELIUS BONTEKOIUS, at the foot of the Old Mountain, and issued at large for the instruction and benefit of all the invalids and sucklings, who wish to be lodged near the summit, the air of which is at present too strong for them.

Yours, with much attention,

MUSAMBERTIUS.

MORNING CHRONICLE, April 2, 1800.

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**BRAVE INTELLIGENCE from PARNASSUS,**

OR,

**A NEW POEM FROM THE TREASURY,**

*Entitled, "The Sovereign!!!".*

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*To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.*

**LETTER II.**

**OR, A CHAPTER OF THE PRODIGIES AND PROPHETIC SIGNS  
AND SYMBOLS WHICH PRECEDED THE APPEARANCE OF  
THE TREASURY POEM!**

SIR,

March 25, 1800

IN one of the last conferences I ever held with my late most learned friend ANASTASIUS CORNELIUS BONTE-KÖIUS, of the University of Göettinghen, that excellent man observed to me that all Authors might be divided into two classes, the Authors *avowed* and the Authors *concealed*. So accurate a distinction, in my opinion, could never have occurred but to a Philosopher and Critic of his profound turn of thinking. I ventured, however, to propose a slight alteration of the terms, namely, into the Authors *known*, and the Authors *unknown*. We had a little amicable argument on the point (which did not in the least interrupt our friendship)

friendship) as I hinted that an Author might *avow himself* and yet *not be known*, and might be concealed and yet not unknown. These little subtleties, drawn from the recesses of Aquinas and Burgesdicius, were more pleasing to him than they would be to you; and to say the truth, that great scholar was more acquainted with literature than with politics. Had he lived to read Mr. PYBUS's TREASURY POEM, he might have altered his sentiments; though I never could have persuaded him to read Blair for Aristotle, nor Darwin for Lucretius. But hereafter I shall probably have recourse to the work I mentioned in my last Letter to you, Bonteköius's grand COMMONITORIUM to Poets and Orators. We shall at last be brought to confess a great truth, delivered many years ago, that "A suppression even of the very *worst Poetry* may sometimes be of dangerous consequence to the State." Henceforth this may be an aphorism in Government.

I informed you, Sir, of the intended *Continuation* of the Poem entitled "*The SOVEREIGN*," by Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, Mr. Dundas, the Cabinet Ministers, and various friends of the Administration: but you must suspend your curiosity for a few days, as I have something previous to relate. The Muses themselves are, indeed, sweet above all things; but the Signs which precede or accompany their operations are not always so. There are terrors and wonders, with much amazement, which affect their Minister the Poet, as Mr. Pybus has experienced within himself; far unlike the Minstrel of Beattie—

" *The Oracle* and Seer his birth foretold,  
And PRODIGIES appear'd in Earth and Air,  
With all that might a strange event declare:

The

*The neighbours raved and figh'd, yet bless'd the Lad:  
Some deem'd him wond'rous wise, but none believ'd  
him mad!"*

For my own part, Sir, I knew nothing which was carrying on, but, as a great observer of the *Signs of the Times*, I believed that some mortal instruments were at work; when, lo, "*The SOVEREIGN*" appeared! But I still thought there was a moral certainty that Mr. Pybus was not the only Lord of the Treasury who would dare walk within the magic circle of Parnassus; and in consequence of it, I conjectured the Poem would be *contested*, as you know now to be the case. I shall relate to you the *signs* on which I founded my conjectures.

I had long entertained a suspicion that something unusual brooded over St. James's Park. I had very frequently observed various flashes of garter-blue light, and streaks of crimson in the sky, and insects of the nature of fire-flies on the surface of the *Canal*. These appearances alarmed me, particularly as I could not explain them. But, as I had read a good deal of Virgil, I called to mind all the *prodigies* which preceded the death of Cæsar (and very terrible they were!) namely, gibbering ghosts, speaking beasts, crying ivory, sweating brass, and ferruginous light! These were much to my purpose, and reminded me that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in my Philosophy. Most certainly, Sir, the water of the *Canal* did heave dreadfully; and the region, *ci-devant* Duck and Goose Island, trembled much, the motion seeming to come in a direct line from the Treasury. I am, however, accustomed to hasten to the event like a true Poet; and, not being able to hinder *expeditions*, am eager for

\* That is, prior to the publication of his Poem. the

conclusion of them; as I am certain they will always be proved to be, to have been, and to be about to be (for Ministers love the *future in rus*) in their *Anabasis* and their *Katabasis* for the good of the Country. So I am easy, though rather eager and busy.

I observed also, about a week ago, some red tiles fall unexpectedly from the Minister's House in the Park; and I saw several persons at work over his head, but all to little purpose, for he went about his business as usual. You know, that as a good man is said to be serene among the ruins of a world breaking up; What can Mr. Pitt care for the fall of a red tile, the heaving of a Dutch Canal, or the fluttering of fire-flies?

I have further to inform you, that last week as I was walking under the vaults and arches of the Treasury, and thinking of the Minister's late contract with the Bank, my ears were suddenly saluted with a kind of operatic chorus, in the comic style, which increased louder and louder, above, around, and underneath. I listened, and sure enough I heard the voices of Ben. Winthrop, Sam. Thornton, Daniel Giles, Dick Neave, Beeston Long, Tom Raikes, and many others I knew. Zounds, said I, am I at the Hay-market Theatre? I hear Bassi, Soprani, and Counter-Tenor; I can swear to the words. Sure among his other pleasantries, Mr. Pitt has not qualified the Bank Directors for the Opera. At intervals the words, "Pape Satan—Sovran Pittini—O gran Dundas!" and other terms of magic, were distinguishable: then the united petitionary chorus to the Minister burst upon me clear, full, and plain:

*Ircò dell' Erebo,  
DEMOGORON!  
Manda pecunia  
NEL NOSTRO BORSON!!!*

Or,

• Or, as one of the very first Translators of the present age renders the words (in language which Pye, or Pybus, might despair to rival) “ *O noble Lord of Tartarus, great DEMOCORCON! fill up our bags WITH GOOD SOUND GUI-NEAS\*!!!!* ” The voices then died away, and I could discover nothing visible but dark passages, and hard stone stairs. I told Mr. Tierney of this, who was *alarmed*; I laughed at him, and said, “ Let Pitt alone, and perhaps he’ll circumcise old Daniel, and make *Soprani* of every man of them: you know he has a skilful hand at *emasculcation*. Banks, you recollect, began in *Italy*.” But privately I was not without my *conjectures*; surely, I thought, the Muses intend these vaults and chambers for their future residence, and *St. James’s Canal* for their new Permessus. I am a little superstitious, and an Opera air will sometimes confirm my fears, and you now see how just they were.

There was also another circumstance, which I thought portended THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES, and of every power which Memory bore to Jove. Allegory and Invention had found their way among the Boards of Trade and Plantations, and the Council Office was not without Poets and Magicians. I was informed that LORD LIVERPOOL had lately taken a strange fancy to talismans, books in the dark art, legerdemain sleights, and workers in the transmutation of metals. I was surprised, and pondered greatly; but when I visited the spot, I found that his Lordship actually kept at his Office a *Set of Wags*, who could transmute, qualify, strip, clothe, raise, or depress any natural, metaphysical, or political substance or phantom at pleasure, which they did for his Lordship’s amusement, when he had nothing better to attend to.

But

\* See the translation of the Opera of *Gli Zingari in Fiera*.

But there were only two of these personages whom I think proper to notice at present. The first of them is a man of unblameable character, the soundest learning, and most solid information, as I have been told and believe, but who from a brain of too ingenious a contexture, has brought his ideas of justice and regal government from *Newfoundland*. He is much admired by Lord Liverpool for his pleasant tricks and exhibitions; but he has not always been so successful in all assemblies.

Some time ago, in hope of diverting *the Commons*, (for whom he entertains a very particular respect) he carried his apparatus to Westminster, and raised up for their pleasure, a magnificent and transparent TREE of phosphoric matter. He first exhibited it in full foliage on every bough, goodly and beautiful; he then suddenly produced it as a stately trunk, without a single branch or leaf left on it, and swore it was as handsome a tree, to all intents, uses, and purposes, as before. *The Commons*, who happened to be dull that day, did not understand this legerdemain, and thought the Philosopher a little cracked; so they had him apprehended as a stroller or player, without a licence; and would fain have shut him up in Bridewell or some other convenient place, 'till the next Bartholomew-Fair; but some of his fellows pleaded bravely, and saved him. Since that time, he has invented, or rather *new-cast* and prepared, a composition which he calls singularly enough, "LIMITATION-POWDER," by a kind of definition or derivation in the true *Lucus-à-non-lucendo* style. This he makes up in four papers in a packet, a single one of which is A DOSE, which he sells reasonable at eight shillings the packet, the King's duty included; and on the outside sealed with the *King's arms*, and signed J. R. Patentee. This powder, when taken according to direction,

direction, acts in contradiction to its name, and produces the most extravagant and extraordinary effects on official characters. If you drop a few grains of it *on the tail* of a Treasury Clerk, he forgets himself and becomes a Lord of the Treasury, and will not be controlled for that day. If a Prime Minister rubs a little of it on the palms of his hands; he feels and declares himself *unaccountable*, and refuses accordingly to give any account whatsoever of himself or his measures to the House, while under the influence of the Powder. Of its effects on still greater personages I am silent.

Another of Lord Liverpool's *wags* is an old parchment-coloured gentleman from America, whom, on account of his tricks and transmutations of one thing into another, his Lordship pleasantly calls "THE CARPATHIAN WIZARD." This *Wag* cannot indeed change his own nature into any of the airy substances, like Proteus; he can neither slide into a stream, nor glisten like a *fire-fly*; but he occasionally assumes the form of a tyger, or a hyæna, but most frequently, as his Lordship and every body else frankly acknowledge, he is "*a horrid boar.*"\* When he is in his proper shape, instead of Proteus's *hook*, he has a large *leaden mace* with G. C. upon the Crown of it, as the Clerks say merrily. If you put a little of J. R—ves's "*Limitation Powder*" on the ends of his fingers, he is then sure to keep no bounds. In five minutes he fancies himself *the master of the Revels to Queen Elizabeth*; in a few minutes after, you have him in the *Campo Vaccino* at Rome, and then he raves and sees *Lucius Junius Brutus* in a trance, and swears the said *JUNIUS* was an *United Irishman*; and woe to that bold man who dares to contradict him, for he is

sure

\* *Sus Horridus.* — Virgil.

sure to be knocked down with the mace. Lord Liverpool, when G. C. is under the powder, allows him a den to himself, and a pillow of *lead*, but indeed if his Lordship gave him the softest down, he would soon transmute it into that metal. When the powder operates strongest, this CARPATHIAN WIZARD indites and writes *Apologies* for any man, or system of men, or things, living, dying, or dead. But when one of the Junior Clerks of the Council (forgetting he was under the influence of the *Limitation Powder*) asked him, rather flippantly, whether he would not write what was most of all wanted for the public, "*An Apology for himself and his conduct*," he swore he would be d—mn'd if he did, and knocked down the unhappy Clerk with his *leaden mace*, and retired growling to his den. If I had the wand of Aristæus, I could shew you all Lord Liverpool's *menagerie* in their proper shapes; but I am sorry to say at present, *Aristæo nōn eft oblatæ facultas*.

But now since THE TREASURY POEM has shone forth, we discover what all these appearances prefigured:

PYBUS once known, no prodigies remain,  
And Pitt is regular, and Portland plain.

But greater things are still behind in the fiscal precincts; the workmanship of the whole will be visible, and the inextricable mazes of it will be soon disclosed by the help of this poetical clue.

In my next letter I shall communicate to you *some other appearances* of the prophetic or symbolic kind which seemed to announce *this* great performance, which Mr. Pybus hopes that HIS MAJESTY (*King George the Third*) "will be pleased graciously to accept from THE MOST AFFECTIONATE of his subjects!!!" I would by no means con-

lder this Epistle of Mr. Pybus, in the light of Sappho's to Phaon; nor assert that the *macrology* and *pleonasm* are coupled in it throughout, (like Lord and Lady Ch—st—rf—ld, or a fat and lean rabbit), as the critics compare these figures of speech when united; but Mr. PYBUS is so full of AFFECTION, that it is hardly possible to distinguish for which of the Sovereigns he burns and glows with the greatest ardour

I who know what this *tender* passion is, and *how faithfully* it is *always* returned by THE MINISTERS AND SOVEREIGNS, recommend to him the following words which Sappho would have dictated if she had been *politically in love* with Mr. PITT, or with any other Sovereign in the universe:

" The vows, they never will return, receive,  
And take at least the love they will not give:  
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears;  
THE LESS MY SENSE, THE MORE MY LOVE APPEARS!!!"

With this I conclude for the present,

Your's most faithfully,

LAURENTIUS MUSAMBERTIUS.

MORNING CHRONICLE, April 10, 1800:

*BRAVE INTELLIGENCE from PARNASSUS,*

or,

A NEW POEM FROM THE TREASURY,

Entitled, "The SOVEREIGN!!!"

By CHARLES SMALL PYRUS, M. P. one of the Lords Commissioners  
of the Treasury!

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

LETTER III.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE PRODIGIES AND SYMBOLIC  
PHENOMENA WHICH PRECEDED THE APPEARANCE OF THE  
TREASURY POEM!

SIR,

March 28, 1800.

I Proceed to inform you of some other signs in various departments of the State, nearly as singular and expressive as those at the Council; and the Board of Trade under the Earl of Liverpool.

IN THE WAR OFFICE I have long been convinced, that the effects of Magic and Poetry were visible; and I have felt much alarm at it. The Secretary himself is a Painter in abstract, and a metaphysical Poet: he gives local habitations to airy nothings, though I do not mean to include in this

description the few Barracks and Soldiery throughout the kingdom. He has scarce a *simple* idea belonging to him; all are complex: and he has been considering for a long time to little purpose the difference between wit and judgment, preferring the former. He dresses up *mixed modes* like the phantoms in Virgil; and poor Mr. Deputy Lewis is often at loss for his meaning, and obliged to have recourse to his own son, the Monk, for an explanation of them. In the House you would fancy Aquinas or Bellarmine were dividing a question, when Mr. Windham is speaking; and *conceits*, quainter than those of Cowley or Donne, are called in to illustrate Army Estimates, and confirm the *Extraordinaries*. He is alternately a Chemist, an Anatomist, and a Taylor. In his last-named capacity I cannot say, from the *dresses* in which the Members now think proper to appear in the House, that an enemy could desire (in the Secretary's own phrase) "*to cabbage from any of their coats.*" The Secretary rarely suffers his fine figures to be destroyed by their determined foe; common sense, from his poetical love of the *gout de travers*. He is so compacted of imagination that he is sometimes even jealous of himself and his own meanings, and now and then, to use the words of an ancient Poet,

" Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more,  
And fears his hind feet will o'ertake the fore!!"

After one of his most refined explanations on a late question, a young, airy, classical, anti-jacobin Member of the House (who really declaims very prettily at *set times*, and prints what he declaims) said to a neighbour on the Treasury Bench, " If things are as Mr. Windham has painted them, I must say, if you can excuse the *Latin*,

*Ludimus effigiem Belli, simulataque veris  
Prælia, buxo aës fictas, et ludicra regna!"*

One

One of the Secretary's most pleasing performances (since the Poetical Yellow Fever has seized on the Cabinet) is a new Translation of the fable of the Country and City (or rather the Court) Mouse. The public table and the viands set upon it are admirably described, and the folly of starving a cause, which he never would consent to:

He knows what's handsome, and will do't,  
On just occasion, *coute qui coute;*  
*Cheese* such as men at Whitehall make  
(No need of Stilton for *our* sake).  
Yet, to his Clerks tho' no way sparing,  
He ate himself *the rind and paring;*  
Scarce of the *Cheese* would touch a bit—  
But shew'd his breeding and his wit,

The homely fare of the labouring and active,\* and that of the Emeriti or *Retired* Mice *near the Park*, is painted delightfully; but I cannot proceed with it now. The whole office is under the wand of Circe and the touch of Midas; and nothing but Rhetoric and Fable can account for its proceedings—of which more hereafter. Was I not justified in my apprehensions?

The

\* The Deputy Secretary had above 18,000*l.* a year from fees, &c. the principal Clerks in proportion, and two old *retired* Clerks had 5000*l.* a year each, on their resignation, by compromise and agreement.—These abuses are now regulated, and exorbitances repressed by great interference. Much yet remains to be done on the subject of *Agencies*; and I have no doubt it is in contemplation shortly to establish a public office for that specific purpose, and abolish *private agencies to regiments*. The mode which is pursued at present on any vacancy, points out the intention, for which the army and the public will thank the Commander in Chief.—THE PUBLISHER.

*The Signs of the Times* led me next to consider the state of THE ADMIRALTY; and some appearances there seemed also to portend that *indescribable something* which Mr. Pybus has since called into being. If there is any REALITY belonging to us, which we see and feel, it is the Navy of Great Britain; but even here the Daemon of Poetry has been observed to hover. A little while ago, other *dreams* than those from Helicon prolonged the slumbers of the late First Lord; and he was never heard to assert that *Aurora* was friendly to the Muses or the Nereids. Indeed, by one of the transitions in which our English State *Poetry* abounds, from sea to land, that noble Peer is now A GENERAL IN THE ARMY!\* One would think it would be as natural to see a Dolphin in the woods. Painters and Poets, however, attempt *every thing*; and the new code of criticism adds Statesmen to the number of Adventurers!

The love of Union and Coalition led Mr. Pitt to interrupt the learned leisure of LORD SPENCER with views of *rostral* dignity; and a more honest and upright man he could not have found. He came, indeed, to the direction of the Admiralty as Lucullus did to the command of the Roman Legions. The uncontrolled power of the Trident is his own. Around him indeed, as the *new Treasury Poets* tell us, we may see the senior Choir of Glaucus, with Palæmon and the bands of Phorcus, Melite and the *Panopcean Virgin*; and, I believe, it will be readily acknowledged that the minor Lords of the Admiralty are rather the ornaments, than the partners, of authority, best described by Virgil, "*Nesæ, Spioque, Thaliaque, Cymodoceque.*" The transformation of the ships in the *Aeneid* is esteemed a bold fiction: but, if the wand of the First Lord could be extended, and would convert with a determined energy *our West India Mails and Packets* into WELL-ARMED SLOOPS

\* Lord Chatham.

**SLOOPS OF WAR,** we should not so frequently bewail their loss as we now do:—the Genius of Transatlantic Commerce would bless him, and the spirit of perilous merchandise would revive in alacrity and *confidence*.

But, alas, Sir, we have more to contend with than we think, and from quarters unexpected; nay, the witcherites of this magical art have been called upon to act *politically* from beneath. Even from the grave LORD SPENCER has admitted A MESSENGER OF STRONG PREVAILMENT, and he has actually *interchanged Love-tokens*\* with the departed Spirit of the Avon. I must confess I never have been easy since the late lamented Mr. George Steevens, with the most refined judgment and penetrating strength of thought, by a gift which would have honoured the proudest Monarch or the most consummate Scholar, consigned HIS OWN SHAKESPEARE into the hands of Lord Spencer, as an eternal Monument and pledge of true affection to that learned Peer, and—to himself. I had always before this hour numbered Shakespeare among our best guardians: but this ingenious yet unfortunate device of Mr. Steevens will divert the current of Lord Spencer's attention *in-land*. With Shakespeare, and with every allurement which the curious diligence of Mr. Steevens has added to decorate and illustrate his genius from the Sister Arts, can it be wondered if his Lordship turns aside to Theseus and Hyppolita, to Pease-blossom and Cobweb, to Oberon and Titania, from the conversational charms of Sir Philip and Mr. Wallace, however fascinating, and from the dispatches of Mr. Nepean and Mr. Marlden, however instructive? This, Sir, is among the alarming signs of the times which have subsided since the appearance of “THE SOVEREIGN!” *Sternitur equor aquis!*

I must now inform you of the last *prodigy* which I shall select on this awful occasion. I have had an opportunity of observing *Classical* authorities most unusually prevalent in THE EXCHEQUER; and instead of Domesday and Liber Niger, the Tellers have spruced up their offices and crowded their shelves with such Authors as Horace, Virgil, and Ovid's *Metamorphosis*. I went for a *Debenture* the other day, which I expected was ready for me, and Mr. Freemantle, one of the Deputy Tellers, with an "*Ille ego qui quondam*" in his mouth, said, "Faith you must wait a week or two, and as you see *how* things are going on, when you come for a *Debenture*, remember, *DEBEMUR morti nos nostraque!*" I was confounded, as it was not the *Scaccarian* Latin I was accustomed to. When I went down stairs to the room with the blue and white check-cloth on the table to ask for a *Tally*, my old friend Mr. Lambe told me that *the Tallies* were not now made of common wood, but cut from *the enchanted forest* under the immediate direction of *Ismeno* himself. I was ready to sink with apprehension, and as I remembered I was to call for some *Exchequer bills* just issued, I went into the Office, and was still more surprised, when Sir John Peter and Mr. Cudlippe assured me, that they were all now signed with *the very blood of the Tree* in which Polydorus formerly, and Mr. Reeves lately, were inclosed. The Clerks and the Messengers seemed more like Bards and Prophets with wands, than pens and slaves. Such is the effect of THIS GENERAL DESCENT OF THE MUSES ON THE TREASURY!

The Government of this country is absolutely become a region of allegory, poetry, and metaphor: there is not a terror of the time left, but all things are calmed, or metamorphosed with verses and spells, till we are induced to think with Macbeth, that "*nothing is, but what is not.*"

It

It is not my fault if the account of these preceding *Prodigies* is long; for I think it is interesting. As to this much-expected "CONTINUATION OF THE POEM OF THE SOVEREIGN" by all the Members of the Cabinet and the friends of the Ministry, I hope to begin my account of it, if possible, in my next Letter. But when I called on the Laureat this morning, he told me he had as yet only received a part of the *Prose-Introduction* to it, in which, however, some lines written by Mr. Pitt were inserted, which he assured me were harmonious, manly, clear, and sublime; and that I should be at liberty to extract any part of the manuscript which I pleased in a few days. "I am convinced, even from this specimen," said the Laureat, "that Mr. PITTS is as great and perfect a Poet as he is an Orator, Statesman, and Financier; and I think he confirms what has been said, that "a piece of Poetry may be the *most innocent* composition of a Minister." But at present I am determined to place him on the same shelf with Dryden, when he prints his own Poetry, as my Lord Pybus has done." The Laureat concluded significantly by saying, "There is the same difference between these two lordly Bards as between Waller and Dryden." "Pray, what is that?" I asked. "If you do not recollect," he replied, "attend to this:

"Pybus is smooth; but Pitt aspires to join  
The Prussian *pause* with Austria's *varying line*,  
S'warroff's *resounding march*, and energy divine!"

As soon as the Laureat has communicated the papers to me, you may depend on my laying the contents before you.

I am, Sir,

Your's faithfully,  
LAURENTIUS MUSAMBERTIUS.

MORNING CHRONICLE, August 26, 1800.

*BRAVE INTELLIGENCE from PARNASSUS.*

OR,  
A NEW POEM FROM THE TREASURY,  
Entitled, "THE SOVEREIGN,"

ADDRESSED TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, PAUL, EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS, AND "under the peculiar circumstances of the case," (a), DEDICATED TO HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, BY "the most AFFECTIONATE (a) of his subjects," CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P. ONE OF THE LORDS COMMIS-  
SIONERS OF THE TREASURY.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

*Errantem canimus prope NEVÆ flumina PYBUM,  
Ut Puero PAULLI Chorus affirixerit omnia,  
Uique ad Petropolim researçint Carmina PYBI!*

LETTER IV.

CONTAINING MANY LEARNED REFERENCES, AND DEEP MEDICAL ALLUSIONS OF FORMER TIMES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE, APPLIED TO THE FISCAL PRODIGIES OF THE PRESENT AGE, WITH SOME OTHER SYMBOLIC PHENOMENA AMONG MEN OF SCIENCE, WHICH PRECEDED THE APPEARANCE OF THE TREASURY POEM.

[N. B. This and the following Letter (No. IV. and V.) are intended principally for the Lovers and Patrons of Learning and Natural Philosophy; but, as they will be read also by all the Cabinet Ministers and their friends, it is respectfully and kindly hoped that SIR WALTER FARQUHAR, BART. Physician to Mr. Pitt, will, when consulted, explain the Latin Medical Passages to Mr. Dunpat, Mr. Rose, and any other Vernacular Gentlemen who may desire to be favoured with a free Translation.]

SIR,

April 14, 1800.

I AM concerned to acquaint you that, when I paid a visit to my friend THE POET LAUREAT this morning, in  
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(a) Mr. Pybus's Dedication, page 1.

the hope of perusing a part of "The Prose Introduction to the Continuation of THE SOVEREIGN, by the Cabinet Ministers and their friends," he informed me that he had returned the manuscript for a few days, by desire, to Mr. Dundas, who intended to correct some of the English idioms. Mr. Pye said, the Amansuens of the Cabinet had promised to return it soon, and he would acquaint me when I might read it, and make the extracts I wished. To say the truth, I am not sorry that Mr. Dundas sent for it, as it gives me an opportunity of laying before you many additional circumstances, which preceded MY LORD PYBUS's Poem, or which have struck the fancy of some of his readers, my friends, as analogous to the subject. As the Public, you find, must wait a little for the Continuation, which is so eagerly expected, from the supposed pathos and sublimity of the subject, in such hands as Mr. Pitt's, Lord Grenville's, and Mr. Windham's, it will be left now a little longer for ANY SOVEREIGN to decide with Martinus Scriblerus, "*Whether he loves a possible Poetical Angel better than an actually-existent Fly?*"

I have a very fine copy of "THE SOVEREIGN," bound by Kalthoëber in red Morocco, ornamented with borders of gold and purple bands, with the barren Crown of PAUL in radiated glory, and the pregnant head of MY LORD PYBUS in full fiscal dignity. I value it, indeed, beyond all other works; yet, as I know no use of any book if it is not read, I have lent it in turn to several of my friends.—"Pore over the leaves, I say, as much as you please, but only take special care of my Lord's Head, for it will not always be to be purchased in such fine preservation."

Among the select friends to whom I lent the Poem, is a Physician of uncommon talents, a man of great parts and quickness, erudition and memory; if I were to mention a particular

particular trait in his character, it would be to name him, which it is not my intention to do. He called upon me yesterday and returned the work. He told me also that he had read all the prodigies and symbolic phenomena which I had recorded in my second and third letters to you; and added, "I verily believe that the learned and philosophical world have also given signs of the great event; and if you look at some late works, you may think so too." I replied, I had no doubt that all things had suffered a convulsion, and, like the Treasury, had become feverous; and shook. With all my medical friend's learning he is a little extravagant, and his fancy combines the most dissimilar ideas, but always with ingenuity; and so I humour him. The light of the meridian sun is not more pleasing to him than darkness and storms at intervals. He is a brooding politician, and will often hold discourse of analogies, plastic principles, conservative virtues, institutes natural and royal; and then he will start aside to a Rumford stove, and the power of steam. He has as much Greek as the late Euripides Musgrave, but with infinitely more political knowledge and discretion.

As he came in, he muttered something about Consuls and Ministers; and then cried out to my surprise, "If JOHNNY REEVES's constitutional doctrine of the *true Sovereignty* of Great Britain and Ireland can once be set aside by any lawyer-ing logic, or parliamentary legerdemain, on either side of the House, I cannot see how a British Prime Minister in a short time will differ from a French First Consul, or a ci-devant Papal *Servus Servorum*."—

"Upon my word, my good Doctor, you must settle that point yourself,"—"Then, said he, as to that new-proposed alteration

alteration \* of the Income Act."—" You go off too fast," I replied.—" No, I do not; 'tis a kind of preternatural torture from *extravagation*."—" Hold, hold, said I, I don't understand a word you say."—" Then I'll tell you in plainer words in my own way what you will comprehend.—I saw yesterday a vigorous plethoric young woman in the month, who shrieked fearfully when her own babe applied (as Shakespeare terms it) his boneless gums to the nipple and drew the milk; yet she thrilled with pleasure."—" That is rather a disease," I cried.—" To be sure; but what think you? This country approves the principle of the Income Act, and approves it heartily, and from its fostering breast will give the tenth of her milk; but I conceive the proposed mode will be barbarous and agonizing in the drawing off."—" It would be so if carried into execution; but be easy, the friends of humanity in the House will prepare emollients, and prevent the danger." He was silent for a space, after he had indulged himself in this allegory.

Presently after he said, " This Poem of MY LORD PYBUS has a joyful aspect, and the artificer has recommended it to our senses. The work indeed is not superior to the materials, but the benefit to Great Britain and *all the Russias* will be prodigious. I assented, and he fell again into a reverie, which he broke by saying, " How can all the wants of this country be supplied?"—He then became more calm, and talked of medical literature, and asked me pleasantly, " My friend MUZ (for that d—mn'd long name of yours *Musambertius* must be shortened) pray have you got in your study the celebrated Treatise of HARVEY *de Generatione Animalium*?"

\* Printed for the use of the Members before it was debated in the House, and most wisely rejected. April 1800.

*Bristolian?*"—I was astonished. "What can you wait about the generation of animals? What odd combinations have you in your head? I have got Harvey's works certainly, and I suppose that treatise is among them. I have heard he is an expressive writer."—"Expressive writer! That is a very faint character indeed of that great and illustrious man. Excuse me, but I never could bear to see Scotch arrogance lay the fame of HARVEY at the feet of Hunter. *Tu maximus ille es, Unus qui nabis.*—But perhaps you are not aware that Harvey is also an allegorical and political writer."

I waited, for he paused; but soon after said, "Perhaps you may think so too, friend MUZ, when you consider *the Generation of the Supplies.*" Proceed, I am all attention."—"Why, Sir, HARVEY has actually described the process of a debate in the House on *THE Generation of any new, and great Tax.* The greater the tax, and the more alarming the measure, the more applicable are his words: Reach me Harvey's works; the enthusiastic and creative energy is upon me. I have not read the Treasury Poem for nothing; sure I am in the Sibyll's Grotto."—I assured him he was not, but in a very different place, in one of the Inns of Court.—"Yes, yes, you are right, MUZ, but this PYBUS is a Sorcerer; and whether I am in the grotto or not; I am certainly in the Chamber of Allegory. Give me the book."—"Here it is, my friend; but what then?"—I was at a loss to conjecture what he would prove or illustrate; but after a few minutes he resumed his speech.

"Let us turn to the TWENTY-EIGHTH EXERCITATION OF HARVEY, on this awful and mysterious subject: '*Ovum non fieri sine Gallina, nec secundum effe sine Gallo!*'—"Go on, Sir, I am eager to hear."—"By the Gallina is here evidently

evidently and incontrovertibly meant, the *Island of Great Britain, and all its internal resources*; and THE MINISTER in the execution of his office, I pronounce to be the *Gallus*. You agree of course; this is plain."—I muttered something about Pitt, and Philodemus, Horace and the Galli.—"Nonsense," he cried; *what can you doubt of?* Is not the very **OVUM MUNDANUM** itself at this hour under the influence and organs of THE MINISTER, to fecundate it in whatever manner he pleases?"—"It must be so confessed," I replied. "But now to the point—THE GENERATION OF THE SUPPLIES! Pybus has filled me from the toe to the crown topful of direct allegory.

"Consider, Sir, when the House of Commons is first moved on an important measure of finance, and the spirits and the mortal instruments are in council on the work of **TAXATION**, how cheerful are the members, how elevated they appear around their great Choragus! Now hear HARVEY. '*Cum se ad hoc munus accingunt, mirum dilecti quanto illos spiritu afflatis intus regnans cupido effera!* *quam ornamentis illustres et gloriabundi se se offendant!* *Quantis viribus polleant, omnesque in pugnam proclives sunt!*' But when the Taxes are voted; when the public fecundation is completed, and the supplies are generated; what says Harvey? '*Collapsis viribus, sedatoque pristino fervore, animum nuper ferocientem despontent.*' The pause, or intermission which sometimes takes place when Taxes are debating, one by one, or clause by clause, (as in some great involving measure of *solid finance*, for instance THE INCOME ACT,) when the members doubt and hesitate, mark again, how appropriate, and how affecting are the words and imagery of HARVEY, on whom Apollo conferred the spirit of augury and of poetry. *Near, ye Mates of either House!*

Quin-

*“Quinetiam, durante jucundo hoc Choragio, statim submissi  
et pusillanimes cernuntur, quasi memores, dum aliis vitam  
largiuntur, sese ipsos propere ad interitum  
ruere!”*—This is true of all and each, but of THE GALLUS himself.” “Upon my word, you are very pleasant and allegorical, indeed, Sir.” “Hear the conclusion, friend Muz.” He then took a little breath for a few minutes, and, with greater energy than before, he exclaimed, “THE HARVEIAN LAMP now burns yet brighter! The prophecy is more determinate, the figures glow, and the subject becomes more fervid, when THE MINISTER HIMSELF is displayed in terms and language accommodated to his mighty spirit and intrepid character. He feels the resources *within himself*, and sings his own hymeneal in St. Stephen’s; he partakes not of the general languor, but congratulates himself on the commanding and *constitutional* energies which he alone is able to call forth, and to exert unwearyed. Here, indeed, it is not the Physician who writes, it is rather the Poet who inspires, and the Orator who dictates. Do we not see Mr. PITT himself before us in the house, when the *generation of the supplies* is completed? Is not the picture full and adequate? ‘**SOLUS GALLUS NOSTER, semine spirituque plenus, se contra erigit alacrior, alarumque plausu et voce triumphans, ipsemet propriis nuptiis canit Hymenæum!!!**’ The Physician here ceased, and quitted my room rather abruptly, and left me musing on all the *latent* powers of political medicine and allegory, which my Lord Pybus had roused. Being fatigued I had recourse to my Lord’s Poem, and read till a sweet and deep sleep, like the sleep of placid Death, fell upon me, and recruited my powers, which had been rather overstrained in the fiscal colloquy.

[ 65 ]

In my next Letter I shall proceed to unfold various passages in some *transactions* of the last year, which have hitherto been deemed *philosophical*; but the *Signs of the Times* have convinced me that they are of a serious, subtle, and political tendency, which seem to have ushered in the appearance of THE SOVEREIGN on a benighted land.

Believe me, Sir, yours faithfully,

LAURENTIUS MUSAMBERTIUS.

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MORNING CHRONICLE, October 24, 1800.

*BRAVE INTELLIGENCE from PARNASSUS:*  
OR,  
*A NEW POEM FROM THE TREASURY,*  
*Entitled, "The Sovereign,"*

ADDRESSED TO HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, PAUL, EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIANS, AND "under the peculiar circumstances of the case" (a), DEDICATED TO HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, BY THE MOST AFFECTIONATE OF HIS SUBJECTS,

CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P. one of the (Right Honourable) Lords Commissioners of the Treasury.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

*Errantem canimus prope Nevae flumina PYBUM,  
Ut Puero PAULLI Chorus affurixerit omnis,  
Utque ad Petropolin resonarint Carmina PYBI!*

LETTER V.

CONTAINING MANY LEARNED REFERENCES, AND DEEP MEDICAL ALLUSIONS OF FORMER TIMES IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE, APPLIED TO "THE FISCAL PRODIGIES" OF THE PRESENT AGE; WITH SOME OTHER SYMBOLIC PHÆNOMENA AMONG MEN OF SCIENCE WHICH PRECEDED THE APPEARANCE OF THE TREASURY POEM!

N. B. This Letter (like the 4th) is intended principally for the Lovers and Patrons of Learning and Natural Philosophy; but, as they will be read also by all the Cabinet Ministers and their friends, it is respectfully and kindly hoped that Mr. CANNING, and Sir WALTER FARQUHAR, Bart. Physician to Mr. Pitt, will, when consulted, explain the Latin medical passages to Mr. DUNDAS, Mr. ROSE, and any other Vernacular Gentlemen who may desire to be favoured with a free Translation.

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(a) Mr. Pybus's Dedication, p. 1.

## LETTER V.

*"Je vous jure, sans jurer, que tout est vrai ; en foi de quoi les Enfants de la Science mettront la main au Symbole de la Conscience."*

BENOIT DE VERVILLE, Châtelain de l'Eglise Cathédrale de Tournai

SIR,

August 29, 1800.

THE Physician, whose pleasant, eloquent, and *Political* Commentary on HARVEY's Treatise *De GENERATIONE ANIMALIUM* I communicated to you in my last Letter, called upon me again yesterday; and I was glad to see a man of so much knowledge, wit, and humour. I enquired of him, if he had made any *new* researches lately, or discovered any hidden analogies; as a person of his quickness and industry would consider the philosophical and poetical world together, since my Lord Pybus has blended so much of both in THE SOVEREIGN, in which the digression outstrips the principal subject, with other strange things "*not insufferably clever, nor furiously to the purpose,*" as Gabriel John says, speaking of the intelligible world. He replied, " It is true, I do generally find instruction mixed with pleasure, and all things shew it. I talked to you of Harvey *De Generatione* when I saw you last; and Benedict says, ' The world must be peopled;' and the Royal Society is of the same opinion, or they never would have recommended the late John Hunter's '*MYSTERIOUS SYRINGE (a), or the Anti-Peristasis of Generation,*' as I call it. The President and Council are not very nice about the mode of it, and let Mr. EVERARD HOME explain whatever he pleases, as you may see by turning to the Work. Celestial Beds and Earth Baths are idle experi-

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ments

(a) *Philosophical Transactions* for 1799, part 2, p. 161 and 162.—*Veneris monumenta NEFANDA!*

ments after this; and Dr. Graham was a fool to Hunter and Home. Never let me hear again of '*Oh, che sciagura!*' But, I am persuaded that this Society alludes only to *Political Regeneration*, about the means of which some folks are certainly not very squeamish."

" Natural Philosophy (I replied) has now Societies and Institutions which are all ROYAL: but, notwithstanding this, I will never consent to give up my honest and ingenuous old friend WALKER and his naivete; and I think the Ladies will be very ungrateful indeed, if they desert *the old George* for *the new Albemarle*. What GALLUS composes, LYCORIS should read: I appeal to Mr. Pitt. I never will forsake GEORGE; for the hope and *ratio* of all our studies are placed in THE SOVEREIGN alone: I appeal to my Lord Pybus." " True again," he said.

" Nay more, he rejoined; has not Mr. EVERARD HOME, in his essay on the structure of the teeth of the *graminivorous* (b) and *carnivorous* animals, plainly unfolded the whole growth of the matter of taxation, when he describes first the vascular *pulp*, then the cavity of the *capsule*, and next the *viscid fluid*, partly absorbed, and partly *inspissated*; or in other words, from the germ of Sir Robert Walpole, to the solid system of Finance completed by Mr. PITT, and now at last, for the use of parliamentary amateurs, ' *chrystalized* and *enamelled*' by that great dentist. Indeed it must be confessed that finer sets of *teeth* were never enjoyed or used than by the present ministers; though certainly their friend, the Emperor Paul, appears to have dropped many of his *dentes sapientiae* in Holland, Italy, and Germany, to very little purpose."—" How all events lead us to PYBUS!" I replied; " and, as Shakespeare's *Biondello* observes, ' He  
has

(b) *Philosoph. Trans.* 1799, pt. 2. p. 237, &c. &c.

left me behind to expound the meaning and moral of the signs and tokens (c)."

"Yes, friend Muz, but the world must not only be peopled and have teeth, but they *must have something to eat*, and must be comforted, warmed, and economised, or in other words, *Rumfordised*. But, Sir, the communications of this philosopher have a hidden meaning, as I shall convince you."—"Pray prove it Sir, I am all attention." The physician then proceeded, as follows :

"The ingenious Count Rumford, (who generally loves to set people at work, and then *kindly* leaves them to shift for themselves, while he turns some other new purpose) at a time when the world is *heated* from one end of it to the other, has instituted a very curious enquiry. The seeming import of the paper I shall not question; but in reality I have not a doubt that the Count has a secret allusion to the House of Commons, in the passing of THE INCOME ACT, in his enquiry concerning *the weight of heat* (d). The Speaker, Mr. ADDINGTON, who loves hot and cold air alternately, when scientifically (e) introduced and judiciously blended, is said to favour this investigation. The Count seems evidently to admire the present general *calmness* and temperature of the house, notwithstanding '*the vertical currents*' which now and then affect Mr. Pitt and Mr. Tierney. He is, in possession of an excellent balance for the experiment of weighing heat; and accordingly he suspended two equal sized bottles, prepared *secundum artem*

(c) Taming of the Shrew, Act 4.

(d) Phil. Transact. 1799. P. 2.

(e) Many members, who sit near these *spiracula* in the H. of C. can tell this to their cost; but *Speakers* must be indulged in their philosophical freaks.—PUBLISHER.

eriment for the purpose, one of which he called F.\* with a specific quantity of *pure distilled water*, and another with an equal weight of *weak spirits of wine*, which he called P.\*: he weighed them both first in a room 'regularly heated by a GERMAN flue,' and then in a large room, 'fronting the north, where the air was quiet, and kept so, by a bonny Chemist of the name of DUNDAS. The weight of the bottles differed but a little; but I refer to the treatise.<sup>4</sup>

The Count then seems to hint at, and lament the feebleness of most of the principal chemists of the national laboratory, except one sturdy, able-headed, strong workman from the *Borough*, who never loses a day's work, and though he is always near the furnace, yet nobody says his hands are dirty. In the present very active and complying state of the house, all *warmth* of Opposition is useless; and it is as true in political, as it is in natural philosophy, that bodies when heated are certainly not increased in weight. This doctrine is universally agreed to by the Treasury Bench, when the Minister appears in blue and gold, full dressed after a drawing-room.

If Mr. Pitt cared a farthing for philosophy, and learning, his own ingenuity might easily adapt the Count's concluding words on this experiment to his own purpose, when the new *Income Bill* is again introduced into the house. He might say, "Mr. SPEAKER, If the weight of gold (I suppose, Mr. Editor, he has been just exhibiting some finished samples in the closet) is neither augmented nor lessened by one millionth part, upon being heated from the point of freezing water to that of a bright red heat; (evidently

\* Allegorical bottles. Mr. P. always admired the Bottle Conjurer.—PUBLISHER.

(evidently and most poetically alluding to the state of the country, and his own solid system of finance, which will bear more heating yet for our preservation, and to his most judicious and beautiful ascent from the triple affliction to the decimated income, which is so universally admired,) I think Mr. SPEAKER, "we may very safely conclude that all attempts to discover any effect of heat upon the apparent weight of bodies, will be fruitless." i. e. From all the reports and experiments of the Committees, it appears that our purses are just as weighty now, as before the heat of the House had been applied to them; and are really as heavy as ever they were, "Any thing herein to the contrarywise notwithstanding."

I leave you, Sir, to determine what is the nature of Citizen Count Rumford's philosophy; while, as my Lord Pybus sublimely sings,

" (Great Pitt's) establish'd glory thus defies,  
The power of Poesy, that never dies; (e)  
Though quarries are consum'd, and millions spent,  
When the whole Empire forms one monument !!! (f)

So easily will such poetry unite with such philosophy, and compose The SOVEREIGN, which the French call the People, but we, the loyal subjects of this realm, will for ever call OUR BELOVED KING! (g)

The

(e) i. e. My Lord Pybus's.

(f) Pybus's Sovereign, p. 24.

(g) Some few persons, however, on the Civil List, now and then ask Mr. Pitt rather shrewdly " *Ma se è Rè, perche non paga?*" See the Opera of THEODORE, King of Corsica, who registered his Kingdom for the benefit of his creditors.—PUBLISHER.

The next subject of rational alarm in these Philosophical Transactions of the ROYAL Society, and prophetic of the Treasury Poem, is a Treatise of a mixed nature, I mean, MR. GEORGE BIGGIN's communications on THE GALLIC ACID, and the *Tanning Principle* (*h*). In this Treatise, speaking of these two principles, the Philosopher most profoundly observes, that "If they are not both useful, probably one is detrimental!" Caution, you know, is the essence of true Philosophy. Mr. Biggin next tells us, that the Bark is applied *in mas*s (a dangerous French phrase); and he then appeals with the greatest composure (and as if he had done nothing wrong) to HIS GRACE OF BEDFORD (I was alarmed violently when I read the passage), who actually *gave him* (Mr. G. B.) "*the means of prosecuting some experiments on the GALLIC ACID!*" The words which follow are more and more alarming; for shortly after the Philosopher states, that "by a saturated solution of *sulphate of iron*, he procured a *test* for THE GALLIC ACID!" By this he evidently can mean nothing but the principle of the French Revolution let loose, and in activity, from the *test* which he actually procured from the Duke of Bedford.

I would have written instantly to Mr. Colhoun and Mr. Ford; but in the final result of his remarks on this *French Tanning*, Mr. Biggin gives unequivocal signs of true patriotism, in words which my Lord Pybus should versify in the next Edition of his Sovereign. "As THE GALLIC ACID (says Mr. B.) does not seem to combine with the matter of skin, and as its astringency will corrugate the surface, we may conclude, that it's presence in tanning (the European and American, but in particular the British and Irish skins) is NOT ONLY USELESS, BUT DETRIMENTAL!"

These

(*h*) *Philosoph. Transact.* 1799. Part 2, p. 259.

These singular passages seemed to portend the appearance of some great work, which would illustrate with a powerful pen these great and sovereign truths.

I have been disturbed also, but in a less degree, by the ingenious Mr. CORSE's account of the *Afasic Elephants*, and the mode of their dentition (*i*), in the same Transactions; but as I read on, my fears were turned into a kind of exultation and an *Io Triumphe*. Indeed, Sir, no one can doubt that the tendency and real meaning of Mr. CORSE's paper on the *Afasic Elephants*, is political from the beginning to the end; since the MARQUIS WELLESLEY has prevented *the crossing the breed* with the *Gallic species* by (what Mr. Corse terms) "an indiscriminate intercourse partaking of the qualities of their respective progenitors."

The wise and decisive measures of this distinguished Nobleman, and most able Governor of India, has certainly prevented "the growth of new teeth, and the ossification, and formation of the fangs from going on," as Mr. Corse expresses it, and as it was intended: Mr. C. observes admirably, and with undoubted relation to this event, that "after the second year, the mouth of THE ELEPHANT (produced by the mixture of the Gallic and Mysore breed) would have been constantly filled with as many laminæ of grinders on each side as it could have held;" and, I believe, I may add to the utter extirpation of the Bengal kind.

I refer to the original Treatise; but the true intent cannot be better exemplified in Mr. Corse's Plates, No. 6, 7, 10, 11, and 12, than in *all* the late dispatches from Lord MONTGOMERY from India to the court of Directors; but particularly in that consummate and masterly composition, HIS LETTER ON

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(i) Philosoph. Trans. Pt. 2, p. 205.

the 20th of April, 1799, ON THE CAPTURE OF SERINGAPATAM. I think you will agree with me in considering it as the ablest State Paper which has been exhibited in these eventful times. I am told, that Lord Mornington (who not only loves Latin Poetry, but writes it well himself) concluded a private letter on this subject, and on the prowess of the soldiery, to one of his classical friends, with these energetic verses;

Singula complecti cuperem, sed densior instat  
Gestorum series, laudumque sequentibus undis  
Obruimur, CÆSI post effera bella TYRANNI!"

And speaking of the increased weight and extent of the Government of India, he exclaims,

*Obstupet hic proprii spectator ponderis ATLAS!*

So many, Sir, and so various have been the symbolic terrors and prodigies which have shaken the world of philosophy, letters, and politics, before the appearance of the ethereal sun of PYBUS, in the arctic hemisphere of Poetry.

From this partial survey, under a rational degree of alarm and apprehension in the present time, you perceive, Sir, that the Philosophical Transactions of the ROYAL SOCIETY are not such idle and insignificant works, as ignorance has represented them to be, but pregnant with interesting, awful, and political matter, worthy of a society which sprung, like Minerva, from the head of The SOVEREIGN.

Indeed, Sir, from all these various considerations and signs of the times, I cry out, with the learned Mr. GEORGE ROSE, a gentleman equally conversant with the secular odes of Horace and Pye, "*spem bonam, certamque domum reporto!*" If we therefore compare the sublimity of Pybus with

with the flights of Pitt, and the poetry of the *Second Lord* of the Treasury with the *fiscality* of the *First*, we must exclaim in strains worthy of Homer (*l*)—

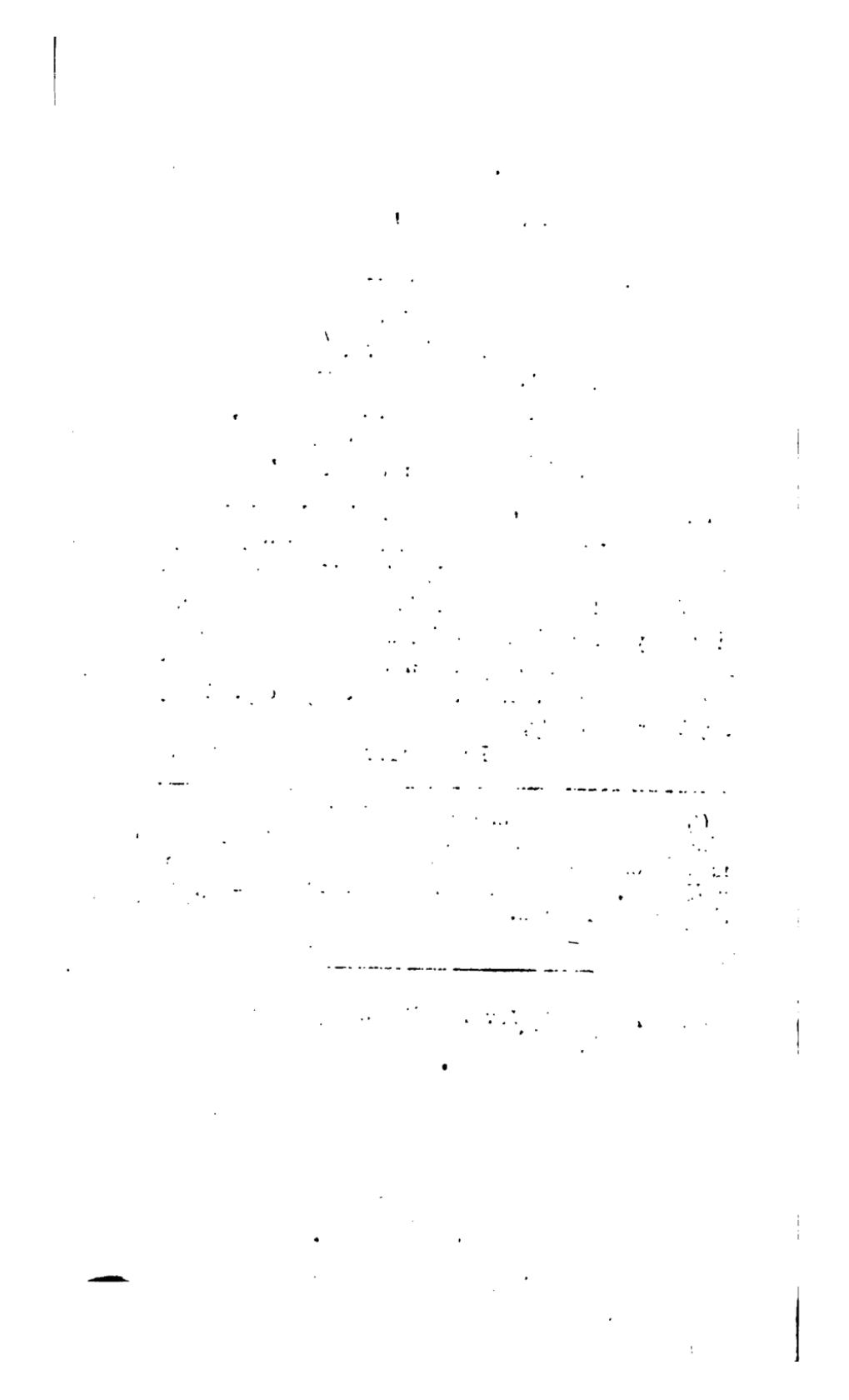
“ ——— Nay, should as high  
*As Pelion pil'd on Offa volumes lie,*  
 And cloud-capt heaps of panegyric raise,  
 This couplet would contain their sum of praise;  
*Taxes and Verses* were their constant aim,  
 Their deeds are equal, equal is their fame.”

I hope, Sir, shortly to acquaint you that I have had better success in my endeavours to obtain a sight of “ *The Continuation of the Sovereign by the Cabinet Ministers and their friends.*” If I should not be so fortunate, I shall communicate to you some further particulars which I intended to suppress. But I know you will forgive me, as *existing circumstances* justify every thing and every body. I am, Sir, Your's faithfully,

LAURENTIUS MUSAMBERTIUS.

(*l*) Pybus's *Sovereign*, p. 25. N. B., The great Critics of the present days, when they would give an instance of the sublime or pathetic, adopt the ὅ δε πῶς of Longinus, or “ *How does HE express it?*” meaning PYBUS, as Longinus always means HOMER.

N. B. *The remaining Letters on this interesting subject have been sought for in vain,*



# THE ORGIES OF THESPIS!

OR,

## THE MYSTERIES OF PARNASSUS AND CASTLE HOWARD!

A SERIES OF LETTERS

ON

THE EARL OF CARLISLE's TRAGEDY,

*Called, "The STEP-MOTHER."*

By PETRONIUS ARBITER.

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From the MORNING CHRONICLE, August 20, 1800.

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To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

### LETTER I.

CONTAINING PRELIMINARY REMARKS ON FICTION  
POETICAL AND POLITICAL, BEFORE THE AUTHOR  
OF THE LETTERS RUSHES INTO THE MIDST OF THINGS.

" De grege non ausim quicquam deponere *tecum*;  
Est mihi, namque, domi *Pater*—est *INJUSTA NOVERCA*!"

VIRGIL, or LORD CARLISLE to the Manager of Drury-lane Theatre.

---

SIR,

June 18, 1800.

WE are assured by Critics that all Poetry is fiction: but of this doctrine some persons have entertained doubts, and in particular the admirers of Lucan, among whom we must name as the first and chief the great Corneille. The soul of

man

man has been declared to be peculiarly susceptible of feigning and of falsehood, or, as some term it, of Lies, according to the nature of its peculiar qualities, which have been very philosophically deduced in modern times. It is indeed so extremely easy to write and speak *truth*, that no superior faculties need be experienced in the employment, and there is no gratification in it of a delicate or an exquisite kind. Thus, when the EARL OF LONSDALE undertook to build a first rate man of war for the Defence of Great Britain at his own private expence, he naturally thought that the Country would be as well pleased at his *astonishing* declaration as with the accomplishment of his promise, because he argued thus—" If I perform it, or not, Surprise has no second part."

A Gentleman, who wrote at the beginning of this century, *Taurino vultu*,\* assures us, that we have a right to *private truth* from our neighbours, and to *economical truth* from our families; but that we have no right at all to *political truth*, and that " the People may as well all pretend to be Lords of Manors and possess great estates, as to have *truth* told them in matters of Government." It is not my province to prove or disprove this, or to declare in whom the right of this political coinage from the mint of *fiction* is vested; for I think that all parties assume it by turns, and issue the specie with great success. The *vinegar* of Hannibal is now contrasted with the *sliding* of Bonaparte, and the Island of De Foe and his *Parrot* with the *Isle des Saintes* of Mr. Pitt and the prattle of Privy Counsellor Canning; with all the notes, prefaces, comments, and translations of all the *intercepted Letters* from Mr. Mazzinghi's celebrated Epistles to those of the armed Chiefs and Savans of the Egyptian Dynasty.

The

\* The Historian of John Bull,

The reason, indeed, why people attend so little at present to *Poetry* is this, that the state of the world is such as no fiction ever yet could conceive or paint; and the comfortable existence (for so it really is, in spite of all things) of our whole nation is preserved and secured, with an annual expenditure of near SIXTY MILLIONS STERLING: and Mr. Pitt “recreates his soiled sprite in that delightful land of Faery,” and, instead of regaling himself with Spenser, revels with Adam Smith in the Paradise of Finance\*. The exploits of Alexander in the East sink before the gallant armies of a Company of Merchants; and a future Curtius will give us the *res gestæ* of a Harris and a Baird with the Commentaries of Henry Dundas; such scenes indeed surpass fable, and are yet true. Nay, as the EARL OF CARLISLE sings in his new Tragedy, *Singing*, as I suppose, in allusion to Mr. PITT’s eloquence in the House of Commons on that subject—

“ ‘For Death, I can’t help thinking, that the elements  
Have fir’d his tongue, to save themselves the trouble  
Of thundering !’ ” (a)

Or, as the same noble Poet *sings again*, in allusion, as I suppose, to the cavalry embarked in the late secret Expedition to Holland, in an affecting or witty dialogue between two Servants—

FREDERICK.

\* We beg the Writer’s pardon for even adding a note to his works, but certainly Adam Smith is no longer among the Minister’s *books*. Adam Smith is banished by Lord Liverpool to the “land of Faery,” and now Ministers are fain to proceed without *books*!—PUBLISHER.

(a) Lord Carlisle’s Tragedy, act 1. sc. 2.

FREDERICK.

" Well, Gentlemen, have you found *your Horses?*"

FRANCIS.

" We have lost *ourselves*, and *found nothing so good!*" (b)

But in all these severe allusions, I do not find in the Tragedy that his Lordship has ventured on such an extravaganza, as to bring in an Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops, or a British Minister paying less than the quota of above two-thirds of the whole armed Alliance.

Sir, I am so possessed with the imperious *power* of fiction (like Mr. Dundas's *domineering Army*, which was all destroyed in the West-Indies), that you must forgive this Pierian heat, which makes me digress, though very much to the purpose of this country, even in the beginning of my *Commentary*. I hear the grinding of Mills, and the hissing *chartered Ovens*; I hear the lowings of *contracted Oxen* in Smithfield and St. Stephen's Farm; the expressive lamentation of Lord Galloway on the loss of his Arm-Chair; the Courtship of Cato and Cornelia, or the Armours of the *preux Chevalier Guillaume* and our Lady of the Bank; and all the Armourers of the Excise closing the rivets up, and consolidating the *Income* of the land. I hear these and other sounds yet more terrific (if indeed more terrific can be heard), and I fly to the *poetry* of former ages for relief, such as was found in the days of Shakespeare, when Queen Elizabeth restored the overplus of the Taxes to her subjects. *Oh, che bel deliro!*

How sapiently therefore, and how judiciously does Lord Carlisle declare, in the admirable *Preface to his Tragedy*, that he, as a buskin'd Knight of the Garter, " has not had recourse

(b) *Lord Carlisle's Tragedy*, act I. sc. 2.

recourse to recorded (*d*) History, or the invention of cotemporary Writers." (*e*) His Lordship's penetration saw it would have been as absurd in him, as if Mr. Sheridan, in his *Tragedy Rehearsed*, had made Lord Burleigh speak; or as if the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers were to expatiate on the devotions of any Prime Minister, though they might make him sit out public prayers four or five times a year with decency, or hear a sermon, as a prelude to a feast. No. Sir, the noble Tragedian, like Mr. Pitt, declares, that "he has recalled the attention of the public to *our own Resources*, instead of turning *for supplies* to foreign warehouses of treasure;" and wishes, like him, to *ascertain* the fact, whether our *native mines* of riches have, in reality, been *exhausted*, or whether they have not been *capriciously neglected*," (*f*) by injudicious measures of finance, poetical and political, and for that purpose the Tragedian and the Minister have sounded all the depths and shoals of *domestic Income*.

By way of agreements, Mr. Pitt has learned the art of Gardening from a French Abbé, and has *digested* the poetical Manual of all *Sovereigns* by his fiscal brother, my Lord Commissioner PYBUS; and he has lately (in anticipation of his own future obedience to Hymen) co-operated with Lord Auckland, another State-Poet, in the province of ancient wisdom with the hoary Fathers of verse;

CONCU-

(*d*) It is difficult indeed to decide what his Lordship has had recourse to, except his *flirtation* with the *supernatural Girls of the North*.—PUBLISHER.

(*e*) Lord Carlisle's Preface to his *Tragedy*.

(*f*) Lord Carlisle's Preface, as above.

CONCUBITU PROHIBERE VAGO, DARE JURA MARITIS;  
*Infelix!* utcunque ferent ea facta *Minores*,  
 VINCET AMOR!

This is but a preliminary letter of introduction to more profound remarks in politics and the kindred arts; and as the *Critique on PIZARRO* has gratified the public taste from patrician(g)-pen, I flatter myself that an attempt to display the beauties of THE STEP-MOTHER will not be less successful. Indeed if Mr. Sheridan, the translator of Pizarro, had contended with his Lordship, like the two Swains in Virgil, the one for a *She-Calf*, and the other for a *Cup*, poetical justice must allow with Damætas,

*Si ad Vitulam spectes, nihil est quod Pocula laudes!*

But as Lord Carlisle trusts himself to the closet, and Mr. Sheridan to the pomp and circumstance of a theatre, I leave the division of modesty to be settled between them. Yet if we look to the Conqueror of Peru; and the *Ambassador* to the United Northern States of America in later days, we must decree the laurel to Mr. Sheridan, and the olive to his Lordship. (h).

I am, Sir, your's with regard,

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

(g) Written by Lord Carlisle.—PUBLISHER.

(h) Lord CARLISLE went over as *Ambassador* during the American War, invested with the *Green Ribband*, as *Profeisseur en gaie science*. This was more adapted to the character of a Poet, who hates all restraint, than to be *gartered at the knee*, as he now is. All Poets are painted as loose in their attire; so one of his Lordship's predecessors is described;—

*A Slip-shod Sibyll led his steps along,  
 In lofty madnes's meditating song!*

N. B. *The Sequel of this Letter cannot be found.*

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*The following Letter is inserted out of its place, but the Morning Chronicle which contained it could not be found at the time of printing the 36th page of this Collection.*

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**BARBADORO's THIRD LETTER;\***

ENCLOSING

T H E   L E T T E R

FROM

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL

TO

THE RT. HON: WILLIAM PITT,  
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, &c.

---

*To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.*

SIR,

June 10, 1800!

I HAVE a particular satisfaction in sending you an Original Copy of LORD LIVERPOOL's Letter to Mr. PITT on the awful subject of "the Apparition of THE GHOST of the late GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq. F. R. S. S. A. after his Literary Interment!" It is a genuine and well attested Document, and will be valuable to future ages, if the Records of the Councils of this kingdom are preserved with zeal and fidelity; and will be an additional proof of

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the

\* See p. 36 of this Collection, for the Letter to which it alludes.

the unremitting attention which the present Ministers of this Country have uniformly and religiously paid to Literary men—*after their decease.*

I am, with regard, Sir, your's,

BARBADORO.

"A LETTER from THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL, President of the Board of Trade, &c. &c. &c. to THE RT. HON. WILLIAM Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. &c. &c. containing a faithful Narrative of all the circumstances which attended the Apparition of THE GHOST of the late GEORGE CHALMERS, F. R. S. S. A. in the precincts of the Treasury, after his Literary Interment!"

#### ATTESTATIONS TO THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE COPY.

"WE, whose names are undersigned, do attest the authenticity of the following STATE PAPER.

BARBADORO the Elder, Privy Councillor for the Affairs of Corsica, Ceylon, Surinam, Quiberon Bay, and other British Possessions;

SCEVOLA, the Younger, Assistant to William Flint, Esq. the Superintendant of Aliens, and to C. Goddard, Esq. Collector and Transmitter of State Papers.

JOHN SOWERBY, THOMAS LACK, GEORGE DOWLEY, Clerks in the Office of Trade, &c.

W. POLLOCK,

W. POLLOCK, W. H. HIGDEN, W. HUB-  
KISSON, G. HAMMOND, S. ROLLESTON,  
Under-Secretaries and Clerks in the Secre-  
tary of State's Offices.

RICHARD TULLY, Interpreter of Oriental  
Languages.

JOHN KING, Law Clerk.

JOHN BRUCE, Secretary of the Latin, and  
other unknown Languages.

ELIZABETH STACEY, Housekeeper to the  
Board of Trade and Plantations.

ELIZABETH LIPCHFIELD, Necessary Woman,  
to all the Members of the Most Hon. the  
Privy Council.

---

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL  
TO

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM PITT.

*Dei, quibus imperium est animarum, umbrasque silentes,  
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia latet,  
Sit mihi fas modo visa loqui : sit Numine vestro  
Pandere res altæ terræ et caligine mersas !*

---

THE FESTIVAL OF THE VENERABLE BEDE, LEGAL  
MONK.\*

MY DEAR SIR,

*Office of Trade and Plantations,  
May 27, 1800.*

YOU have been so much accustomed, in the long course  
of your astonishing Administration, to every thing which is

G 3

strange,

\* A beautiful phrase used by Lord Carlisle in the H. of L.,  
and greatly admired by Lord Kenyon.—PUBLISHER.

strange, portentous, and alarming in the State, that the magnanimity of your spirit will never suffer you to shrink at terror either at home or abroad. You have heard the screams of death, and the clamourings of the obscure bird; the snortings of the war-horse, and the thundering of reviews; you have seen and felt the agonizing convulsions of all nations, and the pride, circumstance, and pomp of defensive war. All this, Sir, you have heard and seen, and have sat down unappalled at the roughness of the Season, consoled and calmed by the *sure and certain hope* which our common friend Mr. GEORGE ROSE has brought home with him. That very ingenious and profound author and most able and diligent Servant of the Treasury, like the *matin bee*, gathers for himself the fragrance of the thyme, and the sweets of every flower-bed on the banks of Thames, and in the groves of Hampshire.

Mr. George Rose indeed pretends not to soar in the empyrèum with the Laureat, nor to fling the hand of power across the harp of PYBUS. That Treasury Bard so wildly daring and so irregularly great, the sovereign of *your* willing soul, the Mador of the North, will confirm the strength of your spirit and the animation of your genius. He will best declare to *you*, from the trembling of the laurel and the inspiration of the tripod, what it is your duty *yet* to avoid, and what you *must* maintain.

*Quæ prima pericula vites,  
Quidve sequens, tantos possis superarē labores,  
NATE DEA ! NAM TE MAJORIBUS IRE PER ALTUM  
AUSPICIIS MANIFESTA FIDES !*

But I have other subjects to engage your attention; for though it is *certain* that Heaven hides nothing from the views

views of Ministers, yet the deep tracts of Tartarus and the invisible world are also ready to disclose their secrets to the Cabinet. I believe no man lamented more than you and myself the departure of that great and admired Scholar and Gentleman, the late **GEORGE CHALMERS**, F.R.S. S.A. when he left for ever the world of learning, common sense, and good manners. I saw him *quietly inurned*, as it was my office and my desire to do, and I then thought that ingenious and laborious personage would have rested in the grave. You and I approved the honours which were paid to him with such propriety and solemnity at *his LITERARY FUNERAL*; and I know how keenly you regretted the uneasiness which you so innocently occasioned to that worthy man, in his last literary moments, by the tax you meant to propose on *Sheet-Lead*. But *the late GEORGE* said, as he lay expiring, that as he should shortly be no longer a burden or *weight* upon the Country, he forgave you as a man and a Minister.

I know, Sir, that you are well acquainted with the Annals of the Deceased, (which are rather longer and more profound than those of Tacitus,) with his Estimates and beautiful digressions, and that story of the dramatic Cock and the Warwickshire Bull, (I mean no offence to Mr. Wyndham), and the Baronet's Chest, and other pleasantries, which have enlivened the hours of your retreat at Holwood, and already fill the shelves of your visionary Library\*. Indeed of late I am convinced, that your head has been

*wool-*

\* Mr. Pitt kindly entrusts Mr. Soane with the plan of a Staircase for his Library, but he will not commit to him the erection of *a new House of Lords and Commons*, which he reserves for himself, as the National Architect.—PUBLISHER.

*wool-gathering,\** and your unmeasured ability has reduced the whole concentrated evidence of a great Yorkshire Manufacturer into the words, "*I cannot tell,*" with as much ease and dexterity as you did the essence of a long and interesting Debate on THE CONSULAR LETTER into these terms, "*I am not sure.*"

Our poor departed friend GEORGE CHALMERS indeed made *Apologies* for every one *but himself*, as the Poet says,

Mindless the while  
*Himself*, though fairest *unsupported flower*  
 From his best prop so far, and *storm so nigh!*

And we all know that *you* have proposed him in this respect as an object of imitation, since Kings, Emperors, and States have received a similar apologetic kindness from your eloquence, and with the same affectionate exception. But whether GEORGE seeks the laurel or the olive, I fear they will bloom alone in metaphor for the departed Grammarian, or the august Monarch.

Your Right Honourable † Colleague has instructed you in the duties of THE SOVEREIGN; but Horace has raised you still higher, and set before you the example of Jove himself. Nay Homer has, for your emulation, depicted the honours of the Saturnian brow, and taught you how to shake the heaven and the earth. At *your* command, and at *your* nod, the Sovereigns of Europe must bend and become subjects themselves; and when you reflect

on

\* Alluding to the curious debate on the Exportation of Wool in the discussion of the Articles of the Irish Union.

† My Lord Commissioner PYBUS.

on your triumphs over the opposing Titans, you may assume  
the God, in title and in effect.

*Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis!*

*Clari Giganteo triumpho,*

*Cuncta supercilio moventis!*

Whether State-Affairs can be *moved* otherwise, I shall not decide; but adoring millions have felt the Olympian *super-*  
*cilium* of PITT.

Romances, Sir, have often been the delight of the wise and great; and my desire of relaxing your political labours would incline me to recommend to you the magic of the forest or the mysteries of *the Castle*, if I had not myself a subject to unfold of strange and thrilling horror. It has been asserted by a poet, that *when the brains were out, the man will not always die*; and your experience, literary and political, must induce you to confirm the doctrine. I have never been very conversant in poetry and legends, till lately, since I have applied sedulously to Talismans and the dark arts to explain the phænomena of State. In these studies I have been marvellously assisted by that learned Wizard, Chief Justice REEVES, my first and ablest *Familiar*, and by my late Cousin and Counsellor in riddles and affairs of death, the ever-lamented GEORGE CHALMERS, who little dreamed he should so soon himself visit the drear and unpleasant region. But that good man is no more. I have been informed lately in a dream, when under the influence of my Talisman, that when GEORGE first appeared in a certain place, the Spirits en masse took him for GRISBOURDON THE SECOND! and hailed him on his arrival in terms which were not strange to him, as he had so liberally bestowed them on others during his mortal existence.

ence: The Spirits startled at the sight of him, and cried out—

*“ Oh quel Frêcheur! moitié blanc, moitié noir,  
Portant crinière en écuelle arrondie!  
Au fier aspect de cet Animal pie,  
Les Cordeliers, riants d’un air malin,  
Diront tous bas; “ CET HOMME EST JACOBIN!”*

Indeed, Dear Sir, my Office has suffered much from his loss and departure, and I often start at the Council Table (as you must perceive) when I think of **GEORGE!** My classical and polite friend Mr. Fawkener has felt the most acute and excruciating pains from his absence, and our best *Constitutional Lawyer* and very learned Chief Justice of *other times*, the amiable and affectionate John Reeves, is now absolutely without consolation. Patroclus, as Lord Grenville will acquaint you from Homer, once appeared to Achilles; and Creusa to Æneas; and I believe you have already been informed, that Chalmers has revisited the regions above, and appeared to his bosom friends Fawkener and Reeves. They told me of the dreadful apparition, which I heard with my ears and hair erect, and yet was I inclined to be incredulous. But now being familiar with the dark science, I consulted my register of the Stars, when *Saturn* would be in the *trine aspect*; and having discovered it, I told them the next day, that as I knew them to be men of honour and veracity, I would give credit to their report, as Hamlet did to Horatio and Marcellus, and would *watch* myself in their company after I had performed some proper ceremonies, and dressed myself for the awful occasion, as my books prescribed, I persuaded them to undergo some rites of purification with

with myself, and shall now unfold to you all that passed on this terrific night, when we peeped through the blanket of the Treasury, and the Stars seemed for a while to hide their fires. Here I shall pause for a moment over my departed friend the late George, in the precincts of the Council and Cabinet.

*Prodigii actus cælestibus, offa piabo;  
Et statuam tumulum, et tumulo solemnia mittam,  
Æternumque locus CHALMERI nomen habebit.*

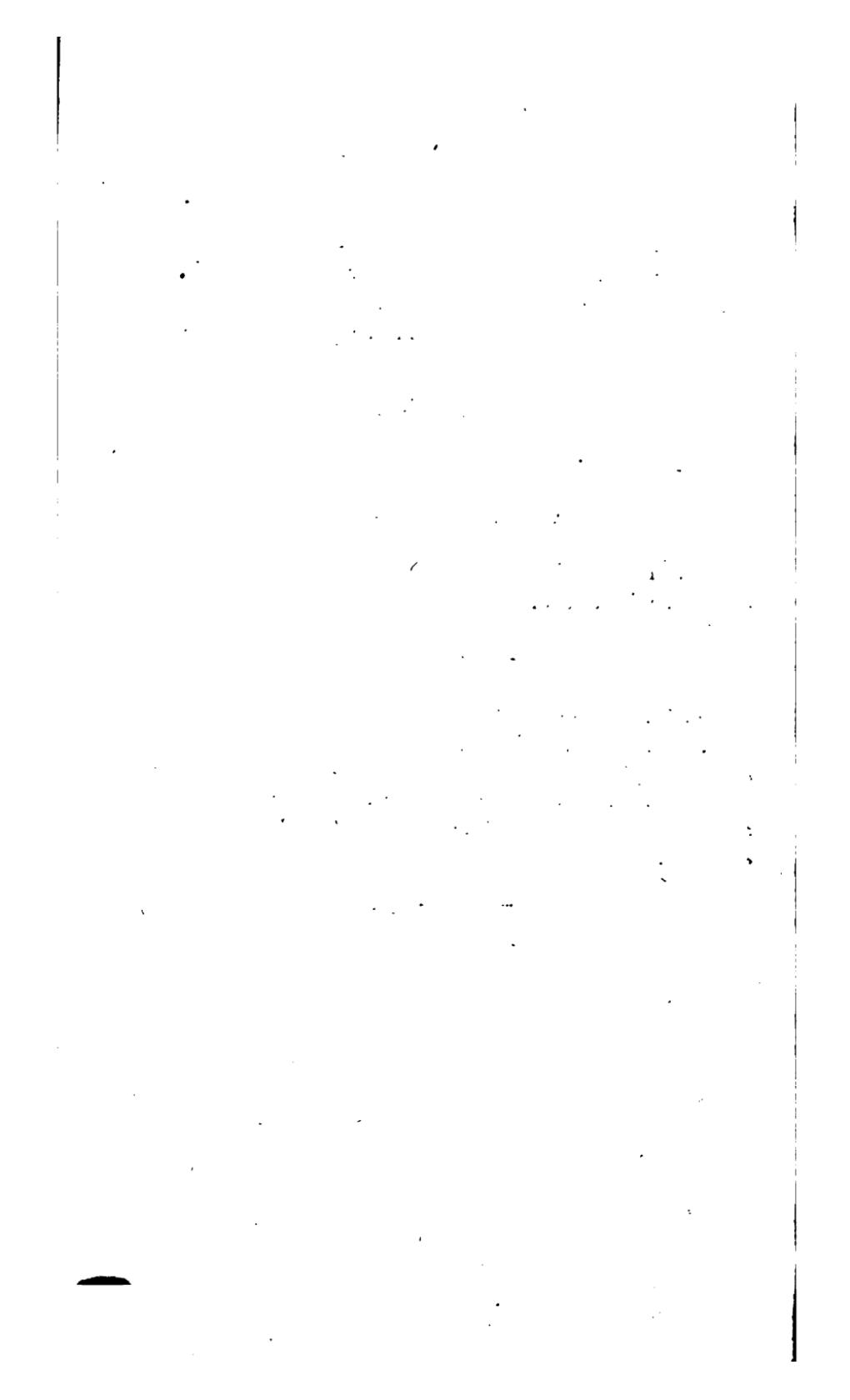
\* \* \* \*

N. B. The remainder of Lord Liverpool's Letter shall appear in a day or two,

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N. B. *The Morning Chronicle and other Papers have been examined, but it does not appear that the Remainder of this interesting, awful, and affecting Letter ever was printed. Recourse however has not yet been had to the State-Paper Office; and some hopes are entertained from the kind assistance of Mr. Goddard and Mr. Bruce in that department.*

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The following Papers were transmitted anonymously to the Publisher of this Collection, and are printed without alteration, as he received them. Whether they were ever before printed, did not appear from the manner of their communication.

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## HORROR! HORROR! HORROR!

or,

### THE IMPERIAL CONCERT AT THE GREAT ROOM IN THE OPERA HOUSE,

APRIL 23,

### SAINT GEORGE's DAY!

---

*Odo il fieno di barbari accenzi,  
Veggro il fumo che intorbida il giorno!*

---

SIR,

April 24, 1800.

WE live in an age of wonders, terrors, prodigies, portents, and signs, which have pervaded courts, theatres, exhibitions, law, physic, and divinity, and at last have infected MUSIC itself. I read in the Papers this morning that the Directors of the *Ancient Concert* had with singular felicity selected the *Masque in Macbeth* to regale the most gracious and angust ears in the kingdom. As I doubted the fact, I borrowed a book of a Subscriber, and behold—it was so. What would the wits of the Anti-Jacobin have observed on this occasion, had that ingenious Paper been in existence; the Empire would have been declared to be in danger, and a Committee of Secrecy appointed to examine the *Masque*. Had I been there, I should have expected the Justices,

Justices, for *Hops* are innocent to this, and *Bull-baiting* is meritorious and exemplary. I love the tremendous words of the (*a*) *Masque!*—But, Sir,—to celebrate the Murder of *Duncan* in the Opera Room, and the fall of *DARIUS* (*b*) in the Opera House in one and the same week—“ It is not, nor it cannot come to good.” The words are before me; I will calm my mind by composing

### A COMMENTARY!

I lay my ground on historical facts. Many years have elapsed since every Monarch in Europe was fatally persuaded to purchase one of *Katerfelto's* BLACK CATS; and I remember I told Lord North, who was Minister at that time, that I thought it was no good sign, as there was witchcraft in the animal, and I was sure that some Revolutions in Europe were at hand. I never read the opening of the *Masque* without terror;

“ Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd !”

That men who love Monarchy, like the Subscribers to the Ancient Concert, could sit and bear this *in the presence*, is astonishing; but that a Director could *select* it, makes me tremble. I do not know if the Cabinet Ministers were all there, but I am told that the Stadholder, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishops, the Master of the Rolls, the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Judges, the Lords and Ladies of the Bed-Chamber, the Officers of State, and the Maids of Honour, heard the music even to rapture. To add to this

(*a*) THE MASQUE in Macbeth; the words were written by Sir William Davenant, and set to music by Matthew Locke.—PUBLISHER.

(*b*) Alessandro e Timoteo, on the night before.

this sacrilegious horrour, and the subject of the Masque, the music was by LOCKE. Had there been one true Anti-Jacobin present, he must have fainted. LOCKE, as we are told, was the immediate cause of the American Revolution, and *has introduced more discords* in the political music of the time, than Boccherini himself. But, Sir, who can now bear the name of Locke? Why don't they appoint Reeves the *Maestro di Capella?*—It is idle to tell me it was Matthew Locke who composed the music in the time of Charles the Second: I know better.—Again.

“ ‘Twice and once *the Hedge-Pig* whin’d.’ ”

Nothing can be plainer that “ *the Hedge-Pig*” is IRELAND, whining and squeaking in the *Incantation against the Union*. *The Hedge-Pig* is a sworn enemy to Black-Beetles. More matter for solemn thought.—Again.

“ *Harper* calls, ‘tis time, ‘tis time!’ ”

This expression is a word of fear. *Harper* is a corruption of *Harpies*, as some observe, and bring it home to us. Others declare, it comes from the Greek *harpazo*, to tear, ravish, and plunder, and from which the modern French derive their riches and constitution. It is astonishing that such *Addressees* could be borne in such a place. Others, more mild in their fancies, pretend that the allusion is to the great Citizen of America, *Harper*, and admire the judgment of the Directors, in the invocation of the ablest *Wizard* beyond the Atlantic against the tyranny of France. This last explication might reconcile the company; but I doubt it from the context.

The next passage relates to Ireland strongly by an apostrophe from the First Witch on one side of the water, to the First Witch on the other.

“ Speak,

" Speak, Sister, speak, is the deed done?"

This evidently alludes to the rapid transmission of the articles, passed from one Parliament to the other, as a mere matter of form to have them ratified. Presto! The Second Witch answers:

" Long ago, long ago;  
Above twelve Glasses since have run."

But how it was possible for a Director to suffer the next line, perplexes me,

" Ill deeds are seldom, seldom slow."

But this does not relate to Ireland, but France. The Minister, or FIRST WITCH in the Incantation, having the materials of his caldron before him, such as, " sweltered venom, toes of frogs, baboon's blood, noses of Turks, and lips of Tartars," sent from the *Master of the Tiger*, is met by HECATE, or the Genius of Britain, personified in Parliament against *Macbeth*, or, as I can have no doubt, against BONAPARTE, who is meant throughout in this awful Masque. The allusion is next to the Cabinet itself, in Downing-Street, on the articles of *Union*, which with the two Schedules may be considered as nine in number.

#### CABINET CHORUS!

" The weird Sisters, hand in hand,  
*Porters of the sea and land,*  
Thus do go, about, about;  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up NINE!"

And when a Messenger from a certain House in the Park was announced, the First Witch cries,

" Peace!—the Charm's wound up!"

This

This exclamation must have brought many little things to recollection. The Minister then took a sudden flight in a *Solo* part against THE CONSUL in the Masque,

**AIR, by Mr. PIT.**

"Drops distill'd by magic sleights  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As by the strength of their illusion,  
Shall draw ~~HIM~~ on to his confusion!—

(Here a barbaric symphony of horror, supposed from the Pit of Acheron, or the *Conservative* Senate; after which the Minister resumed.)—

"But hark, I'm call'd—my little Spirit, see,  
*Sits in a foggy Cloud, and calls for me!*"

Mortals *in a cloud* seldom see a great distance off; but they may observe that, on the Gallic Coast,

"The worst of creatures *fascist propagators!*"

After this there was a pause; and the Band struck up in another symphony of horror con furia e strepito, and the Performer representing Mr. Pitt sung *faccendo*, as I was told, against Bonaparte.

**AIR, by Mr. PIT.**

"Dread horrors still abound  
In every place around,  
As if in death were found  
Propagation new.  
He shall, he will,  
He must, spill  
Much more blood,  
*And become worse, to make his title good!*"

(Here Madame Banti, recollecting the fate of Italy and the approaching campaign, fainted, but a few drops being administered to her by Lord Darnley, she soon recovered.)

After this Air there was another pause, and in allusion to the answer to Bonaparte's Letter, a few lines were introduced from the Tragedy itself.

**RECITATIVE ACCCOMPANIED. *Basso Softenuto.***

“ Advise him to a caution—some ‘holy Angel’  
Fly to the Court of England and unfold  
His Message—that a swift and solemn blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering Country  
Under a hand accus’d !”

After Lord Grenville's reply, and the Income Tax being fixed on a *solid* basis, the Minister proposed,

“ Now Let's dance !”

**CABINET CHORUS.**

“ Agreed, agreed !”

All this allegorical music and words would have filled me with various sensations, had I been present; but the Bishop stood it out, and Lord Chancellor Loughborough kept his wonted serenity, though the Stadholder yawn'd a little; but I should have thought the Death of Duncan would have roused all the powers and martial ardour in the room. No such thing; but in their stead, new propositions for *dancing* from the Minister.

**AIR, by Mr. PITTE, repeated.**

“ Let's have a *dance* upon the heath;  
We gain more life by *Duncan's death* !”

Strange to relate, there was as much apathy in the Concert Room as if they had been enquiring about *Duncan's Logic*, on the motion of Mr. Secretary Wyndham. There was indeed something introduced for a moment about “ *involving fumes, intellectual day, and rising reason.* ” harmonized, I suppose, by Greatorex, and at intervals was heard, in a *sotto voce*, the *Flavian Chorus*,

“ *Doni Pace ad ogni core !* ”

But

But this was short: the Masque went on, about Macbeth's title, and Duncan's Death.—

" We should rejoice, when good Kings bleed!"

I am glad I was not there, and still more that I was not one of the Directory. I expected I knew not what, " a deed without a name!" *Rejoice*, indeed, Sir?—Yes, still farther—More references to the time, all formidable.

#### HECATE.

" When winds and waves are warning,  
Earthquakes the Mountain \* tearing,  
And Monarchs die despairing,  
What should we do?"

Then, Sir, as if a single assent were not more than enough, the Jacobinism of the Chorus increased louder and louder;

#### CHORUS.

" Rejoice, rejoice!—we should rejoice!"

—That in such an Assembly, composed of the Court, the Parliament, the Army, the Volunteer Corps, in lawn, crape, scarlet, blue, and ermine, *such* sounds should have profaned the ear of Majesty, was more than I thought a Musical Directory was capable of proposing or ordering. One Gentleman's eyes began to swim, he shrieked and fainted, as if under the influence of animal magnetism; the company was much alarmed; the Stadholder waked; Lord Willoughby de Broke gave the Gentleman a pinch of snuff; Lord Uxbridge assisted; and as the Gentleman came to himself, the noble Director assured him there was no cause for alarm, and shewed him the Book of the Performance. There was

H. 2

not

\* Robespierre's party, still prevalent in France.

PUBLISHER.

not one word in the Masque about *good Kings bleeding,* and *Monarchs dying,* it was only about "*despairing MORTALS, and good MEN dying,*" as the Directory had altered the offensive passage with loyal judgment.

This, Sir, is all I have to communicate on this important subject, which disturbed my mind so fearfully. The Gentleman, as I heard, left the room, as the Masque was proceeding, and a Tenor Voice was singing this

" **AIR by the Minister, and CHORUS by the Treasury Bench,**  
full dressed, in the House."

" Sometimes we dance on fens or furze,  
To howl of wolves and bark of curs!"

(Evidently alluding to the Opposition howling and barking in their motions about Bonaparte and the Peace;)

" Or if with none of these we meet,  
We dance to the echoes of our feet!"

*Cætera desunt.*

If I had been present, Mr. Editor, you should have had a fuller Report; but perhaps "a Committee of the House" may be appointed to sit upon this, and I will send you "The Resolutions, &c."

Your's,  
**A HANDELIAN ANTI-JACOBIN.**  
FROM THE IVORY GATE.

N.B. It does not appear that a Committee of the H. of L. or C. was ever appointed to sit on the subject of this Performance of THE MASQUE IN MACBETH, for which it is difficult to account. They do say—  
PUBLISHER.

[ 101 ]

April 27, 1801.

SOME ACCOUNT  
OF  
AN UNPUBLISHED STATE WORK IN MS.  
IN PROSE AND VERSE,  
ENTITLED,  
*THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS!*

DEDICATED

TO

ALEXANDER, *Emperor of all the Russias;*  
BONAPARTE, *First Consul of France;*  
THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO;  
POPE PIUS THE SEVENTH, *elected March 14, 1800;*  
W. P. *the legitimate Representative of JUDAS ISCARIOT in Great Britain and Ireland;*

SELIM THE THIRD, *Emperor of the Turks;*  
Their late and present Excellencies JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, Presidents of the United States of North America;

JOHN FITZGIBBON, EARL OF CLARE, *Lord High Chancellor of Ireland;*

LORD VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, *the late Hibernian Secretary;*

AND

The Right Honourable the Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, *Imperial Poet of all the Russias.*

---

No. I.

*En, SCENA ut quis sit discedat frontibus, utque  
Purpurea intexti tollant aulae Britanni!*

---

THE Account which will be given of the great Work entitled "THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS," will claim attention from the learned, critical, idle, consequential,

political, and poetical readers, and now and then from another species nearly extinct, (and almost a non-descript in Cabinets, Courts, and Senates,) the Lovers of their country and of political consistency. AN EMPEROR OF GERMANY once made a vow he never would read a printed book; but this he confined to the groaning labour of the press only, for he was a great lover of Manuscripts. The Authors of those days, knowing the Emperor's whim, generally contrived to send their *virgin-sheets* to the Imperial Minister who had orders to receive, peruse, and transmit them to his Majesty, on pain of high displeasure and sometimes of dismission from office. As men are fond of power on almost any terms, the Emperor found Ministers who submitted to the task imposed, and it must be allowed that his Majesty had some consideration for the time of a Premier, as he limited the number to Forty MSS. in the space of one month.

The business of the Treasury now and then suffered in consequence of this attention to Manuscripts, and particularly as the hand-writing of Authors is not always the clearest; but as it was no part of his Majesty's injunction that the Minister should *understand one word of what he read, or act up to any one piece of advice he received in this way*, even from the honestest and plainest pen, the interruption was trifling on the whole. The German was sometimes as difficult to decypher as Greek, Arabic, or a modern Egyptian dispatch from Abdallah Menou; and now and then the Minister, either when he did not, or would not, understand it, ventured to put some words in Latin on the MS., which he translated for the Emperor, "It is Greek, and cannot be understood." This roused the Imperial Genius to a contest with the Minister in point of understanding,

standing, who was willing to allow his Majesty the virtue of a long head, while he possessed a long hand, and the disposal of the purse without controll, or the charge of mis-prison.

But as nothing can last without change, it so happened that the Emperor died, and his whims with him. His successor reversed his humour, for he would never read anything but in a large printed type (except immediate communications of the Minutes of a Cabinet, and then, like some other folks, *he mortally hated a small handwriting*); but gave the same injunctions to his Minister, and reduced the number of pamphlets to Twenty-five only in the month. All this was terminated at the close of the last century, till the Emperor and the Minister grew alike tired of pamphlets, the order was annulled for receiving them, and they were left at Vienna (as they are with us now in Great Britain) to the sensible and reflecting part of the people, with little attention from Ministers, who are like Sir Andrew Ague Cheek in the Play, and give with pleasure that time to BEAR-BAITING, which they should give to the tongues.

I should however observe, that long before that period, and when the time was ripe for it, the Imperial Minister ordered one of his *Sous-Commis* to look out for a plodding, laborious, but well-read drudge, to compose a history of pamphlets, and particularly to enumerate all the derivations of the name; and I am sorry that this tract is very scarce.

At the beginning of "THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS" I find indeed a few detached parts in the MS. on this subject translated from the German original. "A Pamphlet," says the Writer, "is Opusculum Stolidorum, the diminutive performance of fools, from the Greek word *par ALL*, and *pletho I. FILL*, to wit, all places, as according to the vulgar saying, all things are full of

fools and foolish things, and so on." He then quotes the Auteurs Deguisés, the Lives of the Saints, the Enfans célèbres, and the Observations Miscellaneæ de Sutoribus Eruditis. The next derivation is more favourable, for he tells us, that the word Pamphlet is derived from the Greek *pan*, ALL, and *phileo*, I love, &c. signifying a thing beloved by all; being of a small bulk, and of no great price, (this it seems is in Germany, certainly not in Great Britain,) and adapted to all persons. Under this head he numbers Stitch'd Books on serious subjects, State Tracts, Cabala Sacra, Infidel Tracts, Popish Legends, and so on. But on the whole, the author returns and dwells with affection on the luxury of a MS. communicated privately, and if possible detailed to the public rather mysteriously in fragments, notes, letters, odes, and jeux d'esprit, and chiefly on the political events of the time.

I eagerly seized this great authority, as I found it equally suit my purpose and inclination, and the amusement of people, who want at present not only "*Bread and Stews*," but morsels of good-writing and poetry, which is the very food of the people of fashion in the intervals of Operas, Concerts, Ministerial Expeditions, Royal Institutions, Legerdemain Tricks, Gazettes, Reviews military and literary, changes in the State, new epic poems, and old Tales of Wonder, from Sheridan's Pizarro to Dibdin's Goose and Gridiron—all *Sans-Souci*.

Certainly the love of Manuscripts grows fast in this Country, and indeed so much, that we have sent Professor Carlile to visit the Holy Land, the Sepulchre and the Seraglio, and all *pour l'amour du Grec*; and, I suppose, to divert the Emperor and the ladies of his imperial train with new-old fragments of Sappho, or perhaps to console the Ministers of this Country with the garbled drafts of some MS.,

MS., which demonstrate that the Sultans in other times with their enchanters, conjurors, and ministers thought, that the best way to get rid of the *Franks* in the old Crusade, would have been to have prevented their running away, when they were so disposed. MAGNUM DOCUMENTUM! and which it may be conceived, will be laid on the table of the H. of C. with the Dutch Convention, and the Report of Sir James Murray Pulteney's *Ferrolian* speech; which, by a figure now in use with certain Orators, we, (that is, *they*) call *Substance*.

The Author of "The Imperial Metamorphosis" does not begin like the cyclical Writer of Horace, "I will sing the Fortune of Priam and THE NOBLE WAR!" but seems to have a terror of the great gape or yawning of the throat, and also of the example of a little great man, who "after he had marched to Paris" saw, to his great surprise, himself made a Secretary of State. The Episodes in THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS are very pleasing; Nisus and Eurialus, Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville, (of whose mutual and most sincere affection no doubt was ever entertained;) Andromache at the tomb of Hector, or the India Company weeping over Mr. Dundas, and pouring tears of gold on his Sarcophagus; the description of the Plague, or the influence of paper-credit on corn and cattle, highly wrought, with notes by the Starvation Committee in poppy juice; and many others, which are highly interesting.

But "No offence, I hope: yes; by St. Patrick, but there is, my Lord, and much offence too." The late Ministers are said to have been deeply versed in the Pucelle of Voltaire, or the modern Joan of Arc, or Pope Joan of Ireland, as Mr. Pitt found;

"En feuilletant ses livres de Cabale,  
Il vit qu'aux siens Jeanne feroit fatale,

Qu'elle

Qu'elle portoit dessous son jupon,  
 Tout le destin d'Angleterre & de France;  
 Encouragé par la noble assistance  
 De son Génie, il jurait *son cordon*,  
 Qu'à ses désirs JEANNE seroit soumise;  
 Qu'il sauroit ce beau *Palladium*;  
 J'aurai, dit il, MA JEANNE en ma puissance, &c."

He has indeed been a little mistaken ; but as a Duchess said, with not less truth than wit, " If he had loved the Pope less, and Joan more, he might have been Minister still."

The Preliminaries of THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS contain " high matter," and will require much care in the arrangement, as the whole cannot be given. Some of the Tableaux are very beautiful, such as, the Maid of Hesperia and the golden apple; the Song of Silenus to the late Ministry; the theft of Prometheus and the birds of Caucasus; the leading of Gallus to the waters of Permessus, or Mr. Addington's introduction to Downing Street, and a fine View of the Canal in the Park, and a distant glance on the Nile, with the *Repose* of Sir John Mitford on the chair of the House, " crowned, as to his temples, with bitter parsley." But at present it is proposed to leave the reader in a state very different from Sir John's, that is, *Con la bocca dolce.*

## SOME ACCOUNT

OF,

AN UNPUBLISHED STATE-WORK IN MS.

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ENTITLED,

**THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS!**

do                    &amp;c. &amp;c. &amp;c.

## No. II.

May 1, 1805.

THE work, of which I have undertaken to give some account, labours under one defect which this age, so fertile in the *higher* poetry, will not easily forgive; it is *not Epic*. It is indeed heroic, (which was the only title Milton gave to *Paradise Lost*), and it has Episodes in it as plenty as Cabinet Dinners, (when Ministers are at a stand in their schemes for the public good,) and as prominent and interesting, as the Duke of Portland's *frumentarian* Epistle, or Sir James Murray Pulteney's Dispatches from Ferrol. The Writer of the poem sings indeed, like Ovid, of old bodies in new shapes, but actuated by *the same* souls; and sometimes he introduces puppets and speaking figures, which only by changing *places*, not sides, are best heard in any language but their own, and on any plans, but those not yet brought forward. The characters are numerous and curious.

As

As this is properly the *era* of Extracts and Selections, most beautifully printed, without any order but that of caprice, I have been much surprised that so many of our best poets have chosen to *pave* in so long a course as the Epic. We have, I believe, at present five Bards, the rivals of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, whose deep mouths have alarmed the shores of the great Pacific, and the streams of distant countries as well as of our own. Sir James Burgess has invaded *the Holy Land*, (a) with great success, and with an army and fleet entirely under his own command. It is however as strange, as it is true, that though Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas knew his designs perfectly well, that neither of them dispatched any counter-orders to the poetical Capitulation in Palestine; but suffered Sir James and his Heroes to dislodge the Infidels and evacuate their own brains, without any apprehension that *the Knight* and his troops would receive any check from the antagonist powers of Egypt or Parnassus.

Sir Sidney Smith was not quite so fortunate, as the British Phœbus would not illuminate the Sister Crescent in the East, and so for a short time occasioned an almost total eclipse in that quarter of the globe.

The Laureat, Mr. Pye, has promised the new Ministers the Epic assistance of King *Alfred*, for the common fee given to medical men. But if, like their predecessors, they will not take advice in time, they will actually pay four shillings more (b) for each copy of the prescription; which has

(a) RICHARD THE FIRST, a Poem, Epic, or Heroic, or—Q?

(b) Mr. Pye has advertised his Epic Poem on Alfred at the price of One Guinea to Subscribers, to a certain day in April, and after that, (I suppose the first of April) to be raised to Twenty-five Shillings to Non-Subscribers. Balance four shillings, *argent comptant de Parnasse*. Cocker.

Extract from the Newspapers.

has often been experienced in the course of the present War, in various other agreements and treaties. But as the saving of money is idle in the present existing circumstances, it is imagined the Laureat will be a gainer, by the usual ministerial neglect to subscribe in time. The Epic Poets have some reason to complain of the intercepted correspondence between them and the Ministers of State, and it is hoped that Mr. Gifford, Dr. Parr, and the Author of the Pursuits of Literature will publish it with Notes, which is much to be desired.

THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS is dedicated to some of the most august personages in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and delineates much in a very small compass; by which it appears that Lord Eldon and Sir John Mitford were not consulted. There is however something in it of a sepulchral, funereal tone when the Dedicator speaks of Great Britain, with a "*Præcipe*" to Melpomene who, as she was earnestly desired, intermixed a portion of her *lugubrious wailing* in metre; but often rose to sublimity when she was fired and animated by the strains and example of the Imperial Poet of all the Russias.

I have also found a Sonnet or two, and a few *Rondeaus* inserted in the Dedication, when Melpomene laid aside her lyre for the lighter reed of one of her sisters. Indeed I must add, that the Dedicator General, politely yielding to the fashion of the times, informs us in a Note, that the New Ministry (for whom he declares that he burns with *non-crubescend flames*) completely answers the description of a *Rondeau*, a musical composition which gives the subject ease by familiarity, and interest from diversification. This is a definition which Mr. Addington has adopted, as I am told, from Sir William Parsons the Master of the King's Band. Now when we look on the Ministerial benches in the House, how neat

seat and appropriate are Sir William's words! If the Conductors of the *Ancient Concert* had clubbed their wits to produce similar expressions, I question if even such distinguished abilities could have exceeded the definition of the Knight. Thus stands the musical theory; now enter the political practice.

The Dedicator in one of the *amatorial* parts of his work, in which his affection for the *late* Ministers bursts forth in the tender strains of a Mimmermus or a Meleager, speaks to this effect. One day, (says this great and affectionate man,) Mr. Pitt, previous to his resignation, was overheard by the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer Sir Archibald Macdonald in one of his walks near the Parade, singing a plaintive Air, or rather *Rondeau*. Mr. Pitt was standing at the window of his *late* house in Downing-street which opens into the Park, and singing like one of the *Swans* in the Canal, (himself still whiter,) when the fates (or Lord Euston the Ranger) call him into the Maeander or Serpentine River in Hyde Park. The Chief Baron, (c) who at that time happened to be musing on the *filial worms*, thought that Mr. Pitt had, like himself, "discovered what appeared to be the *nidus of those pernicious animals*," which rioted in the bowels of the land, and would sing of them accordingly; but he was mistaken: there was not one note on Baron Ching, or on the late peristaltic motion of the Cabinet. *Capiunt plus Intestina Ministri!* The subject of Mr. Pitt's Air was his Country in general; to resign, or not to resign, that was the question. The Country, we all know, is a Mistress to whom Ministers

(c) The author of the ever memorable Letter *au feu Monsieur CHING, Grand Excoriateur des Vers Anglois, executeur de la haute medicine, & Inventeur du grand catholicon deteratif contre les Vers pour balayer, laver, et nettoyer le bas ventre des Seigneurs les Barons, & leurs fils très-chers.*

Ministers come and go, according to the impetus, or as the D. of Q. says, just as they are moved.

The alliteration of the liquid letters in the words of Mr. Pitt's Rondeau was most happy; and the masters of the representative school in sound have declared that Liquids are most expressive of *accelerated motion*; of which the late minister availed himself. This accelerated literal motion, evidently expressed the flying off of himself and his colleagues in a tangent, when the centripetal force of the Church ceased to act upon them; and the Orb itself, loosened from that attracting power, might have passed with a velocity sufficient to have carried it through the *concentric rings* of *Saturn*, till it was stopped by the power of the Georgium Sidus. But to the Air itself.

#### RONDEAU by Mr. PITTR.

*The melody simple, with a few chromatics.*

"First to love, and then to part;  
Long to seek a mutual heart;  
Late to find it—and again  
Leave and lose it—Oh! the pain!

Some have lov'd, and lov'd, they say,  
Till they lov'd their love away;  
Then have left, to love anew—  
But I wot, they lov'd not true!

First to love, and then to part, &c. *Da Capo.*

When Mr. Pitt had finished singing, he unaccountably in a sudden fit of ecstasy took up a flute which lay on his table; but as it would not discourse the eloquent music he wished, he threw it *inconsiderately* on the floor, and cracked it from the mouth-piece to the silver stop. He then rang for a servant of his, and told him to carry it to Mr. Addington in Old Palace Yard, and persuade him to try his skill on it,

in

In the state it was; or to have it mended by an instrument-maker in the neighbourhood of St. James's, if it could be managed any how.

So it was; and then the Dedicator runs off in his wild manner in a long desultory note, of much point and pleasantry, on THE KING'S CONSCIENCE. On this he observes, in his *argumentative* way, that as the Lord Chancellor, and not the Prime Minister, is the constitutional Keeper of that conscience, *therefore* a Prime Minister never need trouble himself about it in *any* measure he may intend to propose in the Cabinet or the Senate, however irksome, unpalatable, revolting, or even affecting the health of his royal Master. The lovers of pliable allegory, he adds, may twist, if they please, an observation formerly made with much acuteness on the Author of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard, and insinuate that it alludes to the *last intended* but fatal measure on the Irish Roman Catholic question, by the *late* Minister. "The Poet declared the crime of Cromwell to have been the shedding *his Country's blood*; but for HIS KING's, he returned *Ignoramus* on the bill."

N. B. *To be continued, if Occasion requires.*\*

\* TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

If the Writer of these two Numbers will transmit the Continuation of the Account of THE IMPERIAL METAMORPHOSIS to the publisher of this Collection, it shall appear in a similar volume to the present, in the course of next Winter.

THE END.

SPECIMENS  
OF  
LITERARY RESEMBLANCE,  
IN THE WORKS  
OF  
POPE, GRAY,  
AND OTHER CELEBRATED WRITERS;  
WITH CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS:

IN  
A SERIES OF LETTERS,  
BY THE REVEREND  
SAMUEL BERDMORE, D.D.,  
LATE MASTER OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

---

Nullum est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius;  
Quare æquum est vos cognoscere & ignoscere  
Quas veteres facitârunt, si faciunt novi.

TER. EUN. PROL.

---

LONDON:  
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1801.

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Printed by Luke Hanford, Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

EXHIBIT B

RECEIVED  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
MAY 19 1937

EXHIBIT C

RECEIVED  
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION  
U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
MAY 19 1937

EXHIBIT D

RECEIVED  
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EXHIBIT G

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MAY 19 1937

EXHIBIT H

RECEIVED  
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U. S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE  
MAY 19 1937

**MY DEAR P.**

YOU seem to wish that I would collect my scattered essays into a body, and go so far as to say, that the whole together would make a respectable volume; in which even men of letters might perhaps pick up something of novelty and entertainment. I have so far complied with these flattering suggestions, as to take the last five letters, printed in the European Magazine, on LITERARY RESEMBLANCE; to which I have added a few others on the same subject, and present them, in this more

regular form,—to you, with certain expectation of a favorable reception:—not without diffidence to the PUBLIC.

Adieu.

To the Reverend PETER FORSTER,

Rector of Hedenham,

Norfolk, &c.

My dear Friend FORSTER

Dear Friend's—When I last wrote to you I had  
a very bad cold, but was now getting well of it.  
I have however been obliged to give up my  
walks, & am now confined to my room, &  
have not been able to go to the meetings  
of the Anti-Slavery Society, & have not  
been able to get any news of the progress  
of the Anti-Slavery cause in America,  
but I have heard from Mr. T. H. Hopper  
that the Anti-Slavery cause is progressing  
well, & that the Slaveholders are now  
more & more afraid of the Anti-Slavery  
cause, & that they are beginning to feel  
alarmed at the progress of the cause.

S P E C I M E N S

OF

LITERARY RESEMBLANCE.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR P.

THE remarks, which I sent you a few days ago, on a passage in Pope's translation of Homer, have engaged me so far in the consideration of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE or IMITATION, and the subject is so curious and interesting, that perhaps you will indulge me while I pursue it a page or two further.

In a periodical<sup>\*</sup> paper, begun 1752, are cited many passages from Pope, said never to have been taken notice of, as

" evidently borrowed, though they are  
" improved."

Superior Beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
 And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

Essay on Man, Ep. II. V. 31.

Utque moyet nebis imitatrix simia risum,  
 Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice superbâ  
 Ventosi gradimur.

Again,

Simia cœlicolûm risusque jocosque Deorum est  
 Tunc homo, quoniam temere ingenio confidit, et audet  
 Abdita naturæ scrutari, arcanaque Divum.

Palingenius.

When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,  
 Must gravitation cease? when you go by;  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For Chartre's head reserve the hanging wall.

Essay on Man, Ep. IV. V. 123.

If a good man be passing by an infirm building just in  
 the article of falling, can it be expected that God should  
 suspend the force of gravitation till he is gone by, in or-  
 der to his deliverance?

Wollaston, Rel. Nat.

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused,  
 Still by himself abused, or disabused;  
 Created half to rise, and half to fall,  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

Sole

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd;  
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Essay on Man, Ep. II. V. 13.

What a chimera then is man! what a confused chaos!  
what a subject of contradiction! a professed judge of all  
things, and a feeble worm of the earth; the great depo-  
sitory and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of un-  
certainty; the glory and scandal of the universe.

Pascal.

None of these passages can be new to you, but I have taken the liberty of transcribing them, as they furnish occasion for a few remarks: and I have selected the three above from several others; as a LEARNED CRITIC, whom, while on this subject, we cannot fail of having continually in our view, has chosen these very instances to illustrate some observations in his letter to Mr. Mason on the MARKS OF IMITATION.

It will be thought perhaps somewhat strange, that he takes no notice of the Adventurer. But we must suppose that either he had never read those ingenious essays; or, if he had, that he thought them little worthy his attention; though, in general, the sentiments, contained in this paper, seem to bear a very near relation

to those, which he himself advances. Engaged, as he at all times was, in pursuits so much more important, he never, it seems, found an hour or two of leisure to read more than one work of the very learned and respectable Dr. Leland; and that one, only with an intention to refute it.

Be this as it may, he certainly stamps a value on these quotations by adopting them. He had too much respect both for himself and for his readers, to obtrude upon "their consideration, those vulgar "passages, which every body recollects, "and sets down for acknowledged imitations."

If you compare the different manner of the two writers, you cannot but admire the superior management and address of the LEARNED CRITIC. In the Adventurer, the passages from Pope are brought forward without preparation, and confronted at once with the authors, said to be imitated. In the LEARNED CRITIC they are ushered in with all the ceremonies of a regular introduction, and presented in

form. In the first cited instance, we observe a very remarkable difference between the one and the other:

Superior Beings, when of late they saw  
 A mortal man unfold all nature's law,  
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,  
 And shew'd a Newton, as we shew an ape.

The Adventurer derives this singular passage from one Palingenitus, an obscure monk. Not so the LEARNED CRITIC. He did not wish to have it thought, that he could for a moment so far forget his own character, as to waste any portion of his valuable time in turning over *such trash*; much less that the "*great poet*," so superior to ADDISON in true genius, could ever degrade himself by borrowing a thought from one of so inferior an order. More conformably therefore to that literary dignity, which, he was conscious, belonged not less to himself, than to Pope, he pronounces that the "*great poet*" had his eye on Plato, who makes So-

"ocrates say, in allusion to a remark of  
"Heraclitus:"

*'Οτι αὐθαρπαν ὁ σοφωτάτος πός ΘΕΟΝ πίθηκος  
φανεῖται.*

Hipp. Major.

Conspiring with this laudable sense, which the LEARNED CRITIC at all times fondly cherished, of literary dignity, there appears to have been another motive for his conduct in this place. Had he derived the passage, as the Adventurer did before him, from Palingenius, he would have had no opportunity of exhibiting that masterly display of the true critic; and all the refined reasoning which follows, with the nice distinction between the God of the Philosopher, and the Superior Beings of the Poet, had been lost.

Does it not require more than a common share of critical acumen? a perspicacity far beyond that of "those dull minds, by which the shapes and appearances of things are apprehended only in the gross?" to discriminate between a Heathen God, and a Superior Being. The real state

state of the case seems to be, that the LEARNED CRITIC, in order to make the sentence, which he has quoted, more accommodable to his purpose, concealed, even from himself, the true meaning of the philosopher's words. The philosopher, he says, refers πρὸς ΘΕΟΝ, i. e. not to God, *the* God; but, agreeably to the idiom of the Greek language, as the word stands without the article, *a* God; one amongst many; according to the generally received opinion of the age and country in which Plato lived; as appears more evidently by what follows:

Ομολογησομεν, Ιππια, τὴν καλλιστῆν παρθενῶν  
πρὸς ΘΕΩΝ γένος αισχροῦ ειναι.

Again,

Καὶ δὴ πρὸς γέ ΘΕΟΤΣ ὅτι καλον το ανθρω-  
πειον γένος. κ. τ. λ.

Thus the God of the Philosopher is plainly no more, than one of the Superior Beings alluded to by the Poet; consequently the application is, in both cases, precisely the same; addressed to the same order of Beings; and the ape, *o πιθηκός*, becomes

becomes an object either of *derision* or *admiration*, as the one or the other may chance to fall in more aptly with the writer's views.

The *great poet*, it must be said, appears in the hands of the LEARNED CRITIC to advantage; yet I doubt whether an indifferent looker on would, not, after all, be disposed to think with the Adventurer, that more probably Pope at this time *had his eye* on Palingenius. There are some plausible reasons, which seem to operate very strongly in favor of this opinion.

In a paper, printed 1745, are pointed out several Expressions, Similes, and Sentiments in Palingenius, Translated and Improved by Mr. Pope, in his Essay on Man, amongst which this very simile of the ape is one; whence it appears that the *great poet* condescended now and then to amuse himself with turning over *such trash*; and that he was tempted to turn over the pages of this obscure author more than once. At the same time I suspect that he was very little conversant in the writings of Plato.

If

If you are not quite worn down, I am tempted to remind you of an apparent imitation in Pope from Ovid, which I sent you some time ago. It has at least one merit, which I find is considered by other collectors of these curious trifles, as a primary recommendation. It has never, so far as I know, been *blown upon* by any of the swarm, which usually buzz about the works of celebrated writers. In the Eloise you have these charming lines :

In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,  
And more than echoes talk along the walls;  
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,  
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :  
*Come, sister, come ! it said,* or seem'd to say,  
Thy place is here ; sad sister, come away.

\* \* \* \* \*

*I come, I come.*

Now turn to Ovid :

*Est mihi marmorea sacratus in æde Sichæus,  
Appositæ frondes, velleraque alba tegunt.  
Hinc ego me sensi noto quater ore citari,  
Ipse sonq tenui dixit, *Ilios, veni.*  
Nulla mora est, *venio, venio,* &c.*

Dido *Anæs.* V. 99.

Here

Hére are not only the same thoughts, and expression, but, what the LEARNED CRITIC considers as a more decided<sup>1</sup> mark of imitation, the same disposition of the parts. Yet it occurs to me that you doubted, whether we could pronounce with certainty, that our English bard borrowed these thoughts from the Roman.

You will not think that I deal fairly with your favorite, if I do not here add another passage from the same poem, where you think, very justly, that Pope has much improved and embellished the hint which Ovid gave him.

Not Cæsar's *emperis* would I deign to prove ;  
No ! make *me* *mistress* to the man I love.  
If there be yet another name more free,  
More fond than *mistress*, *make me that to thee*.

*Si pudet uxoris, non nupta, sed hospit*&* dicar ;*  
*Dum tua sit Dido, quidlibet esse feret.*

Dido *Aeneas*, V. 167.

Every reader of taste will agree in the opinion of Pope's superiority. I am pleased to leave him with you under such favorable circumstances.

Adieu,

## LETTER II.

MY DEAR P.

THE subject, touched upon in my last, has taken such strong hold of my imagination, that I cannot forbear recalling your attention to it. I do this with the less scruple, as I do not mean to trouble you with any of those “*vulgar passages*,” which the LEARNED CRITIC, with a delicacy highly commendable, “*spared his friend the disgust of considering*.” Under this restriction, it may not be unentertaining to see in what manner writers of the first rank, and acknowledged abilities, imitate their predecessors so, as to make what they borrow appear their own. You will not, I apprehend, require any apology from me, for suspending awhile the design, with

with which I seemed to set out. I see no reason why, in our conversation or correspondence with each other, we should confine ourselves within any one certain track. Whatever subject may accidentally be started in our way, we are, I think, at full liberty to follow, whithersoever it may lead; and to continue the pursuit, so long as it affords amusement.

We have often, you will recollect, read together, and been as often charmed with the introductory stanza to the first of Mr. Gray's two Pindaric Odes—the Progress of Poetry: where you have these admirable lines:

Now the rich stream of music winds along,  
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;  
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;  
Now rolling from the steep again,  
Headlong impetuous see it pour;  
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar,

The great excellencies of the sublime poetry are here united, with an ease and elegance, which give to the composition so much the air of an original, that none of

of Mr. Gray's editors, or commentators on his works, seem to have suspected an imitation.

Mr. Mason, who appears to have been sufficiently assiduous in bringing together every sentiment, or expression, from other authors, bearing resemblance to any part of the writings of his respected friend, has produced no parallel to this exquisitely beautiful passage.

Mr. Wakefield has also given us an edition of Mr. Gray's poems, enriched with many valuable and interesting notes: in which he professes "not to be sparing "of quotations from the poets," and con- "ceives "no author to be a more proper "vehicle for remarks of this sort, at once "useful and entertaining, than Mr. Gray:" yet, in all his extensive range through the fields of classic lore, he notices only one or two slight resemblances.

Having thus taken the liberty of introducing Mr. Wakefield, I cannot suffer so favorable an opportunity to escape me, without returning to that candid and discerning

cerning critic my warmest thanks; in which I am persuaded I shall be joined by every friend to Genius, and lover of the Muses, for his very able and spirited defence of the British Pindar against the illiberal attacks of a prejudiced Commentator; whose puerile strictures on these divine poems certainly cast a shade on his literary character.

Even Dr. Johnson himself, willing, as he evidently was, *from whatever cause*, to degrade the high character which Mr. Gray deservedly held; of an original writer, with uncommon powers of fancy and invention, and, therefore, ever on the watch to detect any latent imitation, has been able to discover no instance of similar composition.

Now allow me to submit to your consideration the following lines, which I am inclined to believe you have already in imagination anticipated, from one of the sublimest Odes in Horace:

Quod adest, memento  
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminiſ

C. 11. 20

Ritu

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo  
 Cum pace delabentis Etruscum  
 In mare; nunc lapides adesos  
 Stirpesque raptas, et pectus, et domos,  
 Volventis una; non sine montium  
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ.

R. III. O. 29.

With this stanza before us, will there not arise in the mind something like suspicion? that Mr. Gray, when he wrote the fine lines quoted above, had *his eye on* Horace. Allow me to mark the principal features of resemblance. We have in each poet a stream, applied by the one to the various forms of poetry, by the other, to the vicissitudes of human affairs, with especial reference to political revolutions. It is conducted by both, first in a course of placid serenity; then in torrents of rapid impetuosity; and marked at the close, by the same striking and impressive consequence.

"The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar."

Very nearly a verbal translation of the Latin text,

" Non sine montium  
 " Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ."

C

Horæ

Here is certainly in these two passages an extraordinary coincidence of thought and imagery. In addition to which, the varying circumstances, described in both, follow each other exactly in the same order. The attentive reader will however discover, under this general similitude, a considerable difference in the mode of composition between the British and the Roman Pindar. Enough, perhaps you will think, to remove all appearance of direct imitation. It is most probable that Gray, without recurring to the text of Horace, has only copied from the traces, which a frequent perusal had left upon his memory. This hypothesis will appear more credible, when we analyze the different forms of composition. While the stream of Horace glides quietly into the Etruscan ocean, with no other distinction than that of gentleness,

"*Cum pace delabentis Etruscum*

"*In mare;*"

the stream of Gray winds along with a marked

marked character, appropriate to his subject:

" Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong."

Mr. Gray gives also peculiar grace and beauty to the piece, by his skilful use of the metaphorical style, blending the simile with the subject, so much in the manner of Pindar; and not making, as Horace has done, a formal comparison of the one with the other.

I cannot here resist the temptation of recalling to your recollection an exquisitely fine passage in the book of Psalms; in which similar imagery is applied, under the same form, in a manner most awfully sublime. It is where the divinely-inspired Poet, magnifying the God of his salvation, describes, in the true spirit of Eastern poetry, his protecting power as follows :

" Who stillest the *raging of the sea*, and the noise of his waves, and the *madness of the people*."

Psalm lxv. v. 7.

Pope has, in many instances, adopted this

graceful manner ; and in none more successfully than in that celebrated address to his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend, in the Essay on Man, Ep. iii.

“ Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name,  
“ Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;  
“ Say, shall my little bark attendant fail,  
“ Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ? ”

It will be rather a matter of curiosity, if I do not appear too trifling, to see how this beautiful passage would read, taken out of metaphor, and delivered in the plain comparative form. I will endeavour to render it in this form, as correctly as may be.—Oh ! while your name flies abroad along the course of time, and gathers all its fame, like a ship going down the stream, and, with expanded sails, gathering, as it goes, the wind ; say ! shall I attend, like a little bark ? pursue the triumph, and share in your fame, as the little bark partakes the gale, which swells the canvas of the larger vessel. You will not, I trust, require any further comment

to

to ascertain the respective merits attached to these different forms of composition.

Mr. Gray, it will be seen, has still further improved upon the Roman bard, by the addition of those verdant vales, and golden fields of corn, through which, in the first division of his subject, he conducts the peaceful stream:

Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign.

In the second division he simply describes it, now swollen into an overflowing river, rolling impetuously down the steep descent; which Horace emphatically expresses from Homer<sup>4</sup>, by the effects:

You, who are wont to view all works of taste with so correct and critical an eye, cannot fail to observe, and at the same time to admire, the masterly skill of these great artists in the execution of their separate designs.

In Mr. Gray's Ode, the varying movements of music, or poetry, are very happily illustrated by the inconstant current of a river; assuming in different places a

different character; presenting you by turns, either with rich and beautiful prospects, in soothing composure; or rousing the mind into emotions of wonder and astonishment, by scenes of a bolder feature; rolling, with the roar of thunder, down broken rocks and precipices.

The imagery of Horace is equally well chosen, and suited to his purpose. His object was the course of events, which alternately take place in a popular government, at one time peaceful and orderly, dispensing ease, security, and happiness to all around; at another, irregular, tumultuous, and turbulent, marking its progress with terror and destruction; like the changeful course of a river, the Tyber for instance, which was daily in his view, flowing at one time quietly and equably within its accustomed banks, at another,

“ Cum fera diluvies quietos  
“ Irritat amnes ;”

raising its swollen waves above all bounds,  
breaking with irresistible fury through all  
obstacles,

obstacles, and, with wide-spreading desolation, bearing down every thing in its way :

— “ lapides adesos  
“ Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos.”

It is the more remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have overlooked this apparent imitation, when he has chosen, with Algarotti he says, to consider the Bard as an imitation of the Prophecy of Nereus. This is more than Algarotti anywhere affirms. In his letter to Mr. How he says that the Bard is very far superior to the prophecy of Nereus.

“ Che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore  
al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo eccidio di Troia.”

In which opinion Dr. Johnson does not seem equally disposed to concurr with the learned Italian.

This is a question, which does not admit of argument. If there be a man, who can hear the sudden breaking forth of those terrific sounds in the exordium,

at which stout Gloucester stood aghast, and Mortimer cried to arms, and not thrill with horror: if there be a man, who can behold the awful figure of the Bard, in his sable vestments, with his haggard eyes, his loose beard and hoary hair, which

" Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air,"

and hear him

" Strike the deep sorrows of his lyre,"

without emotion: this man, if such a man there be, has no feelings, to which a critic on the works of a great poet can apply. It were as vain and useless to converse with a man of this description on such subjects, as to commune with a deaf man on the enchantments of music, or with one blind on the charms of beauty.

While I am conversing with you, who are neither deaf, nor blind, I am tempted to enter more deeply into the examination of this astonishing performance; which I shall consider in rather a new light. Every reader is stricken with the wildness of the

scenery

scenery—the grandeur and sublimity of thought—the boldness of the imagery—the fire and enthusiasm which animate the ode throughout. Let me now more particularly call your attention to the highly figurative and majestic diction, which pervades the whole, involved in that awful obscurity, so suited to the occasion, and characteristically belonging to the language of prophecy. This obscurity has, I know, been objected to by men of some note, who must surely have considered the subject very superficially, as a defect; for which, they say, while it sheds so much darkness over the whole composition, as to preclude from the view of the disappointed reader almost all its beauties, no merit in other respects, however great and transcendent, can compensate. For myself, I have no scruple in confessing, that this very obscurity, so much condemned by judges of this description, has always appeared in my eye a distinguishing excellency of the poem. The tissue woven with bloody hands by the

the Bard, in concert with the spectres of his murdered brethren,

*"The winding sheet of Edward's race,"*

on which were to be traced their impending misfortunes, has in it something tremendously sublime, analogous to the emblematical images, under which are usually conveyed the prophetic denunciations of divine wrath in the sacred writings: of these every one feels the effect. In the same sublime strain the descendants of Edward are in succession designated, not by name, but by some mystic allusion; under which the figures assume a more terrific appearance, from the mist which is gathered round them. The tragical fate which severally awaits them, is denounced under the representation of some terrible image, encompassed with almost impenetrable darkness, impressing on the mind a dreadful foreboding of future calamity, the more alarming, as its nature, extent, and effect are unknown and undefined.

From

From these scenes of horror the Bard is rapt, by a sudden and unexpected transition, into visions of glory; and the imagination, but now appalled by terror, and sunk into dismay, is roused by the prospects of happier events, descried in dazzling splendor, though still with the same indistinctness of imagery, at a distance, into transports of joy and triumphant exultation over Edward, on the ultimate defeat of his impious attempt.

The transcendent merit of Mr. Gray's manner can no way be better illustrated, than by a comparative view of the manner adopted by Horace, in the ode, of which Dr. Johnson is so willing to think the Bard an imitation. The appearance of Nereus, engaged in the important office of calming the winds, in order to sing the cruel fates of Paris, has a solemnity in it, which raises the mind to an expectation of something great and momentous; yet, when we contemplate the figure of Nereus, presented, as he is, with no appropriate investment, with no local advantages,

tages, stationed we know not where, uttering his denunciations we know not whence; with what superior dignity and spirit does the BARD appear! in the romantic situation and interesting attitude described by Gray, *striking with solemn accompaniments the deep sorrows of his lyre.*

Mr. Gray will rise still higher in your opinion, as you proceed. You have seen how he aggrandizes his subject by his manner of treating it. What has Horace done? He has recounted, in the simplest mode of narration, the adventures of Paris, as he found them related by Homer. Every circumstance is exactly detailed, without any veil or disguise. Every agent introduced is represented under his known character, and marked by his proper name. No room is left for doubtful and alarming conjecture. The whole tale is told in the plainest terms. In the concluding stanza we are informed, in the same simple manner, without any preparation denoting so important an event, that after a certain term of delay, occasioned by the anger of Achilles, Troy would

would be consumed by the Grecian fires.

I would not wish you to suspect that I mean to undervalue the works of our old friend, whom I was early taught, with you, and still continue to love and admire. I have often read this very ode with pleasure and approbation. It is an elegant and beautiful composition. But is there in it any, even the faintest, trait of resemblance to the Bard of Gray? or are you disposed, with Dr. Johnson, to allow Gray only a secondary merit, as a copyist from the first inventor?—Inventor of what?—What has Horace invented, which Gray has imitated? Gray neither wanted nor sought assistance elsewhere. He consulted his own great mind. There only did he find the source of that *rich stream*, which he has conducted with consummate address, now in majestic solemnity, now, as occasion required, with impetuous rage and violence, through the various parts of this unrivalled poem; and every man of taste and feeling follows

lows its course with rapture and enthusiasm.

Having thus faintly expressed the high reverence which I bear to one of so superior an order, I will here close this long, yet, may I hope? to *you*, not tedious discussion.

Adieu.

## LETTER III.

MY DEAR P.

THE observations which I offered on two beautiful passages, the one from Gray, the other from Horace, have not exhausted the subject, on which I was then treating. Allow me to submit to your consideration another instance of similar coincidence, which has always appeared to me very remarkable, though it seems to have escaped the notice of other readers. In the Bard we have a picture, exhibiting the death of Richard II. by famine, as recorded by Archbishop Scroop and the older writers, executed by the boldest pencil of creative Fancy:

Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
*The rich repast prepare;*

Reft

Rest of a crown he still may share the feast,  
 Close by the regal chair  
*Fell Thirst and Famine scowl*  
 A baneful smile upon their baffled guest.

Compare these fine lines with the following, equally fine, lines of Virgil:

— *Lucent genialibus altis*  
*Aurea fulcra tortis; epulaq. ante ora paratae*  
*Regifico luxu. Furiarum maxima justa*  
*Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere menas,*  
*Exurgitque faciem attollens, atq. intonat ore.*

*Aen. B. VI. L. 603.*

The two poets chanced to have the same subject in contemplation. Your attention will be caught at first view by a striking similarity of manner in the execution of their design. It will be observed also, that this manner, so admirably suited to their purpose, is out of the common way, very far beyond the reach of common minds. In order to aggravate the distresses, and to render the inflicted torments more poignantly excruciating, a rich and luxurious banquet is, with exquisite refinement, previously prepared by each of these great masters, and spread in *splendid*

splendid array before the face of the unfortunate sufferers; the sight of which, while they are withheld from partaking it, irritates the cravings of hunger, even to agony. Their constrained abstinence is enforced in both by the same poetical machinery. In Gray, *Fell Thirst and Famine* exactly correspond to the *chief of the Furies* in Virgil. The *baneful smile, scowled on the baffled guest*, in the former, carries with it, perhaps, more of scorn and mortifying insult, than the more direct opposition of the Fury, with her *up-lifted torch and thundering voice*, does in the latter. Still, however, the imagery—the turn of thought—the plan and structure of the piece, and the disposition of the parts, are in both instances precisely the same.

Whence this extraordinary congruity arose, or by what means it was effected, I will not take upon me to determine. So far I will venture to say, and I assure myself of your cordial concurrence, that Gray's charming stanza, when seen by

itself, has very much the air of an original.

“ Common sense,” we are told on high authority, “ directs us for the most part “ to regard resemblances in great writers, “ not as the pilferings, or frugal acquisitions of needy art, but as the honest “ fruits of genius, the free and liberal “ bounties of unenvyng nature.”

The LEARNED CRITIC calls for this liberality of judgment in behalf of the *Poets*, with whom particularly he was concerned. I find myself, just at this present, very much disposed to claim the same consideration for the writers in *Prose*; having in my mind two passages from two celebrated writers in that form, which I am strongly tempted to send you.

The late Dr. Ogden, who in my judgment holds the very *highest rank* amongst the *most eminent* preachers, in one of those excellent sermons on the fifth commandment, addressing himself to a young man, whose behaviour he supposes less correct than it ought to be, enforces the obligations

gations of children to their parents in a strain of irresistible eloquence, as follows :

“ Now so proud ! self-willed ! inexorable ! thou couldst then only ask by wailing, and move them by thy tears ; and they were moved. Their heart was touched with thy distress. They relieved and watched thy wants, before thou knewest thine own necessities, or their kindness. They clothed thee ; thou knewest not that thou wast naked. Thou askedst not for bread ; but they fed thee.”

Did you ever read ? or can any young man, however proud, self-willed, inexorable, ever read this impassioned address without emotion ? Nor can we easily persuade ourselves otherwise, than that the respectable author was here transcribing the affections of his own heart ; for, as appears from the short memoirs of his life, drawn up and prefixed to an edition of his sermons, in two volumes, by the late Dr. Halifax, he was a truly affection-

ate and dutiful son, such a one as “ maketh  
“ a glad father.”

It may not be uninteresting to see the same thoughts worked up into an elegant form by an admired Ancient. Xenophon, you will recollect, in his Memoirs of Socrates, introduces the Philosopher discoursing in the following terms :

Η γυνὴ ὑποδεξαμένη τὸ φορτίον τέκτο, Σαρινο-  
μενη τε καὶ κινδυνευεσσα περὶ τὸ Σύν, καὶ μεταδιδόσσα  
τῆς τροφῆς, οὐ καὶ αυτῇ τρέφεται, καὶ σὺν πολλῷ  
πονῷ διεκπυκνώσα καὶ τεκνίσα τρέφει τε καὶ επιμε-  
λεῖται, ωδὲ προπεπονθυσία ωδεν αγαθὸν, ωδὲ ΓΥΓΝΩΣ-  
ΚΟΝ ΤΟΥ ΒΡΕΦΟΣ ΤΥΦΟΤΟΥ ΕΤΠΑΣΧΕΙ,  
ωδὲ ΣΗΜΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΔΥΝΑΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΤΟΥ ΔΕΙ-  
ΤΑΙ.

XEN. MEM. I. ii. c. 11.

The sentiments under the expressions, marked in the English text by Italics, and by capitals in the Greek, bear, you will take notice; a striking resemblance to each other; and, though evidently most just and natural, rare, so far as my observation goes, no where to be found, but in

these two passages. If you read the whole chapter, from which the lines above are taken, and the perusal will abundantly repay your trouble, you will find throughout a great similarity of thought between the Philosopher and the Preacher. In the short passage immediately before us, the Preacher appears to have given more of pathos to the subject, by a judicious amplification, illustrating the general sentiment by specific instances, very happily chosen to affect the feelings.

Dr. Ogden was undoubtedly well versed in all the works of Xenophon. May we not therefore suppose? without any derogation from his merit, that, while he was composing this admirable sermon, his thoughts might take their color from the tints, collected upon his mind by frequent communication with this fine writer.

Whatever may be your opinion on this point, you will not, I am persuaded, regret my having called your attention to an old acquaintance, nor think your time

misemployed in comparing the works of two such authors as Xenophon and Dr. Ogden; from either of whom you cannot fail, as you read, of receiving the highest gratification.

I could amuse myself, if I thought it would be equally amusing to you, with tracing these literary resemblances still further. But I rather wish you now to consider with me another species of imitation, if it may be so called; “the management of which,” Dr. Hurd says, “is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of *Invention*;” I mean, the allusions often made by the first writers to old rites and ceremonies, or to prominent circumstances in ancient or modern history.

Dr. Hurd somewhere notices a beautiful specimen of this delicate allusion in a poem, called the Spleen, by Mr. Green of the Custom-house. The Poet is recommending exercise, as a sovereign remedy against that depression of spirits, and those hypocondriac affections, which are always

always produced by this morbid humor; and exemplifies his doctrine by one of the simplest and most trivial modes, which can possibly be conceived.

*Fling but a stone.*

You will not discover in this plain sentence any great effort of imagination, any rich coloring of expression, any thing either of novelty or beauty. But when to this so common an action is added the unexpected image, under which is conveyed the promised benefit,

*The giant dies,*

all the circumstances attending an interesting history, which we have been accustomed to read from our childhood, and to think important from an early reverence for the writings, in which it is contained, are at once recalled to the mind; and give to the passage a life and spirit beyond what the greatest refinement of thought, with all the embellishment of language, could ever have produced,

*Fling but a stone, the giant dies.*

Of the same class with this I have always considered that fine imagery, under which Mr. Gray represents the indications of genius, supposed to discover themselves in the infancy of our immortal Shakspeare —the early promise of his future greatness. On the awful appearance of NATURE, who comes in a majestic form to invest her *darling* with the happily-fancied ensigns of that high office, which he was destined afterwards to fill with such astonishing powers,

——— the *dauntless* child  
Stretch'd forth his *little* bands, and simul'd.

Did you ever contemplate the animated figure of this *dauntless* child without recurring, at the same time, in your mind, to the fabulous description of Hercules in the cradle? grasping in his infant hands the serpents, and throwing them playfully at the feet of his father,

Ητοι αρ' ως ειδοντ' ΕΠΙΤΙΤΘΙΟΝ Ηραχληα  
Θηρε διω χειρεστιν απριξ ΑΠΑΛΑΙΣΙΝ εχοντα  
Συμπληγδην, ιαχησαν· οδ' ει πατερ' Αμφιτριωνα  
Ερπετα δεικαναεσχεν, επαλλετο δ' ιψθι χαιρων,  
Theoc. Idyl. xxiv.

In

In these examples every thing is plain and obvious. The propriety and aptitude of the allusions are seen at once; But it has often occurred to me, that we lose many beauties in the ancient poets from not knowing the facts, to which, probably, frequent allusions are made, to us, at this distance of time, totally inexplicable.

I have been led into this train of thought by an obscure passage in one of the Odes of Horace; which has created no small perplexity amongst the scholiaſts and commentators, such of them I mean, as have ventured to remark upon it; for ſome of the firſt order, as Bentley, Geſner, and others, with a reſerve not very unusual where real diſculties occur, have kept a wary ſilence.

— Hinc apicem rapax  
Fortuna cum fribore acuto  
Sustulit, hic posuisse gaudet.

CARM. LIB. I. O. 34.

It

It may not be unamusing to observe for a moment, how these *learned Critics* puzzle themselves in endeavouring to explain what, by their awkward attempts, they very plainly shew that they did not at all understand.

One gravely interprets the term *rapax* by *mutabilis*, *acuto* by *luctuoso*.

Another, by an exposition still more extraordinary, renders *rapax* sustulit by *clam* sustulit.

A third, with great importance, on the words *cum stridore acuto*, “ his verbis ” puto significari Fortunæ commutatio- ” nem, quæ vix intelligi potest sine ” magno sonitu ac fragore. Stridor enim ” sonitum ac strepitum significat, non ” clamorem.”

Thus do they go blundering on, rendering “ confusion worse confounded,” not attempting, any of them, to describe the unusual figure which Fortune is here made to assume. Had they attended a little more to this circumstance, it would, perhaps,

perhaps, have saved them much of the trouble, in which they have involved both themselves and their readers.

Bene, says a modern Editor, in general an acute and sagacious interpreter of his author, Baxter, cum *stridore acuto*, cum ante posuerit *rapax*, ad instar scilicet procellosi turbinis,

This roar of storm and thunder seems also to have rumbled in the ears of M. Dacier; though, when on second thoughts he explains *stridore acuto* by 'the sounds made by the wings of Fortune, he seems to have caught a glimpse of the real image, which the Poet had in his eye, that of a soaring eagle; as will appear from an extraordinary occurrence related by the historian. I will beg leave to transcribe the passage.

“ Ei (Lucumoni) carpento sedenti cum uxore, **AQUILA** suspensis demissa leniter alis *pileum* aufert, superq. carpentum cum *magnō clangore* volitans rursus, velut ministerio divinitus missa, capiti apte reponit; inde sublimis abiit. Accepisse id augurium

augurium læta dicitur Tanaquil, perita, ut vulgo Etrusci, celestium prodigiorum mulier. Excelsa et alta sperare complexa virum jubet. Eam alitem ea regione cœli, et ejus Dei nunciam venisse. Circa summum culmen hominis auspicium fecisse. Levasse humano superpositum capitii decus, ut eidem divinitus redderet." Liv. lib. i. c. 34.

Wonders and prodigies ever attend the remoter periods of great States and Kingdoms. They never fail to be recorded in their earlier annals; are superstitiously delivered down from father to son, and received with an easy and willing credence amongst the populace. Of this description is the tale of **LUCUMO** and the **EAGLE**; which I doubt not was as familiar amongst the Romans, as well-known, and as often repeated, as with us the legends of King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, Guy Earl of Warwick, St. George and the Dragon, &c,

Thus

Thus it appears, that the Poet, when he attributed so uncommon a figure to Fortune, with so singular a mode of action, alluded to a popular story in every body's mouth. The allusion, of course, was immediately acknowledged by the reader, and felt in all its force.

By the light hence thrown on the subject, whatever there was of obscurity has vanished, all difficulties are done away, every expression resumes its usual and proper signification, and the sentence becomes clear and luminous.

The term *rapax* is not, you see, to be understood as epithetical to *Fortuna*, but to be taken, as adjectives are often used by the poets, adverbially, and joined in construction with the verb *sustulit*. *Rapax* *sustulit*, i. e. *'rapaciter* *sustulit*, *rapuit*.

By the expression *stridore acuto*, the great stumbling-block of the commentators, are plainly signified, as intimated by a vague conjecture of the learned Frenchman, the sounds made by the eagle clap-

clapping its wings, and screaming in its flight; which the historian expresses by the words *magno clangore.*

I will not fatigue you by dragging you further through these dry and tiresome disquisitions into the niceties of grammatical arrangement, which, I suspect, are not much to your taste. You will not however think that labor vain, which tends in any way to elucidate the sense of a favorite author, and to draw forth into more open view a latent beauty, which has so long lain buried under the accumulated rubbish thrown over it, from time to time, by professed critics and laborious annotators. Reposing securely on this assurance, for the present I will bid you

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

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MY DEAR P.

WHEN, on opening a letter from your old Correspondent, the expression of LITERARY RESEMBLANCE again meets your eye, I am fearful whether you will not feel somewhat of alarm. It is well, indeed, if, by pacing so often the same beaten round, you do not by this time find yourself wearied, and your spirits exhausted. Notwithstanding all this, I cannot resist the temptation of again trespassing on your patience, and laying before you another instance of extraordinary co-incidence from the works of a great master, who has so ably and copiously treated on this very subject through its

its several branches. The instance, which I have in view, coming from so high authority, to which, you and all men of learning will very readily allow, a peculiar deference is owing, I will give you the text of the **LEARNED CRITIC**, and that of the French Annotator, the other author alluded to, ranged in separate columns, by the side of each other: under which form, you will have a more comprehensive view of the whole, and be enabled to compare the two authors with the greater ease and accuracy.

## MR. HURD.

Taking advantage of the noblest privilege of his art, he breaks away in a fit of prophetic enthusiasm, to foretell his successes in this projected enterprise, and under the imagery of the ancient triumph, which comprehends or suggests to the imagination whatever is most august in human affairs, to delineate the future glories of this ambitious design. The whole conception, as we shall see, is of the utmost grandeur and magnificence.

## F. CATROU.

La vivacité avec laquelle le Poète décrit allegoriquement la dédicace, qu'il doit faire de son Enéide à Auguste; sous l'idée de la dédicace d'un Temple, est admirable. C'est un des beaux morceaux de poésie qu'ait fait l'auteur.

*Primus ego in patriam mecum  
modò vita superfit,  
Aconi rödiens deducam vertice  
Muses.*

The projected conquest was no less than that of all the Muses, at once, whom, to carry on the decorum of the Allegorie, he threatens to force from their high and adventurous situation on the summit of the Aonian mount, and to bring them captive into Italy.

Ancient conquerors were ambitious to consecrate their glory to immortality by a temple or other public monument, \* which was to be built out of the spoils of the conquered cities or countries.

This, the reader sees, is suitable to the idea of the great work proposed, which was out of the remains of Grecian art to compose a new one, that should comprise the virtues of them all: as, in fact, the Æneis is

Virgile fait entendre sous une allegorie ingenieuse, que quand il aura publié son Ænéide, et quand il aura dédié son temple par des jeux, il fera *déserteur la Grèce aux Muses, qui quitteront l'Helicon, pour venir habiter l'Italie.*

*Navali surgentes ære colum-  
nas. 29.*

Virgile ne dit pas sans raison, que de l'airain des vaisseaux, enlèvez à Cléopatre il fera fondre les colonnes de son temple. Auguste avoit en effet tiré tant de bronze des vaisseaux, qu'il avoit pris à Actium, qu'il eut de quoi ériger les colonnes du temple, qu'il bâtit à Apollon, sur le mont Palatin.

*Ei virili in campo templum  
de marmore ponam.*

On voit ici que ce temple de marbre, que le Poète doit bârir, à son retour du Levant, et qui cette dédicace, qu'il

known to unite in herself whatever is most excellent, not in Homer only; but universally in the works of Greece.

The everlasting monument of the marble temple is then reared.

*Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam.*

The dedication of the temple is then made to the Poet's Divinity, Augustus.

*In medio mihi Cæsar ent templum tenebit.*

The expression is emphatical, as intimating to us, and prefiguring the secret purpose of the Aeneid; which was in the person of Æneas to stand forth and consecrate the character of Augustus. His Divinity was to fill and occupy the great work.

*Illi vixit ego, et tyrio conspicus in ostro, &c.*

To see the propriety of the figure in this place, the reader needs only be reminded of the book of Games, in the Aeneid, which was purposely introduced in honour of the Roman people, and above all, is so *most* thought, for a mere

dolt faire; soit une allegorie. Il veut dire qu'à son retour d'Orient, il aura perfectionné son Aeneïde, et y mettre l'ultime main, il viendra la publier en Italie. Ensuite, qu'il donnera un ouvrage plus parfait que ces idées Grecques, qui à moi, je n'en ai pas entendu parler jusqu'à présent.

Toute l'Aeneïde se rapporte à Auguste. Il en est la fin, et le modèle sur lequel le Poète forme son Ilios. De là ce temple, dont Auguste sera la grande Divinité.

Il en est résulté que dans les deux dernières strophes de l'Ilios, lorsque Virgile parle de l'ouverture des jeux, il fait évidemment référence à l'ouverture des jeux de l'empereur Auguste, et non à celle des jeux Olympiques.

La dédicace du temple qui regne Virgile à Auguste sera célébrée pendant toutes les sorties, des courses de chars, des combats du radeau, et des pièces de Théâtre. L'ouvriront.

that of skill between the poet and his master. The Emperor was passionately fond of those sports, and was even the author or restorer of one of them.

Necnon et focii, quae coqu  
est copia, lati,  
Dona ferunt.

AEN. 5. V. 200.

Il est étonnant, que nul des interprètes n'ait apperçû le but, qu'a eu le Poète dans l'épisode de l'apothéose d'Anchise, et dans l'épisode des jeux, qu'il fait célébrer à son tombeau. C'est Auguste que Virgile représente ici sous le caractère d'Aenée. Le pieux Auguste par l'apothéose, qu'il fit faire à Jule Cesar son père, et par les jeux, dont il honora le nouveau Dieu, a donné occasion à Virgile d'inventer ce long événement, dont il remplit un livre presque entier.

On ordonna que tout le peuple se trouveroit à des jeux, avec des couronnes de laurier.

Ce qui fut donc un trait de piété approuvé dans Auguste est mis ici sur le compte d'Aenee par le Poète, qui fait sa cour par cette flatterie, d'autant plus artificieuse, qu'elle est plus indirect. Il paroît même que Virgile a représenté en Sicile, pour l'apothéose d'Anchise, le même gette de jeux qu'on fit à Rome pour celle de Jule.

*Vel scena ut veris discedat  
frontibus, utq.  
Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa  
Britanni.*

The choice of inwoven Britons for the support of his veil is well accounted for by them who tell us, that Augustus was proud to have a number of those to serve about him in the quality of slaves.

*In foribus pugnam ex auro.  
folidoq. elephanto.*

*Gangaridum faciam victorisq.  
arma Quirini, &c.*

Here the covering of the figure is too thin to hide the literal meaning from the commonest reader, who sees that the several triumphs of Cæsar, here recorded in sculpture, are those which the Poet hath taken most pains to finish, and hath occasionally inserted in several places of his poem.

Hitherto we have contemplated the decorations of the shrine, i. e. such as bear a more direct and immediate reference to the honor of Cæsar. We are now presented with a view of the remoter surrounding ornaments of the temple. These are the illus-

Apres que Jules Cesar eut vaincu les Anglois, on les employa au service des theatres. C'etoit eux qui faisoient rouler les decorations sur leurs pivots, et qui faisoient mouvoir les machines.

Le nil couvert de vaissaux representera le combat d'Alexandrie, et l'entiere defaite d'Antoine, et de Cléopatre.

Addam urbes Afiae.

Il vient parler des villes d'Asie; qu'Auguste alla châtier, l'année qui preceda la mort de Virgile, au rapport de Dion.

On ne peut guere méconnoître ici l'*Aénide*, que le Poète a représentée sous l'allegorie d'un temple, qu'il dediera à Auguste. Les descendans d'Assaracus en sont les principaux acteurs: je veux dire Anchise, Aenée, et son fils Jule. Assaracus fut pere de Capis,

rious Trojan chiefs, whose story was to furnish the materials, or more properly to form the body and case, as it were, of this august structure.

Stabunt et Parii lapides spiringantia signa,  
Affaraci proles.

Nothing now remains but for FAME to eternise the glories of what the great architect had, at the expence of so much art and labour, completed, which is predicted in the highest sublime of ancient poetry under the idea of ENVY, whom the Poet personalises, shuddering at the view of such transcendent perfection, and tasting before-hand the pains of remediless vexation, strongly pictured in the image of the worst infernal tortures.

Invidia infelix, &c.

et Capis eut Anchise pour fils.

L'ENVIE restera dans un temple consacré à Auguste ; non plus pour triompher ; mais affligée de voir sa rage inutile.

Invidia infelix, &c.

C'est pour marquer que cet Empereur avoit surmonté l'envie de ses compétiteurs, ou de ses ennemis, Antoine, Lépidus, Sexte-Pompée, Brutus, Cæfius, &c.

Cæsar is et nomen famâ tot ferre per annos, &c.

Virgile n'outre point la promesse qu'il fait. On peut dire que par son Aenéide il a rendu le nom d'Auguste immortel.

That you may not want sufficient time to form your own judgment with due deliberation, I will leave these extracts in your possession, reserving my remarks for the next.

Adieu.

## LETTER V.

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MY DEAR P.

You have now seen the similar passages from my two Authors, opposed to each other in detached paragraphs. But I must desire you to read the performance of Mr. Hurd, the whole together, as it is drawn out by his able pen. I will suppose you to have finished this entertaining perusal: and now let me ask you, did you, anywhere, at any time, see the efficiency of superior talents displayed in a more conspicuous manner? The loose notes, scattered up and down by the French Announcer, without form or connexion, are carefully collected by this fine writer, ar-  
3. . . . . ranged

anged in the aptest order, and worked up into a regular composition, with all the graces of expression and elegance of design. So excellent was this ingenious performance thought, at the time when it first appeared, that it was very warmly applauded by one, from whose decision in all matters of taste, as on every subject in the whole circle of arts and sciences, there lies no appeal. You will easily perceive, that I can here mean no other than that wonderful man, in whose comprehensive mind was united with the *sublime imagination of Longinus* the severest reasoning of the Stagyrite.

It is without scruple confessed, that a great part of the rough materials are to be found in the annotations of Catrou. Superficial readers, who do not attend to, or from their "*sluggish and clouded imaginations*" are incapable of distinguishing, the nicer differences of things, have on this account formed very injurious conclusions, and even gone so far as to load the LEARNED CRITIC with the charge of

plagiarism. Such, we know, was the ungenerous treatment, which the great Founder of the Warburtonian School himself more than once experienced; and even a direct disavowal, accompanied with the most solemn assurances, was found scarcely sufficient to repel the charge.

You will discover at first glance, how much they, who judge in this illiberal manner, underrate the merits of the LEARNED CRITIC. No man of an enlightened and intelligent mind will hesitate to acknowledge, that to him, and him alone, exclusively belong the happy design and skilful plan of the piece, the judicious disposition of the parts, with the splendid ornaments, thrown in here and there occasionally, giving lustre and additional beauty to the whole. It is only for the favored few, whom "*Nature has touched with a ray of that celestial fire, which we call true Genius,*" out of such materials to form so perfect and beautiful an edifice; which the amateur will never fail

fail to contemplate with the liveliest emotions of delight and admiration. It were as unreasonable and unjust in this place to accuse the LEARNED CRITIC of plagiarism, as to condemn the Architect, who brings the stones or marble, which he builds with, from the quarry, for want of taste and invention.

The doctrine of the LEARNED CRITIC on this subject applies very appositely to the case before us. " If there be reason for suspecting any communication between two different writers, it must be taken from something else, besides the identity of the subject-matter of such description: as from the number, or the nature of the circumstances selected for imitation—from the order in which they are disposed—or the manner in which they are represented."

The great volume of Nature lies open to every observer. Is it then any wonder? if many of those, who attentively peruse it, should be stricken with, and occasionally transcribe the same passages. The immortal

immortal works of Homer and Virgil, having descended through so long a series of ages, are to us, at this day, in a manner coeval with the beginning of things; and may be looked upon in the same light, as the everlasting mountains, or any other magnificent phænomena of Nature: The several objects, which appear spread over them in various forms of grandeur and beauty, on all sides catching the eye of the spectator, are to be accounted as *common stock*, *in media posita*, or, as the Poet expresses it, *publica matremis*; which every one has an equal right to appropriate to himself; and it becomes, under proper management, *privati juris*—his own.

If therefore the principles, laid down by the LEARNED CRITIC, be allowed to be, as by every competent judge they cannot fail of being, equally just as candid, the right of property, which he assumes, is incontrovertibly established. *He selected his circumstances from the common stock—the order in which they are disposed—and the manner*

*manner in which they are represented,* are entirely his own.

I will not detain you longer on this pitiful species of common-place detraction, so generally in use amongst *the drudges in the lower walks of literature*, which, from time to time, they are ever throwing, very harmlessly indeed, and ineffectually, from their distance, on those of a superior order; from whose works, however excellent, they derive neither pleasure nor profit; while they read them only with the feelings of mortified vanity, and the paltry desire of discovering faults. What seems to promise far better entertainment, I would much rather attend you through those delightful scenes, which the charming Author, with whom we are now engaged, is continually opening to your view.

That we may enjoy this truly classical entertainment in the greater purity, without interruption, would it not be better to wait for some more favorable opportunity, when we may enter upon it with our spirits fresh,

fresh, and with no unpleasant impressions on the mind? In the mean time, the character of the LEARNED CRITIC will, I doubt not, stand as high in your opinion, as firm and unshaken by the petty cavils of envious detractors, as it does in mine.

Adieu,

## LETTER VI.

MY DEAR P.

Do I not flatter myself, rather too much? when I suppose you have been waiting, with some degree of impatience, for the entertainment which I promised you. I will not pretend to guess what expectations you may have formed. Whatever they may be, as I have only a secondary part to act, in subserviency to the Master of the Feast, I may be allowed to hope, that you will not be entirely disappointed.

On your first entrance into this enchanted ground, you will not fail to admire the extraordinary sagacity displayed by the LEARNED CRITIC in his development of the gradual preparation, with

which

which the Poet guards the approach to his intended temple, " under the imagery " of an ancient triumph, when all the " Grecian Muses at once, after being " forced from their high and advan- " tageous situation on the summit of the " Aonian Mount, were to be led captive " into Italy."

With the same consummate skill he conducts his reader through the several parts of this august structure after its erection. Virgil says simply, that he will rear a temple of marble.  
*... At viridi in cappo templum de magnore posam.*

Virgil, consistently with that exquisite taste and wonderful judgment, which so eminently distinguish all his works, could do no more. He was to exhibit a temple before those, who were familiarly acquainted with its usual form and structure. Here therefore a minute description of its various parts would have been tedious and impertinent. The French Annotator takes it up as he finds it in the poet. But the ease of the Commentator is far different

Different from that of the Poet. The  
LEARNED CRITIC was aware of this dif-  
ference, and better acquainted with his  
business. He well knew that “the mys-  
tery in this place could not be under-  
stood, without reflecting on the cul-  
“tomy form and disposition of the  
“Pagan temples,” which, therefore, he  
accurately and scientifically describes,  
with all the knowledge and ability of a  
professed artist.

“The shrine or sanctuary in the centre,  
“wherein the statue of the presiding god  
“was placed.”

In medio tunc Cæstum est templum.  
“The altar before the shrine, on which  
were to be offered the sacrifices to the  
new divinity.

— Cæfusq. videre juvencos.

“The doors of curious carved work,  
inclosing the image and ductile veils;  
“embellished by the rich embroidery of  
“flowers, animals, or human figures.”

Purpurea intexti tollant aulæa Britanni.

Thus

Thus we have a comprehensive view of this poetical building; of which the French Annotator seems to have had no idea; or, if he had any, not to have been aware, how intimately the plan, here given of it, was connected with the Poet's design.

With this chart in his hand, the curious enquirer traces the whole progress of the Poet's imagery with ease and certainty. But this was not all. It was not enough to proceed regularly, step-by step, through the several stages of this visionary scenery. It was evident that by these typical signs more was signified than what was directly expressed. The LEARNED critic apprehends at once this remoter sense, and by an explication the most easy and intelligible, renders it obvious to the meanest understanding. The commonest reader now sees that under the expression, *solennes pompas*, the Poet intimated the gradual *solemn* preparation of poetic pomp; in which he would proceed to the celebration of Cæsar's praise.

That

That by the sacrifices performed on the altar, *tasos juvencos*, were prefigured the most grateful offerings to his Divinity, in the occasional episodes, which he would consecrate to his more immediate honor. And finally, that in the embroidered veils was adumbrated the richest texture of *his* fancy, intended for a covering to that admired image of *his* virtues, which was to make the pride and glory of *his* poem. What spirit and animation does this beautiful passage assume! how much more impressive and interesting does it become! illustrated by this luminous interpretation.

His revered friend and patron (Dr. Warburton) whom the LEARNED CRITIC declares himself, at all times, "ambitius of imitating, dealt much, throughout all his writings, in these double senses and allegories; which he had a wonderful faculty of discovering, and a manner of explaining peculiar to himself. The same favorite Poet, [to whom the LEARNED CRITIC has done so much honor, afforded him also

also an occasion for the exercise of his uncommon powers. The allegorical interpretation of the fifth book of the *Aeneis* has been much celebrated, and caused no small disquisition amongst the Literati. There are not wanted many, who have thought it a great improvement on the plain and obvious sense of Virgil. I am not ashamed to confess myself of the number. This extraordinary performance became more the subject of curiosity and conversation after the *temperate and chaste praise* bestowed upon it by the late Dr. Jortin. The just tribute, thus paid in the spirit of truth and sincerity, by that excellent person and accomplished scholar to a learned friend, though received by that friend himself with thanks and approbation, was afterwards so mischievously misrepresented by the "base and malignant" perversions of an anonymous pamphleteer, as to become unfortunately a cause of offence, with so fatal an operation, as to make an irreparable breach in the union, which had long subsisted with reciprocal

reciprocal honor and advantage between these two eminent men. When I say *reciprocal* honor and advantage, I have not overlooked the taunting sneers of the anonymous pamphleteer. Whatever he, or any other of Warburton's flattering admirers, may be pleased to say, *it will*, I believe, *be very clear to other people which was the gainer by this friendly intercourse.* Your friend, at least, who is now writing to you, can be under no doubt, having by him at this moment a series of letters from Dr. Warburton to Dr. Jortin, in which he is repeatedly expressing his thanks for literary services received from Dr. Jortin, with many grateful acknowledgements of obligation.

You will not be sorry to quit this painful and offensive subject, and to return with me to the more pleasing pages of the LEARNED CRITIC. The sculptured ornaments on the doors of the shrine, and the remoter decorations surrounding the temple, are explained by him, with little or no variation, save what arises from his

superior elegance of manner, as Catrou and other Commentators explain them; with the exception of one striking image, which finishes the whole; and, seen in the new light thrown over it by the LEARNED CRITIC, far surpasses all the rest in grandeur of conception and deep-thought artifice of design.

Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum  
Cocytii metuet, tortofque Ixionis angues,  
Immanemque rotam, et non exsuperabile faxum.

Did you ever suspect? that in the figure, which you see here so finely drawn, of ENVY, you were beholding a great performance executed by the hand of FAME, engaged in one of her most honorable offices, that of *eternizing* the works of an illustrious Poet. Did it ever occur to you? that under this bold imagery Virgil was predicting, "*in the highest sublime of ancient poetry,*" the immortality of his projected poem. Not one amongst the numerous tribe of ancient Scholiaſts,

Scholiaſts, nor any other of the modern Commentators, ſcarcely leſs numerous, have dropt the moſt diſtant intimation to this purpoſe. F. Catrou is left far behind. When he contemplated this ideal edifice, he certainly did, ſome how or other, chance to diſcover in it, what no other had diſcovered before; but, in the emblematiſcal figures wrought round it, does not appear to have ſeen more, than what any common ſpectator may be ſuppoſed to have obſerved. In this laſt particu‐larly, he tells us, are repreſented the triumphs of Auguſtus over his compe‐titors.

Invidia infelix ——.

C'eſt pour marquer que cet Empereur avoit ſurmonté l'Envie de ces compétiteurs ou des ennemis Antoine, Lepidus, Sexte Pompée, Brutus, Caſſius, &c.

It was reſerved for the great Myſta‐gogue, the LEARNED CRITIC alone, to pierce through the obſcurity, which hung

over this mysterious part of the Poet's mechanism, and to catch his more concealed meaning; which he expounds in a manner surprisingly clear and satisfactory. Such are the strokes, which distinguish one man from another, and decidedly mark the character of a great Genius. You will think, perhaps, that I engaged in a perilous enterprise, when I undertook to criticize the works of a writer, who has so indisputable a claim to that exalted character. I am fully aware of the danger, which I encountered. Whatever may have been my success, it will be found, I hope, that I have conducted myself " \* with all that regard, " *that* is due from one scholar to another," or rather with all that respect and deference, *which* are due from all other scholars to one of such acknowledged pre-eminence.

Shall I confess the real truth? I actually proposed to myself the applauded critique, which we have been considering, as a model,

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a model, which I was ambitious of copying. Whether I have caught any trait of this great master's manner, it is now with you to determine.

Adieu.

## LETTER VII.

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MY DEAR P.

By the slight sketch which I have ventured to draw out, of Mr. Hurd's admired critique on one of the noblest fictions of Antiquity, I am inclined to think that you are already prepared to concur with the reverend Encomiast in the judgment, which, with his accustomed candor and liberality, he passed upon it. If you should have any hesitation, there are other masterly strokes of exquisite skill and management interspersed through different parts of the work, well worthy your attention.

The

The extraordinary delicacy, which the LEARNED CRITIC has shewn on this occasion, and the respect, which, so consistently with his usual practice, he has paid to his readers, will not have escaped your notice. "The "imagery," he says, "in this place cannot be understood without reflecting on the customary form and disposition of the Pagan Temples," &c. intimating that *reflexion* only was wanted, and supposing all the requisite knowledge to have been previously acquired. When Mr. Gray first published his two Pindaric Odes, "he was advised even by his friends to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty." It was afterwards found that Mr. Gray had much over-rated the understanding of his readers, and the explanatory notes were added. In the same manner, I believe, you will think with me, that not a few of the LEARNED CRITIC's readers will be under obligation to him

him for the information, which he has had the foresight and the goodness so liberally to impart.

It has been observed, that no one is qualified to undertake the arduous task of criticising any literary work, who does not in some measure participate of the same fire and genius, as animated the author. Every competent and unprejudiced judge will at once acknowledge with what justice **THE LEARNED CRITIC** asserts his claim to the high office, which he assumes. He discovers throughout, by various symptoms, how sensibly he sympathises with the Poet in all his feelings: he pierces with his intellectual eye into the innermost recesses of the Poet's mind; he conceives, as it were by the same inspiration, all the brilliant thoughts, the sublime ideas, and rapturous visions, which the Muse ever presented, even in her fondest moments, to her favorite votary. He comprehends his whole plan, which he traces through the successive stages of its progress, from its first conception to its final

final perfection: not only catches the bolder features of the Poet's design, but is also intimately acquainted with all the nicer touches of his art and management.

This perfect understanding, which the LEARNED CRITIC every where discovers of the Poet's wonderful art and management, is the more worthy of remark, and reflects the greater lustre on his character, as "*not being apprehended by other Critics;*" who by their ignorance of an excellency so peculiarly belonging to Virgil, were betrayed, "*even the best of them,*" it seems, into a very erroneous estimate of his transcendent merits.

It would take up more of your time, than I have the assurance to ask, were I to analyse every part of this elaborate performance; and to say all which occurs to me on its several excellencies and beauties. Nor will it be necessary. You will be able to see, and to judge of them much better by your own perusal. At the same time, when you consider the respectable

respectable character of the writer, you will not wonder, if I have been rather minute in my observations. Whatever falls from such high authority cannot but make a very deep impression, and demands the most serious attention. I have also been the more studious of setting forth in its true colors and just proportions this perfect model of the imitative style for the benefit of succeeding adventurers in this hazardous mode of composition; which *seems hitherto to have been so little understood.*

In doing this I beg you to observe, that I am co-operating, in his general design, with the LEARNED CRITIC; who declares that "one of the chief reasons, " which induced him to disclose thus "much of one of the noblest fictions of " Antiquity was, that the propriety of " allegorical composition, which made " the distinguishing ornament of ancient " poetry, seem'd *so little known or so little attended to*, by the modern profes-  
sors of this fine art."

In

In conformity to the same design I can not forbear to add a remark or two more. It seems, as has been before intimated, the great art of the Imitator, so to conduct his imitation, as to make what he copies appear his own; in which the wonderful address of the LEARNED CRITIC is very conspicuous. Besides the labor'd construction of the whole piece, wrought up, as you see, to the very acme of perfection, there are many little hints, thrown in here and there, carelessly as it were; and by accident, which insensibly lead the reader to admire the author's uncommon powers of invention and original thinking, rather than to suspect him of "taking any thing to himself that he longed to another." By the same indirect means of artful insinuation, and by different expressions, apparently casual, is gradually brought into notice that dignified superiority, which the LEARNED CRITIC so ably supports over the common herd of ordinary writers, mere verbal Critics, Nibblers of old books,

*books, word-catchers, who live upon syllables, &c. &c.* This nice art, by which the adept is thus qualified, under cover, to elevate his own merits, seems to be amongst the *esoteric doctrines* of the Warburtonian School, revealed only to the initiated into the higher mysteries.

F. Catrou was not of the number. He explained one of the noblest allegories in ancient poetry with great simplicity, not appearing to be sensible that his explication had in it any thing extraordinary, or shewed any uncommon sagacity: So little attentive was he to that mainly vindication of character, which men of letters ought never to lose sight of, that, though he was the first formally to notice in this beautiful passage of Virgil the vestiges of a noble allegory, and discovered, confessedly before any other, the *Aeneis* prefigured under the image of a magnificent temple, which the Poet declared his intention of erecting; yet he gave his discovery to the public, even in its prime of novelty, without claiming to himself any peculiarity

peculiar merit. Having no view beyond that of explaining his author, he has nowhere interwoven with his remarks on the Poet, as we have seen a more skilful writer do with so much art and effect, a fine-wrought panegyric on his own performance. The plodding note-writer had no knowledge of those refined artifices, so much in practice amongst the Initiated, by which they contrived to throw all those, not within the pale of their own community, to a remote distance, far below that proud eminence, which they themselves, for so long a period, so honorably, and with such commanding authority maintained. He, poor simple man! never so much as once hinted at the dullness, the stupidity, the ignorance of other Commentators, which the LEARNED CRITIC finds so frequent occasion to deplore.

When you consider the great delicacy of this nice art, and its utility to a writer, emulous as all writers are, or should be, of fame and distinction, you will not, I hope,

hope, think that I have spent too many words in pointing out and unfolding the masterly use, which the LEARNED CRITIC has made of it.

I had thoughts of giving a body of Canons, drawn out in form, for the benefit of young students in this elegant branch of literature, and of illustrating them by examples, selected from the writings of the LEARNED CRITIC.. But having already so long engaged your attention, I suspect that you will not be sorry to hail the accustomed

silence. I will however add a few words, which may be of service to you, in a chapter on *Adieu*.  
I have now given you a general sketch of the history of *Adieu*, and I hope you will be able to understand it. You will find it very interesting, and I hope you will be able to profit by it.

## LETTER VIII.

My dear P.

I THOUGHT that I had taken leave, in due form, of the LEARNED CRITIC and the French Annotator; but our friend S. who is, you know, one of the most zealous amongst the numerous admirers of the former, on perusing what I had written, (which he has the courtesy to say he always wishes to do), declares, that I have been guilty of great injustice towards his favorite author, in supposing, as I certainly have done, that he had

seen the annotations of F. Catrou, when he wrote his admired critique. This our friend takes upon him absolutely to deny, in the most peremptory terms, on proof, as he alleges, incontrovertible.

The LEARNED CRITIC had such a rich vein of original thought, and possessed within himself such inexhaustible stores, as never to be under the necessity, or even temptation, of wandering, in search of matter, beyond the confines of his own mind. If, in the course of his extensive reading, he might now and then catch a sentiment or reflexion, falling in perchance with the subject on which he was at any time treating, it is impossible, our friend says, that one of *his* known candor, and ingenuous openness of temper—*his* delicacy of honor, in not assuming to himself, or depressing the merits of others—a point, in which, after the example set forth so conspicuously, by his revered Friend and Patron, he was always particularly

cularly nice—of his high sense of literary dignity, which he never failed, on a proper occasion, to assert, with equal ability as zeal—it is impossible that, with this temper, and these feelings, he should suppress the name of an author, to whom, if he really had seen his works, it cannot be denied, that he was under more than common obligation.

Now it is notorious that the LEARNED CRITIC no where acknowledges any such obligation, which, in the case supposed, our friend says positively, he would certainly have made a point of doing, not without adding, in his elegant manner, some expression of compliment and respect for an author, whose thoughts were so congenial with his own. So far from making any concession to this effect, he very plainly insinuates, you will observe, by frequent intimations, the purport of which cannot be misunderstood, that the whole doctrine of the ALLEGORY, as well

as the development of the Poet's wonderful art and management, was entirely new; what no other critic had ever thought of before; or, as he generally represents those, who preceded him in the same track, had the discernment to apprehend, the judgment to approve, or the taste to feel and to admire.

What adds great weight to this opinion, it appears beyond all question that the great man, who so warmly applauded this extraordinary performance on its first appearance, had not the most distant notion, that there had ever been any former critic or commentator, who could dispute the honor with his respected friend.

I do not seem at present to have anything in my mind which may be urged, as satisfactory, in reply to those arguments; nor do I much regret the want, I am more disposed to concur with our ingenious friend in his liberal sentiments, than

than to controvert what he so ably and zealously maintains.

I am also the more inclined to this party, when I consider the passage, on which this applauded critique was written. I feel no hesitation in allowing to the LEARNED CRITIC the whole merit of explaining, as we have seen, these introductory lines to the third Georgic, without any assistance from F. Catrou, or other commentators. Indeed it has long been rather a matter of surprise with me, that a meaning so obvious, as this now appears, should have lain so long concealed; and that the discovery, first made by Catrou, and afterwards by the LEARNED CRITIC, had not been made many centuries before either the one or the other was born.

It is evident that Virgil did not mean to erect a real temple of marble; or actually to make such a solemn procession, as he describes; or to offer such costly sacrifices, as he speaks of, to his new Divinity. It is equally evident that he did

mean something.. Now it is a very natural question for every scholar to ask, what this covert meaning might be. The Poet seems himself to have pointed it out in terms sufficiently clear and intelligible. After having disclaimed the trite and hacknied themes of the Grecian Poets, he professes that he also must make an attempt to raise himself into reputation and celebrity by some work, which, in sublimity of conception, magnificence of design, and above all by the exalted dignity of the subject, should far surpass them all, and give him a decided superiority and triumph over those haughty predecessors,

— tantanda via est, quā me quoque possim  
Tollere humo, vICTORQUE virūm volitare per ora.

It is plain that this work, however superior in degree, must be of the same kind with those before alluded to. Old Servius, notwithstanding the scoffs and sneers illiberally cast upon him by some writers, who condescend nevertheless,

without scruple, to avail themselves of his learning and ingenuity, wanted, as a critic, neither sagacity nor ability. What he observes on the words before us is very judicious; and furnishes a clue, which leads to the full discovery of the Poet's design.

— *quā me quoque possim*  
*Tolice humo.* —  
*Sicut alii se susciterunt CARMINIS merito.*

SERVITUS.

Under any other supposition, the recognition of these fables in this place would have been impertinent, and have answered no purpose whatsoever. You will readily agree with me that to write thus without meaning is not quite in Virgil's manner. The work, therefore, which he meditated, could be no other than a projected poem. This appears to have been the great plan of the *Aeneis*; which he prefigures, as he proceeds, under the idea of a temple, with all its splendid decorations, as has been described at large in the elaborate

commentary, which you have been reading.

With what aptitude and propriety this divine work was represented, throughout all its parts, under the imagery, thus happily fancied, and skilfully conducted by the Poet, the two writers, with whom we have been so long engaged, have, each in his own way, very clearly and satisfactorily made out, the one by his learned and laborious notes, the other in his elegant and finely-written essay. After what has passed, does it not appear rather unaccountable that a meaning, shaded only by a veil of so transparent a texture, should so long have escaped the notice, even of the most *ordinary* reader.

I rely with confidence on your candor, that you will not suppose, when I consider this explication of Virgil, given by Catrou and the LEARNED CRITIC, as no very marvellous discovery, as an achievement of no such extraordinary difficulty, that I mean to depreciate their respective merits. The apparent ease which often-times

times accompanies a work of genius, and seems not rarely to mark the character of a new discovery, so soon as it is made, so far from diminishing the value of either, is in fact their greatest recommendation; confirming in the most satisfactory manner the excellency of the one, and the certainty of the other, and raising in proportion the reputation of the author.

— ut fibi quivis  
Speret idem; fudet multum frustaque laboret  
Ausus idem.—

Hor. Art. Poet., v. 240.

Adieu.

## LETTER IX.

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MY DEAR P.

ON looking back over these papers, as they are now arranged in a connected series, it has occurred to me that there would be a propriety in adjoining the passage from Pope's translation of Homer, alluded to in the first letter. It is therefore here given, accompanied with the remarks, as it stands in the European Magazine, December 1799.

The passage is in the last book of the Iliad, where Iris is represented as plunging from the sky into the sea.

Ως εφατ'. Ορτο δε Ιρις, αελλοπος, αγγελευσα,  
Μεσσηγις δε Σαρις τε και Ιμβρς παιπαλοεσσης  
Ενθροε μειλαιι ποντω, επέσοναχησε δε λιμνη.

You

You shall have the translation first from Pope's *old friend*; which, though, perhaps, not ornamented with much elegance, or dignified with any great sublimity of expression, is, however, agreeably to the first principle of translation, laid down in the ingenious *Essay*, to which we have often referred, “a more complete transcript of the ideas of the original work.”

Iris, thus laid, swift down the message bore,  
And betwixt Samos and rough Imbrus shore,  
Leaps in the main, divided waves resound.      OGILBY.

Do you wish to see it set off with more embellishment of language? Cowper has succeeded very happily in his version; preserving, with correspondent diction, the true sense and spirit of his author:

—“Then Iris, tempest-wing'd, arose,  
“Samos between and Imbrus rock begirt,  
“She plung'd into the gloomy flood.”—

Here, as in Homer, the descent of Iris is instantaneous. Nothing perceptible intervenes

tervenes between her first rising up at the command of Jupiter, and plunging into the sea.

Has not the great master been studious to mark this precipitation in the text by the structure of his verse? I am aware that I am now treading on tender ground. The similitude, repeatedly asserted, between sense and sound, the cadence of a verse, and the sentiment or image conveyed by the words, is no doubt often fanciful. Yet, somehow or other, I seem to feel a sort of subitaneous effect expressed in this disjointed hemistich:

*Ευθορε | μειλαν | ποντω*—

Instead of which, suppose it to be written

*Ευθορεν ατρυγετω ποντω*

or thus,

*Ευθορε μεν πολιη ποντω*.

would the effect then be equally striking?

Whether

Whether you feel with me this imputed resemblance or not, you will have no scruple in allowing that the images conveyed by the language of Homer are of an aspect far different from the *smooth, easy, gradual procession*, described in one of the couplets, which appears with such dazzling brilliancy in Pope's translation,

" He added not, and Iris, from the skies,-  
" Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies ;  
" Meteorous the face of Ocean sweeps ;  
" Refulgent gliding o'er the sable deeps :  
" Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,  
" And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,  
" Down plung'd the maid : the parted waves resound."

So far from *gliding* over the surface of the ocean, the Goddess, you see, is represented as plunging in at once, with such violence that the waters are said to have resounded on her immersion, at a particular spot, marked out with scrupulous exactness, to which the whole of the action is confined.

What makes this interpolation the more extraordinary, you will observe the sense  
of

of Homer is rendered full and complete, without any such foreign aid:

—————*Ωρτο δε Ιρις αελλοπος, αγγελευσα,*  
*Μεσσηγης δε Σαμου τε και Ιμβρε πανταλοεσσης*  
*Ενθορε μειλανι ποντω.*

—————“ Iris, from the skies,  
 “ Swift as a whirlwind, on the message flies,  
 “ Between where Samos wide his forests spreads,  
 “ And rocky Imbrus lifts its pointed heads,  
 “ Down plung’d the maid.”

Does not this plunging down with *so easy and gliding* a motion, remind you of another rather whimsical description? where Hector *runs* away with the challenge from his brother *immediately*, with steps—*majestically slow*.

Where then did Pope pick up these extraneous ornaments? purpureos pan-nos? as little assorting with his own expressions, as with the Greek text. The truth is, he was seduced by the fascinating charms of our own immortal poet; and borrowed both the imagery and the expression from that fine passage in the

P. L. where Milton describes the descent of the angelic train :

— “ And from the other hill  
“ To their first station, all in *bright array*,  
“ The Cherubim descended, on the ground  
“ *Gliding meteorous*, as evening mist,  
“ Risen from a river, o'er the marsh *glides*,  
“ And gathers ground fast on the laborers heel  
“ Homeward returning.”

B. xii. 626.

Here we discover whence Pope caught his idea of *meteorous*, his *refulgence* and *gliding* motion ; which appear with so much beauty, as arranged by the hand of a master ; though sufficiently awkward, it must be confessed, and incongruous, as united by the copyist in a subject, to which they bear no proper relation.

You will by no means wonder that Pope should have been so much delighted with these charming lines of Milton. His zealous admirers have, I think, to regret that he did not exert more of his *wonderful judgment* in choosing a proper place, in which to insert these adventurous beauties. Do you not recollect any

any passage? where they might have been attached to the text of Homer, with less violence to his meaning, and form of composition. What think you of that in the first book? where Thetis is represented as rising from the sea, *ηντ' ΟΜΙΧΛΗ.*

*Καρπαλιμως δ' ανεδυ πολιης αλος, ηντ'*  
ΟΜΙΧΛΗ. II. i. 359.

And like a *wife* she rose above the tide.

From the idea here started, we should have been less surprised to find Pope indulging himself in these amusing excursions; and wandering a little out of his way, to catch at objects, hanging so alluringly in his view. The imagery of Milton would in this place have harmonized with that of Homer; and been considered probably as an additional beauty.

“ And like a *wife*, she rises 'bove the tide,  
“ *Meteorous*: the face of ocean sweeps,  
“ *Refulgent* gliding o'er the fable deeps.”

You

You will be pleased, I know, with this admirable couplet, seen, thus connected, to far greater advantage, than where Pope, with no very *wonderful judgment* surely, placed it. May I not claim some merit with you for having removed it to a situation, so much better suited for its reception? I leave this to your consideration.

Adieu.

## LETTER X.

---

MY DEAR P.

I MUST beg leave to break in upon your leisure once more, with a paper, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, July 1793, which you will think, perhaps, not so immediately connected with the preceding; bearing however so much relation to the subject therein discussed, especially in the concluding paragraph, which carries with it an apparent imitation of the LEARNED CRITIC from an old scholiast, that it will not, I trust, be deemed an impertinent intrusion, if it have a place in the present volume.

— “ Sume superbiam  
Quæsitam meritis.”

It is universally considered, says an ancient Moralist, as illiberal and offensive, for

for a man to speak of his own abilities and importance before others. Whatever powers or excellence he may be conscious that he possesses, he loses the whole grace of them, when he becomes his own panegyrist; at least if he stands forth on this dangerous ground without some artful disguise. This elegant sentiment is expressed in a dissertation professedly written on the subject of self-praise; wherein the author has given rules for the regulation of this nice and delicate art; and has quoted many examples of great men, who have, on particular occasions, practised it without offence. But it is only in very peculiar circumstances, and under many restrictions, that this seducing gratification can be safely indulged. It is noted therefore as a very disgusting practice in Euripides, that he so frequently interweaves in the action of the drama the mention of himself, when irrelative to the subject.

But the poets, from their birth, seem, by the general courtesy of mankind, to be exempted from common rules; and are

allowed to start occasionally from the dull path of decorum, which the greater part of mankind are contented, and hold it prudent, to keep. Thus the divine Pindar, who is acknowledged to be the first of this privileged order, though he declare *vain boasting to be nearly in unison with madness*, is yet very frequent in magnifying his own powers, and speaking contemptuously of his rivals: whom he considers merely as *crows* or *chattering daws*, while he compares himself to the *soaring eagle*:

Σοφος δι πολ-  
 λα ειδως φυξ·  
 Μαθουης δε, λαζρος  
 Παγκλωσσια, ΚΟΡΑΚΕΣ ως,  
 Ακρωντα γαρνεμεν  
 ΔΙΟΣ προς ΟΡΝΙΘΑ Θειον. Ol. ii. 154.

He only, in whose ample breast  
 Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,  
 The praise of wisdom may contest:  
 Not they, who, with loquacious learning stor'd,  
 Like *crows* and chattering *jays*, with clamourous cries  
 Pursue the *bird of Jove*, that sails along the skies. WEST.

So

So again:

Εσή δ' ΑΙΕ-  
 ΤΟΣ ωκυς εν τείχοις,  
 Ος ελαβεν αιψα τη-  
 λοθε μεταμαιομένος  
 Δαφοιναν αγραν ποσιν  
 Κραυγέλαι δε ΚΟ-  
 ΔΟΙΟΙ ταπεινα νεμούλαι. N. iii. 138.

Swift 'mongst the feather'd race the *eagle* flies,  
 And, darting through the vast profound,  
 Sagacious of his quarry, wings his way;  
 And gripes with sudden grasp the distant prey:  
 While crows of humbler flight, and chattering pies,  
 Pick their vile food along the ground.

So also again:

Μακρα μοι  
 Δ' αὐλοθεν αἰλματ' ὑποσκα-  
 ωῆις τις; εχω γονάτων ελαφραν ὄφιαν.  
 Καὶ τερπαν πούλοι παλλον-  
 τ' ΑΙΕΤΟΙ. N. v. 36.

Hence cut me wide a trench: with vigor light,  
 My active limbs the chasm o'erleap.  
 Beyond the confines of the deep  
 The tow'ring *eagles* wing their rapid flight.

It is therefore with peculiar propriety that our own great Lyric Bard calls Pindar, in harmony with his own ideas thus in triumphant exultation repeatedly expressed, the Theban *eagle*; which is more characteristic than the *swan* of Horace: though Pope appears to have preferred the latter, and has emblematically yoked four to the car in which Pindar is seated; alluding, the incomparable editor of his works tells us, “to the chariot races, he “celebrated in the Grecian games.”

Of Horace it may be observed, that, amongst his other imitations of Pindar, he has not spared to follow his example in this hazardous practice. In immediate comparison with his great original he speaks indeed of himself with equal modesty as elegance:

Multa Dircaeum levat aura *cyanum*,  
 Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos  
 Nubium tractus. Ego, apis Matinæ  
 More, modoque,  
 Grata carpentis thyma, per laborem  
 Plurimum, circa nemus, uvidique  
 Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo. Carm. L. iii. O. 2.

Which

Which Mr. Gray, in the passage alluded to above, has beautifully imitated ; or rather (*as was his way whenever he imitated*) far surpassed. About to speak of himself, he addresses his Lyre in this animated apostrophe :

O ! Lyre divine, what daring spirit  
Wakes thee now ? though he inherit  
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,  
That the Theban *eagle* bear,  
Sailing with supreme dominion  
Through the azure deep of air;  
Yet —

Here he quits his original ; thinking, perhaps, the image of a little insect, contrasted with the soaring eagle, as too trifling, and inconsonant to this, the sublimest, order of Poetry.

But, notwithstanding the apparent modesty of Horace in the presence of his master, at other times we find him much less reserved. The last ode of the second, and the last of the third book, are professedly dedicated to his own praises. In the one he appears soaring with the same daring flight, as he describes Pindar him-

self, under the same poetical metamorphose:

Non usitatâ, nec tenui ferar  
Pennâ biformis per liquidum æthera

Vates; neque in terris morabor

Longius—— Carm. ii. O. xx.

In the other he exultingly predicts his own immortality, and the eternity of his works:

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.*

Ovid concludes his great work with the same assured anticipation of future celebrity:

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

And in several other places we observe him dwelling with fond complacency on the importance of his poetical character.

Thus it appears that the practice of celebrating their own praises is very general amongst the votaries of the Muses. But these effusions of self-approbation, though very open and undisguised, are yet temperate and chastised, when compared to the extravagant presumption of the earlier Roman writers.

In

In the entertaining Miscellany of A. Gellius are preserved three curious epitaphs upon three ancient dramatists, supposed to have been written, each severally, by the dramatists themselves :

Epigramma Nævii,

plenum superbiæ Campanæ.

Mortales immortales flere si foret fas;

Flerent Divæ Camœnæ Nævium poetam.

Itaque postquam est orcinò traditus thesauro,

Oblitei sunt Romæ loquier latinâ lingua.

Planti.

Postquam morte datu' s'nt Plautus, Comœdia luget,

Scena est deserta, dein Risus, Ludu' Jocusque,

Et numeri innumeri simul omnes conlachrymarunt,

Pacuvii,

verecundissimum & purissimum.

Adolescens, tamenetsi properas, hoc te saxum rogat

Utei ad se aspicias; deinde, quod scriptu' s'nt, legas.

Hic sunt poetæ, Marcei Pacuviei sita

Offa. Hoc volebam nescius ne esse; vale.

L. I. Cap. xxiv.

The amiable modesty of the last appears to great advantage, when contrasted with the inflated arrogance of the two preceding. Nor are there wanted instances amongst other poets, where the well-earned pride of Horace is assumed with the greatest delicacy, and most artful

ful management. Amongst these the first, which claims our attention, is from the great father of poetry himself. The fourth book of the Iliad concludes with the following lines :

Ἐνθα κεν οὐκέτι εργον αυτῷ ονομαῖο μελελθων,  
 'Οσῆς ετ' αἰδηῆς καὶ ανθεῖος οὖεῖ χαλκε,  
 Διενεις καὶ μεσσον, αγος δε ἐπαλλαξ Αθηνη,  
 Χειρος ελευσ', αὐλαιρ βελεων καλερυχοι ερωην.  
 Πολλοι γαρ Τρωων καὶ Αχαιων γίματι κεινω  
 Πρηπνεες εν κονιησι παρ' αλληλαισι τελαυτα.

Had some brave chief this martial scene beheld,  
 By Pallas guarded through the dreadful field ;  
 Might darts be bid to turn their points away,  
 And swords around him innocently play :  
 The war's whole art with wonder he had seen,  
 And counted heroes, where he counted men.  
 So fought each host, with thirst of glory fir'd,  
 And crouds on crouds triumphantly expir'd.      POPE.

If any one unacquainted with the Greek language should happen to read this passage, as it appears in the translation, he may, perhaps, be at a loss to discover how in any degree it applies to the purpose, for which it is here adduced. The leading idea, contained in the words εργον ΟΝΟΣΑΣΑΙ,

**ΣΑΣΘΑΙ**, with which we are immediately concerned, and which, indeed, is the principal idea intended to be impressed, is so faintly transfused, or rather so much obscured by the introduction of quaint conceits and prettinesses, that the sentence, as it now stands, will scarcely support the observations, which are meant to be built upon it.

Nor is this, though at present the most material, the only defect in the rendering of these beautiful lines. It cannot have escaped even the most careless observer how much the pathos of the two concluding verses, where the contending parties are in Homer distinguished by their respective countries,

**Πολλοι γαρ ΤΡΩΩΝ και ΑΧΑΙΩΝ,**

is weakened and done away by the general expression in Pope, *so fought each host.*

In Homer nothing is casual, nothing idle or irrelative, *nil molitur inepte*. Every expression is pregnant with meaning. Thus under the few words,

**Παρ' ΑΛΛΗΛΟΙΣΙ ΤΕΤΑΝΤΟ,**

is

is conveyed a pathetic moral sentiment, which strikes home to every man's bosom. Death levels all distinctions. In the grave, high and low, rich and poor, friend and foe, rest promiscuously together.

Their tears, their little passions o'er,  
Their human triumphs now no more. GRAY.

Homer himself seems to have been fond of this idea; so that we have it a very few lines preceding. At the close of the battle, two distinguished combatants, a moment before so furious and vehemently adverse to each other, are represented at last in the same situation,

*παρ' αλληλοισ: τελασθην.*

Every reader of taste and feeling will, no doubt, be surprised, and equally regret, that this affecting sentiment in Pope's *Homer*, as it is usually with great propriety called, is nowhere to be found. On the whole, therefore, it may not be thought superfluous, nor, it is hoped, presumptuous, if a new version be attempted; which,



which, however deficient in other respects, may at least be more faithful to the original, and more accordant to the present occasion.

Had hither come some chief, from wound or fear  
 Of the keen sword secure, and flying spear;  
 By Pallas led, in safety to survey  
 The glorious action of this well-fought day:  
 With eye approving he had gaz'd around,  
 Nor ought to *blame*, nor ought *defective*, found.  
 For, side by side, stretch'd on the dusty plain  
 With many a Greek lay many a Trojan slain.

In these lines then, as they are thus recalled to the original meaning of their author, is, it is suspected, obliquely insinuated by the Poet an eulogy on his own masterly execution in the preceding description. The Commentary of Eustathius evidently leads to this artfully-concealed meaning; though I do not recollect, that it has been intimated by any other commentator. Confeious, says the learned prelate, of his own power, and knowing (agreeably to the sentiment of the Roman Historian, & *qui fecere, & qui aliorum facta scripsere multi laudantur,*)

*tur,) that it is not less glorious, nor requiring less of ability and exertion to describe great actions, than to perform them, the Poet concludes this book with the lines quoted above.*

Ειδὼς ὁ Ποιῆτης τὴν αὐτὸν ἐν ρήμασιν μάχην, καὶ  
ώς εκεῖ καλλιον, καὶ μεγαλοπρεπεσθέρον, καὶ ανα-  
γωνισθέρον συστητι μάχην, ἡ αφηγηθῆναι, λεγει,  
κ. τ. λ.

The spectator thus led by Pallas is the hearer (or reader) of the poem; who, without sharing in the perils of the battle, mentally enjoys the glorious spectacle in the description which he is reading: and, as he passes leisurely through the lines (i. e. proceeds in the perusal) discovers nothing of Homer's ΟΝΟΣΑΣΘΑΙ, to find fault with, or to despise.

Τοιεῖος αν εἰη Θεᾶτης ὁ τε ποιῆτης ακροατῆς.  
Ος ε τε πολεμει κακῶν μέτεχει, αλλα τε των  
πολεμικῶν διηγησεων κατὰ γενν απολαυει καλε  
Θεαματος, ακινδυνως τὴν μάχην περιιων, καὶ μηδεν  
εχων των ΟΜΗΡΙΚΩΝ ΟΝΟΣΛΣΘΑΙ, ηλιος εκ-  
φαυλισται καὶ καθαμεμιψασθαι.

The

The same remark, adds the learned scholiast, may with equal justice be extended to every other book of the Iliad. Were the reader conducted under the same intellectual guidance through the whole work, he would find every part of this divine poem, not only faultless, but transcendently sublime and beautiful.

*Οὐ καὶ χειραγωγεῖ ακινδυνῶς ή τοιαυτη Παλλας  
εἰς τα ΚΑΘΕΚΑΣΤΑ της Ὁμηρικης ποιησεως,  
οια συνετην ακροατην——ουδαμως μεμφοιτο αν  
τις το της μαχης εργου.*

The praise, so justly due to his unrivalled excellence, is here assumed by the Poet with a modesty and delicacy, which even the most scrupulous moralist could not disapprove.

Of the same kind is a passage in another author, who in general will be little suspected of modesty and reserve. In the Nephelæ of Aristophanes, one of the actors, after having heard a choral song, enquires eagerly,

By Jupiter I intreat thee, O! Socrates, tell me, who are  
these who speak so *majestically*?

Προς τε Διος αὐλίσολω σε, φραστον τινες εισ', ω  
Σωκράτες, αὐλαί

\*A: φθεγξαμεναι τυτο το ΣΕΜΝΟΝ; A.1.S. iv.

On which it is observed in the scholia, that the Poet is here covertly praising himself; when by the mouth of Strepsiades he calls the song of the chorus *majestic*: for so it really is. But, while he throws these praises on the Nephelæ, the leading characters in the drama, he thinks by this artifice to escape the hazard of giving offence to his audience.

Αελιγόλως, φασι, ἐάνιον επαινεῖ, ΣΕΜΝΟΝ είναι  
λεγον το μελος εἰς γαρ τελο αληθες. Ο δε τον επαι-  
νον επι τας Νεφελας τρεπων, ωκ οείαι φορβίκος είναι.

It will be entertaining, and not un-instructive, to observe with what consummate skill a great master, out of the rude hints, which he caught from the old scholiast, has formed an elegant and highly finished eulogy on our own immortal dramatist. “The knowledge of antiquity,” says

says this 'accomplished writer, "requisite to succeed in them," (masks *at that time of day in prodigious vogue*) "was, I imagine, the reason that Shakespear was not over fond of trying his hand at these elaborate trifles. Once indeed he did, and with such success as to disgrace the very best things of this kind in Johnson. The short mask in the Tempest is fitted up with classical exactness. But its chief excellence lies in the beauty of the show, and the richness of the poetry. *Shakespear was so sensible of his superiority, that he could not help exulting a little upon it, when he makes Ferdinand say,*

This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charming lays." A. iv. S. 1.

You will readily allow me, that this little Essay cannot any way be more happily concluded, than with this fine passage: I will not therefore detain you a moment longer, than to bid you

Adieu.



## N O T E S.

## LETTER I.

## ADVENTURER, No. 63.

I am much a stranger to your person, and, what it may, perhaps, be scarce *decent* for me to profess to you, even to your writings.—These then are the considerations, which induced me to employ an *hour or two of leisure* in giving your book a free examination.

Letter to the Rev. Dr. Thomas Leland,  
1764. pp. 279, 280.

Yet I have spared you the disgust of considering those vulgar passages, which every body recollects, and sets down for acknowledged imitations.

Hurd, Marks of Imitation, p. 73. 1757.

Perhaps the first that occurred to my thoughts was Mr. ADDISON. But the observation holds of others, and of one in particular, (Pope) very much *bis superior in true Genius.* Ibid. p. 12.

• One of the most striking passages in the Essay on Man, is the following:

**Superior Beings, &c.———**

Can you doubt? from the singularity of the sentiment, that the great Poet had his eye on Plato, who makes Socrates say, in allusion to a remark of Heraclitus,

'Οτι ανθρώπων ὁ σοφωτάτος προς Θεον πίθηκος φανεῖται.

Hipp. Major.

The application indeed is different. And it could not be otherwise. For the observation, which the philosopher refers προς ΘΕΟΝ, is in the poet given to *Superior Beings* only. The consequence is, that the Ape is an object of *derision* in the former case, of *admiration* in the latter.

Ibid. p. 33L.

' The shapes and appearances of things are *apprehended only in the gross by dull minds.* They think they see, but it is through a mist, where if they catch but a faint glimpse of the form before them, it is well: more one is not to look for from their *clouded imaginations.*

Hurd, Discourse on Poetical Imitation,

p. 133. Ed. 1768.

\* The Publisher. No. 11.

• It is a faithful and pure maiden story, never *blown upon* before, in any language but in Spanish.

Letters by James Howell, Esq. B. IV. L. XL.  
As it is delivered in a language you love, and is besides a  
passage

passage not much blown upon by the dealers in such scraps,  
I thought it might perhaps afford you some amusement.

Delicacy of Friendship. Anon. sub finem, p. 233.

<sup>1</sup> The conclusion is still more certain, when, together with a general likeness of sentiments, we find the same disposition of the parts; especially if that disposition be in no common form. Marks of Imitation, p. 30.

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## L E T T E R II.

\* See Letter 1. p. 6.

• Wakefield's Edition of Gray's Poems, Advertisement.

• It were to be wished that Mr G ray himself had selected some few passages of Pindar, by which he might have convinced every reader, how closely and happily he has followed Pindar's manner of conducting the simile and subject together. Huntingford's Apology, p. 80.

<sup>4</sup> Ως δ' ὅποτε πληθων ποταμος πεδίονδε κατεισι,  
Χειμαρρος κατ' ορεσφιν, οπαζόμενος Διος ομέρῳ,  
Πολλας δε δρυς αἰαλεας, πολλας δε τε πευκας  
Εσφερεται, πολλον δε τ' αφισγυετον εις ἄλα βαλλει.

Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis  
 Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,  
 Fertur in arva furens cumulo, campoque per omnes  
 Cum stabulis armenta trahit. —— Virg. Æn. II. 496.

\* Mason's Ed. of Gray's Works. Note, p. 85.

<sup>f</sup> Vide passim Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Book of Revelations, &c.

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### L E T T E R III.

\* Richard the second, (as we are told by ARBP. Scroop, and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas Walsingham and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date.                           Gray's Note.

\* Hurd, Discourse on Poetical Imitation, 1753, p. 150.

<sup>c</sup> Ogden's Sermons, 2 vol. Ed. by Dr. Hallifax, 1780. vol. 2. Sermon XI. p. 149.

\* The observation may be extended to all those passages (which are innumerable) in our poets, that allude to the rites, customs, language, and theology of Paganism — And the management of learned allusion is to be regarded, perhaps, as one of the nicest offices of Invention.

\* 1 Book of Samuel, c. xvii. v. 49.

Progress

\* *Progress of Poetry.*

\* *Acron, Porphyron, Anton. Mancinellus, &c.*

\* Mais on peut aussi fort bien entendre ce "*stridor acutus*" du bruit, que font les ailes de la Fortune, dont Horace dit alleurs, "*Si celeres quatit pennas.*" Si la Fortune se met à battre des ailes pour se envoler.

Dacier, Note, p. 387.

\* *RAPACITER*, the regularly-formed adverb, though no where in use.

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#### L E T T E R IV.

\* I shall need no apology to the reader for conducting him somewhat leisurely in what follows, though with all the dispatch so extended a matter will permit, *through the several branches of it.*

*Discourse on Poetical Imitation*, p. 1.

## L E T T E R V.

\* It was not thus that an able critic (Mr. Hurd) lately explained Virgil's noble Allegory in the beginning of the third Georgic, where, under the idea of a magnificent temple, to be raised to the divinity of Augustus, the Poet promises the famous epic poem, which he afterwards erected to his honour, or, as our Milton says, "built the lofty rhyme." D. L. Ed. by Bp. of Worcester, p. 302.

\* It was not enough in your enlarged view of things to restore either of these models (Aristotle or Longinus) to its ancient splendour. They were both to be revived; or rather a new original plan of criticism to be struck out, which should unite the virtues of each of them.

Dedication of the Epistle to Augustus, with an English Commentary and Notes, 1753.

\* The able Critic (Mr. Hurd) looked into F. Catrou, in whom he found all that his master (Dr. Warburton) so applauds and exalts, (see note \*) only not quite so fine-drawn or wire-drawn.

Confusion worse Confounded, 1772, p. 74.

Primus Idumæus referam tibi, Mantua, palmas:—

Virg. Geor. iii. 13.

If the *ingenuousness and delicacy* of a R. R. critic, (who is said to have owed his present dignity to a note on the context) had not been long known, an ordinary reader might be startled at the resemblance between his Lordship's critique and Catrou's; whilst a *fastidious one*,  
in

in a splenetic mood, might apply, like another Edwards, the marks of *Imitation*, as so many *canons* to annoy their founder.      *History of the Caliph Vathek, 1786.*

Note, p. 269.

\* It should be remembered that Mr. Hurd was one of the ablest supports and brightest ornaments of this celebrated school.

\* It would have been more generous and just in you to have acknowledged yourself indebted to Mr. L. for the application of the meteoric appearances from Caſaubon's *Adversaria* to this ſubject; which, when it appeared in your more popular volume, was received with applause, as new and very ingenious; an applause, which, as you could not but know, belonged to him.

Dr. Lowth's Third Letter to  
Dr. Warburton, 1766.

Mr. Warburton, who ſuppoſes——which thought, wrong as it is, though he lets it paſſ for his own, was borrowed, or more properly ſtoleп, from a French Ro- mance, called the Life of Sethos.

Cooper's Life of Socrates,  
4th Ed. 1771. p. 102.

Les ſectes philoſophiques cherchoient a diviner le dogme caché ſous le voile des ceremonieѕ, & tachoiient de la ramener chacune a leur doctrine dans l'hypotheſe des Epicuriens, adoptée de nos Jeurs par M. M. Le Clerc & Warburton.——Le Clerc adopted it in the year 1687. Mr. Warburton invented it in the year 1738.

Critical Observations on the Sixth Book  
of the Aeneis, 1770. p. 8.

As

As this last notion was published in French, six years before it was invented in English, the learned author of the D. L. has been severely treated by some ungenerous adversaries. Appearances, it must be confessed, wear a very suspicious aspect; but what are appearances, when weighed against his Lordship's declarations.

Ibid. p. 33. See Note <sup>a</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> That I may not continue worse in your esteem than I deserve, give me leave to tell you, that I am no plagiary from your father. This is a point of honour, in which I am particularly delicate. I will venture to boast again to you, that I believe no author was ever more averse to take to himself any thing that belonged to another.

Dr. Warburton's 4th Letter to Dr. Lowth, 1766.

<sup>b</sup> Discourse on Poetical Imitation, p. 123.

<sup>c</sup> Ibid. p. 127.

<sup>d</sup> Publica materies privati juris erit, —

Hor. Ars Poet. 131.

## L E T T E R VI.

To the Reverend Mr. William Warburton.

Reverend Sir,

Give me leave to present you with the following essay on the Epistle to Augustus; which, whatever other merit it may want, is sure of this, that it hath been plann'd on the best model.      Dedication of Horace's Epistle, &c.

<sup>3</sup> So nicely do you understand what belongs to this intercourse of *Learned Friends*, that in the instance before us you do not seem, I think, to have exceeded the modest proportion even of a *temperate and chaste praise*.

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 219.

<sup>4</sup> That the subterraneous adventures of *Aeneas* were intended by Virgil to represent the initiation of his hero, is an *elegant conjecture*, which hath been laid before the public, and *set forth to the best advantage, by a learned friend*.  
Jortin, Dissertation vi. p. 239.

<sup>4</sup> Letter of Dr. Warburton to Dr. Jortin, November 10, 1755.

<sup>5</sup> His (Warburton's) servile flatterers (see the *base and malignant essay* on the Delicacy of Friendship) exalting their master far above Aristotle and Longinus, assaulted every modest dissenter, who refused to consult the oracle, and adore the idol.

Lord Sheffield's Life of Mr. Gibbon, p. 137.

#### <sup>6</sup> Delicacy of Friendship.

<sup>7</sup> The advantages of friendship are *reciprocal*; and, though it be very clear to other people which is the gainer by this intercourse, who knows but Dr. Jortin, in his great modesty, might suppose the odds to lie on his side.

Ibid. p. 230.

<sup>8</sup> From the year 1749 to the year 1758.

To remove the mysterious veil, which hath long hung darkly over the transactions of certain literary men, eminent

nent in their day, and the more decisively to vindicate the character of Dr. Jortin from the unprovoked attacks injuriously made upon it by those, who, as they daily saw, ought to have respected his virtues and abilities, it has been suggested, that it would be an act of justice to make these letters public.

<sup>1</sup> See Letter, v. p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> I have read your *Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence*, and shall very readily, I dare say, be indulged in the liberty I am going to take, of giving you my free thoughts upon it. I shall do it *with all the regard that is due from one scholar to another*. Letter to the Reverend Thomas Leland, Introduction.

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## L E T T E R VII.

<sup>a</sup> See Letter v. Note <sup>2</sup>.

<sup>b</sup> Hurd's Note, p. 44.

<sup>c</sup> Gray's Poems by Mr. Mason.

Progress of Poetry, Note p. 18.

<sup>d</sup> The whole conception, we shall see, is of the utmost grandeur and magnificence; though, according to the usual

usual management of the poet, (which, as *not being apprehended* by his critics, hath furnished occasion, *even to the best of them*, to charge him with the want of the sublime.) &c.

Hurd's Note, p. 38.

• Under this encouragement, I could not withstand the temptation of disclosing thus much of one of the noblest fictions of Antiquity; and the rather, as the *propriety of allegoric composition*, &c.

Ibid. p. 48.

## L E T T E R VIII.

• See Letter v. Note c.

• Of these his love of letters and of virtue, his veneration of great and good men, *his delicacy of honour in not assuming to himself or depressing the merit of others*, his readiness to give their due to all men of real desert, whose principles he opposes, and —

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 216.

• See Letter v. Note d.

• Ibid. Note e.

• Yet I must needs think him (Warburton) considerably above *Minellius* and *Farnaby*, and *almost equal to old Servius* himself, though perhaps *one doth not find in him the singular ingenuity you admire in the last of these critics*.

Delicacy of Friendship, p. 219.

## LETTER IX.

\* Essay on the Principles of Translation, said to be written by Dr. Tytler.

• Ως εφεστος ἔπειρος ἀντ' εχαρη μεγα μένος απεστας  
Και ρ ες μεσσοις ιων, τρωων εκαερυε φαλαγγας,  
Μεσσα δύρος εκων ————— Il. iii. 76.

He said. The challenge Hector heard with joy,  
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,  
Held by the midst athwart, and near the foe,  
Advanc'd with steps majestically slow.

Hector stays not to reply to his brother, but runs away with the challenge immediately, &c. Note \*, v. 109.

The spirit of the original is as justly conceived in Mr. Pope's note, as it is unhappily misrepresented in his translation; and both together produce the following contradictory medley.

Hector does not stay to reply to his brother, but *runs away immediately with steps—majestically slow.*

Wood's Essay on the original genius of Homer, 1755. p. 78.

## L E T T E R X.

\* Plutarch, περὶ ΤΟΥ ΕΑΤΤΟΝ ΕΠΑΙΝΕΙΝ ΑΝΕ-  
ΠΦΘΟΝΩΣ.

• Το καυχασθαι παῖς καιρον  
Μανιαστι ἵποκρεκει. Pind. Ol. ix. 58.

• Γαρνεμεν. γαρνεΤΟΝ Oxonienses.  
See Dawe's Misc. Crit. Ed. Burgeff. p. 52.

• πΕτανοι.

Omnes, quantum video, ubique; quod unde, aut cur,  
in πΟτανοι Oxonienses mutarint, nec appetet, nisi forte  
ex Pyth. viii. 46. Occurrit utrumque.

HEYNE.

• Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:  
Here like some furious prophet Pindar rode,  
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God, &c.  
Temple of Fame, v. 210.

† Marks of Imitation, pp. 24, 25.